THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible] POST

For[illegible] lin

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Norman Rockwell

George Agnew Chamberlain—Michael J. Phillips—Austin Parker—Elsie Singmaster
Major Hugh B. C. Pollard—Felix Isman—Norval Richardson—Kenneth Coolbaugh

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Consult This List When Ordering

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CANNED VEGETABLES: Asparagus, Asparagus Tips, Lima Beans, Pork & Beans, String Beans, Beets, Peas, Green Chili Peppers, Red Pimientos, Pumpkin, Sauerkraut, Spinach, Brussels Sprouts, Squash, Sweet Potatoes, Tomatoes.

SPECIALTIES: Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Maraschino Cherries, Pickles, Ripe Olives, Tomato Catsup, Chili Sauce, Tomato Sauce, Mustard, Salmon.

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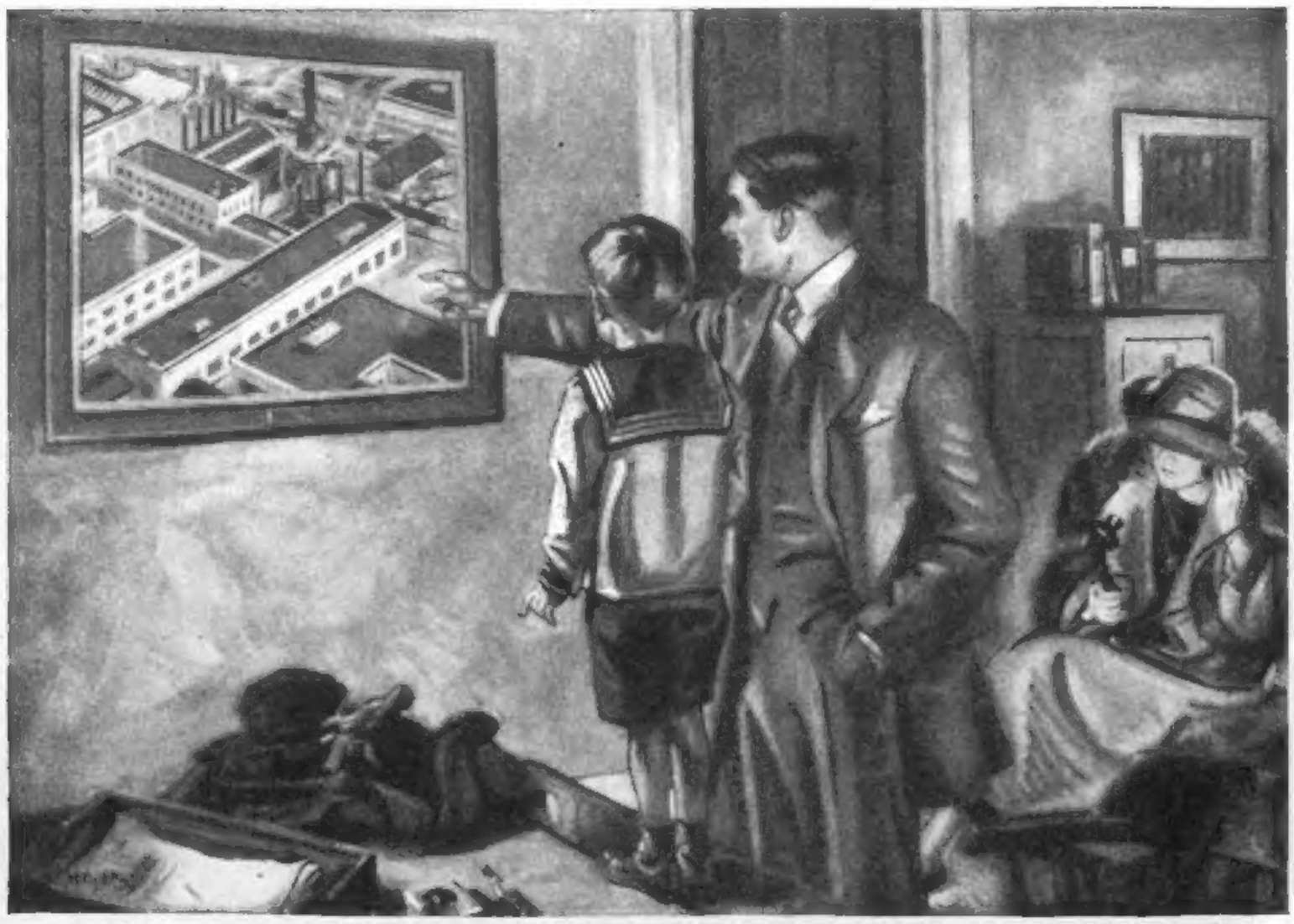

"Yes, Jimmie, that's the new roof, and in 1944, when you're managing this company, please see if the roof needs fixing."

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On steep roofs use only the toughest shingles and roll roofing

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"KEEP a bird's-eye view on your business!" It's one of the great secrets of management. See your business as a Whole, see its possibilities, see its limitations.

All pictures of factories are made as *bird's-eye views* for that reason. They are hung over the manager's desk. He sees roofs—expansive roofs—and thinks of more expansion. A real executive should never think of roofs any other way—never of repairs, patches and failures. Such things should be off his mind.

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Roofers and Architects naturally advise a "Barrett Specification Roof" because it also frees *their* minds from repairs and complaints. To back them up a Barrett inspector examines the new roof. On top of that the owner gets a surety bond against repairs for 20 years.

Executives with a bird's-eye view and an eye to the Future avoid the mistake of using poor materials for roofs by ordering all roll roofing, pitch, roofing felt, and weatherproof shingles, with Barrett labels on them.

Each day you aim to get some things finished—off your mind. That's how you keep your bird's-eye view. Make it a *roof* today.

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ROOFINGS

The Barrett Company

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"I wonder," wonders Sally Jollyco to herself, "if I shall ever be as lovely as Cousin Joan."
Fancy charming Sally wondering that!

The plain truth about soap and beauty

"Look, Sally," smiles Cousin Joan, who has just returned from Capri, Cannes, Naples and points South.

"Why, Cousin Joan, you didn't get Guest Ivory abroad!"

"No, my dear—this is the last cake but one from the carton you gave me before I sailed. That gift was worth all the flowers and candy, because I used it constantly. All the time I was away I didn't find any soap I liked as well."

IN these days of promised "soap-magic," women are often surprised to learn that, whatever a soap may claim, the utmost it can do for their complexion is to cleanse it safely. No more!

This simple truth prevents delusions about soap claims and goes to the very heart of the whole soap subject.

Dr. William Allen Pusey, perhaps the best known authority in America on the care of the skin, says that soap's function is to cleanse—not to cure or to transform. Further, he recommends, as the most effective method of achieving and maintaining a lovely skin, *simple daily washing with warm water and pure soap, followed by a rinsing in cool or cold water.* If you have a dry skin, use a small amount of cold cream.

Among all soaps, quite regardless of cost, Ivory is usually first choice for such a method, because Ivory has for generations been distinguished for purity and gentleness. Doctors recommend it for babies. Hospitals find it almost indispensable. Millions of women have used it to achieve and maintain a beautiful skin. It contains neither coloring matter nor medicaments. It is *pure* soap.

And we now offer you Guest Ivory—a dainty new cake of Ivory, especially designed for the face and hands—charming in dress, convenient for slim fingers, and fitting in every way to grace the washstands of fastidious women. Guest Ivory is truly as fine a soap for the skin as can be bought, yet its modest price is five cents.

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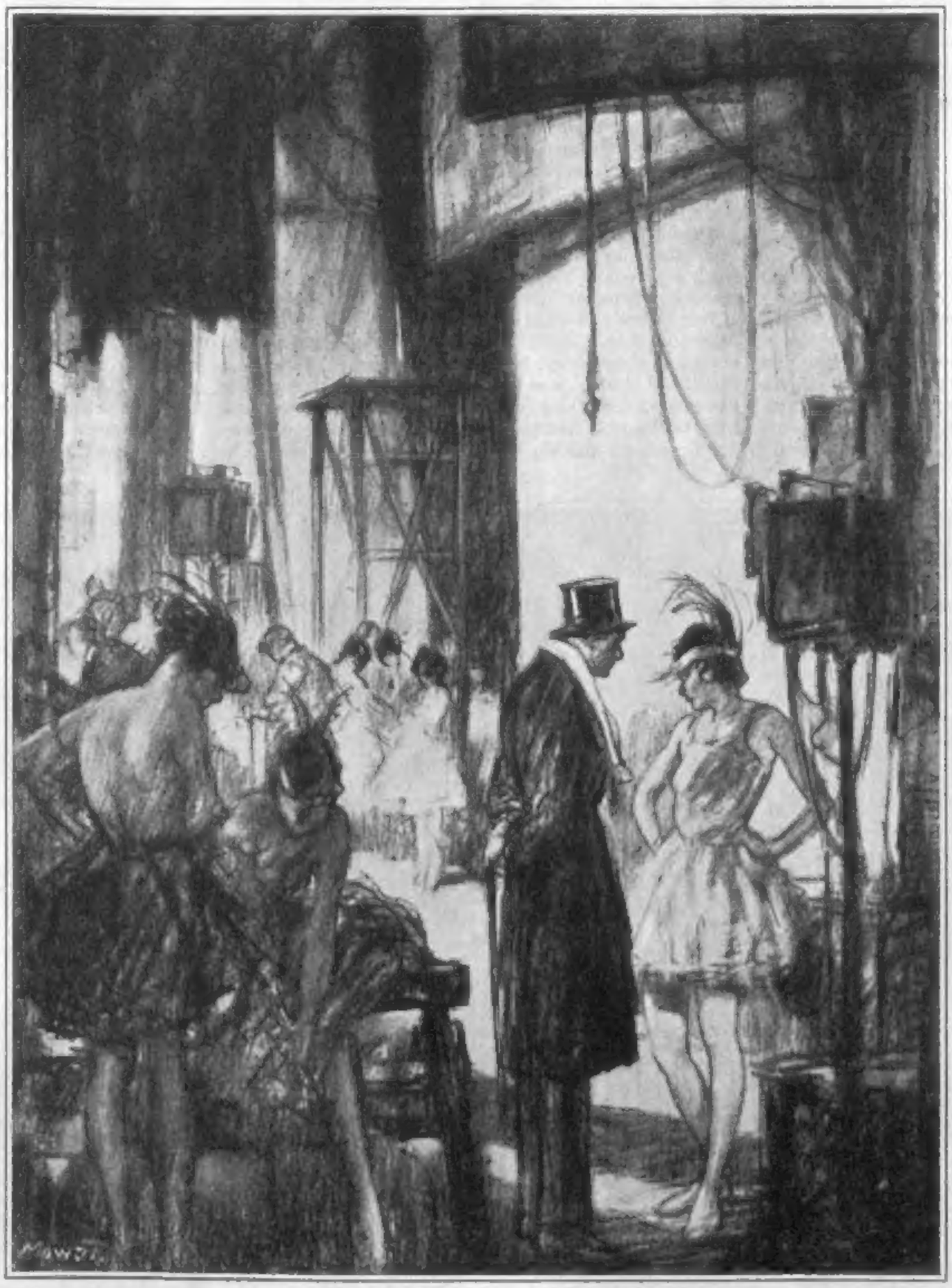
OUT OF PONY PEONAGE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT



"I'll Give You Fifty a Week if You Follow Instructions"

BROMLEIGH, although his full name was John Trumper Bromleigh, was called Trumper by his family almost from the day of his birth. This departure from the usual was due to the fear of his mother that low-minded persons, ignorant of the dignity of the ancient house of Bromleigh, might dub the latest of its heirs Jack. Owing to this maternal concern, and to the money behind it, the vicissitudes of life hit Trumper lightly—altogether too lightly. He passed through teething, mumps, whooping cough, measles and chicken pox with a maximum of comfort and always surrounded by an atmosphere of astonishment that the microbian hordes had had the effrontery to attack him. It should be recorded, however, that neither his mother nor the microbes had been able to prevent his being elevated as the fastest and best end of his senior year to that paper thronedom of collegiate endeavor, the all-American football team.

To be the unanimous choice of the pundits of gridiron tactics for a given position on the all-American is an achievement at twenty-two, but has no standing whatever as a life work. It is one of those victories which fade so rapidly that they do not leave even the aroma of dried rose leaves to cheer the world on its sordid way. Trumper was subconsciously aware of this fact. At the time he left college his brain had solidified sufficiently to enable him to perceive that a glorious existence had not come to a sudden close, but that another youngster had just cracked his shell and stepped out into the open with pinfeathers itching for a first real flight.

For every youth whose aspiration can be measured in dollars and cents there must be a million whose dreams enfold creation of one sort or another, and Trumper belonged to the vast majority. In those days when his friends had thought of him merely as a lucky young dog, rotten with money, he had dreamed of writing a poem, of painting a picture, of composing a song or of modeling a figure which might never die. He had dabbled in all these directions with no tangible result save that of making himself a most agreeable and versatile conversationalist. Now conversation, which may be deemed the most comprehensive of the arts in that it should in a measure contain them all, is scarcely creative.

At thirty Trumper had accomplished the following: He had drifted into marriage with an exceedingly eligible young person by the name of Janet Schermerhorn Clayton. Together they had drifted into childlessness, and then into a separation. Alone he had drifted, upon the decease of his parents, into a large fortune. Strange to say, marriage and death can be outside things to a man. These events were outside things to Trumper; they were merely the waves which rocked his craft of life, and everybody else's, as far as his vision extended. Circumstances led him to believe that it was the usual thing to marry, to separate or divorce, and to have someone leave you plenty of money.

In other words, by the time Trumper entered the thirty-year-old class he had achieved nothing whatever, even though he had attained to a distinct position all his own. In many ways he was a personage. He was an integral part of the cream of clubland. His reputation at the card table was such that he not only invented a new lead at bridge but established it in the most expert circles, and thence throughout the world. It was he who ushered in the toothbrush mustache, and under its added dignity became a conservative progressive in matters of dress. When he decided that a shiny surface to a dress shirt was vulgar, shiny surfaces on dress shirts went out. More than that, the innovation spread to such an extent that for a time the smarter of the bootblacks in New York used to ask, "Dull or bright finish, mister?" Incidentally, he was the first man in America to have those same dress shirts made with standing collars attached.

But above all, Trumper came to shine in another field. His aborted impulse to create broke out in a most unexpected direction, leading him to elevate more girls to beauty's unstable throne than any other living amateur. That statement requires definition in the face of misunderstanding minds. Trumper was not what is known as a tracker in any vile sense of the term. He was as fastidious in regard to women as is a self-respecting cat to the set of her fur. The fact remains, however, that no supper-room beauty could lay claim to absolute supremacy without first appearing as Trumper's guest of honor, generally one girl among several men. He did not accept these sirens ready-made any more than he would have worn a ready-made article of clothing; he discovered and formed them himself, and thereby hangs many a tale, always the same tale, yet never alike in the finished product.

If there was one factor which stood out above all others in the shaping of Trumper's destiny, it was aimlessness. He was not a procrastinator; it did not take him an hour to decide on a scarf or on the refusal or acceptance of a dinner invitation, for he was too excessively occupied ever to dally in his choices of little things. His trouble arose from the fact that there were so many directions in which he would have liked to travel

simultaneously. Such being the case, he was fated to short excursions, and how long a journey held him depended not on himself but on the extent of the magnetization of the latest attraction. He obeyed no rudder save his own sweet will, which in due course of events led him one evening behind the scenes on the opening night of a terpsichorean mélange.

It was one of those mixtures of haunting lyrics, ravishing ankles and exquisite sets which cost a lot of money and are successful as a whole, or not at all. No one feature could insure the heavy load of the overhead; on the other hand, the damage of a weak spot now and then was correspondingly minimized; what counted was the vast general impression. Consequently Trumper saw no reason to be on his guard when he noticed a girl so consciously ungainly that he turned to Zelter, the stage director, with inquiring lifted eyebrows.

"What's the big idea there?" asked Trumper.

The director frowned, quite frankly puzzled. "I don't know why I did it," he murmured. "Perhaps I had some idea of making her into an eccentric. Or perhaps it was that real hair, black as the inside of a stovepipe. Whatever it was, tonight lets her out."

Trumper not only was sorry for the girl; he felt guilty, knowing as he did that the mere manner of the lifting of his eyebrows had sealed her fate. He stared at her, studying her. What was it that had drawn his attention? Mere awkwardness? Awkwardness on her part and on his had got her fired, but had it been responsible for getting her the job in the first instance? He caught at the straw in Zelter's words and asked himself, had she the makings of an eccentric? Was there a chance for her, after all? He decided emphatically in the negative. Not along that line. She was too much this, and too little that. But if she would only —— His head went up.

"Introduce me, will you?"

"To what?"

"To the leggy filly you said you were going to let out."

Zelter called to the girl, and as she approached Trumper discerned in her gait the cowardice of failure, the springless walk of the unsuccessful.

"Say, kid, this is Mr. Trumper Bromleigh," plunged the director brutally. "He wants to give you a diamond tiara, and you'd better take it, my dear, because you're fired."

As he walked away, leaving them alone, such a readable look came into the girl's frightened face that Trumper had all he could do to keep from bursting into laughter. He knew what she was seeing. Predatory man. The brutal manager. Her pay envelope snatched in the same breath that uttered a brazen introduction. Starvation or surrender. Every item according to the Machiavellian Hoyle of popular fictional debauch. Above and beyond all, like a dull thudding echo, the terrifying thought that her job was gone—gone!

"Stop that," said Trumper, addressing the scattered feathers of her mind. "Listen to me. I don't want even to kiss you—ever. Nail that to the back door of your brain. Keep it where you can swivel your eyes inward and stare at it in the dark. If I ever touch you between now and your first gray hair, it will be to pull you around into shape—some other shape."

The girl flushed perceptibly under and over her make-up; to all appearance she was by no means reassured.

"It's this way," continued Trumper. "Zelter would probably have fired you anyway, but I happened to say something that made him think of it sooner so I feel a certain limited—very limited—amount of responsibility. Quite aside from that, I've got an idea. If you will trail along doing just what I tell you to do, and only what I tell you to do, I think I can pull you out of a hole, and entertain myself enough to break even on lost time."

"Well, what do I get to live on while you're amusing yourself?" asked the girl rather sullenly; not at all in a tone of acceptance.

"What was your pay here?"

"Fifteen."

"Not enough," said Trumper promptly. "No job is worth as little as that. If it is, it isn't a job. Pony peonage—that's what I call it. I'll give you fifty a week if you follow instructions."

"If I follow instructions," repeated the girl with a mixture of doubt, sarcasm and suspicion in her voice and face. "Well, go on."

Trumper took out his card, wrote an address on the back of it and handed it to her. "That's a sort of studio," he explained. "Enter the street door without ringing and go up all the stairs there are. Then push and come in without knocking. Everything is open, and stays open, while I'm there. Come between three-thirty and four in the afternoon."

"I see," said the girl. "Well—I'll think it over."

But Trumper, studying her face, knew that she did not see; she had not caught the subtle significance of the open thoroughfare to his den. If she had she would have seized the earnest of security he proffered, her eyes would have lighted up and answered the smile in his. There and then she would have begun to feel at home. He sighed, stopped smiling and shrugged his shoulders.

"How about it?"

"Wha-what shall I wear?" she asked in reply.

"Wear?" repeated Trumper indifferently as he turned from her. "It doesn't matter in the least what you wear—if anything."

As he left the theater he felt that he had shown poor judgment in his parting shot, but he did not care. If she came, she came; if she did not come, there would be something else to do. Had she had the wit to smile, it would have been different. He went home, and to bed.

Just before he turned off the light he called up his wife on the telephone. He did this every night when she was not abroad or away; why, he could not have said. It was not from force of habit, nor from affection, nor from courtesy; it was from something far more obscure than any of these sources. Possibly family—the fact that he was John Trumper Bromleigh and she Mrs. Bromleigh. Sometimes she was in when he phoned, more often she was not, and he also suspected a cut-off switch on her bed telephone. But that did not trouble him. When she answered he would say, "You all right, Janet?" To which she replied invariably, "Fine, thanks, Trumper." And that was all of that.

Trumper's business day was devoted to the ticker. From ten to three he sat over it in a small downtown office of his own with an assiduity that had earned him a nickname, and it was not loafer—it was Two-Point Bromleigh. Profit snatching was his motto. The hardest game in the world is the keeping of the chessmen of a rich man's investments on the move. Trumper did it, but he was no more a gambler on change than is a hardshell poker player a speculator. He took his two-point profits with the regularity of a hen laying eggs by the sun. Phenomenal rises did not interest him; he believed, like the hen, that an egg is an egg. With the closing of the Stock Exchange, his mind shut down on business, generally with small cause for worry, and he was off for two hours at his studio in the Forties before proceeding to his club and further profit snatching at bridge.

We can save time and trouble by looking over the studio through the girl's eyes. She arrived at a quarter to four, pushed open the door, and stepped into a tiny hallway. Beyond was a large room, taking the full width of the house, with two northern windows and a skylight added for good measure. The floor was not only innocent of carpet or rug; it was of the old-fashioned kind, six-inch boards, somewhat irregularly laid. In the light of one window was a square couch, pushed against the wall and covered negligently with a warm Persian fabric which overflowed before it, spreading out as if to afford comfort for chilly feet. Near the couch was a high four-leafed screen in red lacquer. Midway of the room was an easel, and to one side of that a rough bench littered with modeling clay under a damp cloth, wax, paints, paintbrushes and other paraphernalia. There was an assortment of chairs; a long-shanked reading lamp in wrought iron; sketches, some on the floor and some hung. Against the inner wall was a single ornament—a heavy garnet-colored Bokhara rug, reaching from ceiling to floor, and firmly nailed along its upper border.

What the girl could see, but scarcely appreciate, was that this rug was a poor showy thing, kindly, warm, useful, though of little value, and that the scattered nondescript furniture was in the same class. Also she lacked the knowledge to discern in the wrought-iron lamp a labor of art as well as of love; or to realize that the covering on the couch and the red lacquer screen were together worth a king's ransom when kings were kings, or that an odd-looking cabinet with three chunky drawers, yet admirable in its proportions, was a museum piece, an original Phyfe.

Trumper was sitting in the most comfortless of the chairs and did not rise at her advent. Drawn by his eyes, she had advanced awkwardly and uncertainly to the center of the room. There she stood looking at him with a stupid, rather rebellious expression while he studied her with exasperating calm. Had she worn those clothes when Zelter engaged her? If so, why had he done it? What had thrown the spell? The contours of the girl's face were excellent; specifically she was good-looking, but there was something tragically lacking. Animation. She had no animation whatever.

Say she had thrown open the door and come in with a rush, her head up, her lips curved, and her fine eyes sparkling. Say she had flung her hideous hat

(Continued on Page 101)

Blast the Girl! Why Couldn't She Show Enough Spirit to Say "Won't," Instead of "Don't"? Thus Thought Trumper

PLATINUM HANDCUFFS

By Michael J. Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Wonderful Time, Web," She Said, Yawning; "Blisters on Both Heels"

"SAY," announced the snuffling office boy of Platinum Glass Corporation, "the Big Sneeze wants to see you."

Webster Drew shook his head.

"Now, now, Edgar! Might be better if you'd sneeze more and snuffle less."

He rose from his modest desk and proceeded along the clouded-glass corridor to the office of the general manager.

The Big Sneeze, Ripley Denison, president of Platinum Glass Corporation and of all Platinum subsidiaries, including this one, thrust out a thick underlip at him, which was a sign he sought trouble.

"Morning, Drew. Meet Mr. Croyle, vice president and general manager of Platinum Glass."

So this was Croyle, the man from whom he'd take orders in the future, the successor to John Daimler. Younger and harder than Daimler. Rather foreign, the way he put his heels together and inclined from the waist as he shook hands.

President Denison allowed little time for formalities.

"Say, Drew, I've been the rounds of all the plants—Platinum Plate, Platinum Table Glass, the optical shops and the stained-glass factory. I find you're the only one in any of them—the only one, mind—who wants to stick to the South American trade. Why?"

He projected it as though it were a rock. He rubbed his thick pink hand over his bristly white hair and eyed Drew coldly. Web Drew sat up straight in his chair. The question struck fire.

"Because I hate to admit that the Germans and the English put more brains into their business than we do, sir. I hate to curl up and quit out of—out of plain stupidity."

"See here, young man, that's pretty rough talk. We've never made any money in South America."

"We've never deserved to," Web retorted. "Why, sir, on every order, it seems to me, we've gone out of our way to drive them back to Europe. They like long credits; they don't expect to pay under six months. And we start to yammer for our money in sixty days. That last carboy order from Ferraloni at Rio—they asked that the crates be made of inch-and-a-half hardwood. We made 'em out of inch-and-a-quarter pine. Just about a third of them fell to pieces. The result was a lot of nicked and broken carboys. And we had the nerve to tell them it was due to carelessness in handling down there."

"Huh!" commented Denison, rubbing a finger down his broad promontorial nose. The pugnacious underlip came in a trifle. He surveyed Web with those keen little electric-blue eyes. "Well, what else you got on your chest?"

Web glanced at the new general manager, whose lean, hard body adjusted itself comfortably to John Daimler's chair. Croyle, busy with the lighting of a cigarette, did not meet his eyes. But Web imagined that the corners of his mouth twitched.

"Take those insulators for Pan-American Power," he resumed; "they asked for shipments in cases. Did we pay any attention? We did not. We sent them in barrels, just about half packed. They stipulated the Equatorial Line. Either we thought they didn't know what they wanted, or we liked the color of the Monsoon ships better. Anyway we sent them Monsoon Line and doubled haulage charges. The Monsoon wharves are at the foot of the steepest hill in the port. The Equatorial isn't."

"Thought they all used the same wharves," observed President Denison, twisting his short, fat torso.

"Well, they don't. We've sprayed South American ports with broken tableware for years. And from what I hear, the way we've handled optical goods is a sin and a shame. Why, sir ——"

Web enjoyed himself thoroughly for half an hour before they dismissed him. He went out springily, as though there were coiled steel in his insteps. He loved a row in a good cause. And the persistently shabby treatment of South American customers by every subsidiary of Platinum Glass Corporation enraged him. He steamed through the plant for another hour. He framed in his mind scornful sentences describing further telling examples. He regretted that he forgot them in the heat of the discussion, for he liked and admired his company. Jealous of its reputation, he resented any falling down on the job.

For early spring, the thermometer aspired. Edgar the plump sweated freely before he located the ranging Web.

"Gee, but you travel!" he complained. "I've follered you all over these forty blocks." He wiped his cheeks with a grayish handkerchief and snuffled. "The Big Wheeze wants you, right away. He's still in Croyle's office."

"Mr. Croyle," corrected Web.

"A-yah. Know what Croyle's initials stand for?"

"C. F.—Carl Franz, isn't it?"

They crossed a railroad track and dodged square-shouldered buildings, heaps of coal and a foothill of glittering glass fragments. Edgar spat through front teeth each the size of a finger nail.

"Naw," he puffed, for Web set the pace that killed. "C. F.—Coffin Face."

"Someday, Edgar," reproved Web automatically, "someone'll throw you out on your ear for getting too fresh."

"Uh-huh," agreed Edgar, just as automatically, "and then I'll go and get me a real job. Coffin Face!" He snickered at his fancy.

Apt enough, Web admitted to himself. The brown pompadour, square across the top; the temples slanting outward to the high, close-set ears; the thin face, ending in a long, narrow chin. Coffin Face!

President Denison, long cigar cocked jauntily, paced back and forth across the roomy office. Web, country born, noted how his toes turned out at a wide angle, and how he came down on his heels, the gait of a man accustomed to walk but little and that little on pavements.

"Well, young fellow," began the president, with brusque joviality, "you made so much noise that we've decided to do something with you, because we want South America to have a square deal. Tell him, Croyle."

And Croyle, low voiced and subtly impressive, announced that Web ranked henceforth as assistant to the general manager. He would keep an eye on production. But he would also study the export trade of Platinum Glass Corporation and all its subsidiaries.

Other strap hangers packed in the stuffy crawling car that carried a few of Motor City's home-going hundred thousands that evening no doubt wondered at Web. Perhaps they speculated what the blond, good-looking young chap smiled over so dreamily and contentedly. Jolts, dust, sirocco air, grinding starts and sudden stops, the impact of sharp elbows under his floating ribs—none of these things bothered him.

Incased in an envelope of joyous exhilaration, he rode the long miles, usually penitential, as though on the wings of clouds.

"What will Anne say?" his mind sang. "It's the step up—the real step up. From nobody at all to somebody; that's where we've gone. She'll love it. I could have stood it a few more years; but she'd grudge every minute of the waiting. And now she doesn't have to wait. Dear little Anne!"

He decided with marvelous self-control to keep for the moment the tidings from his young wife. He lacked time to gloat properly, to dramatize the promotion for her as it deserved to be dramatized, because the new job claimed him already. After President Denison had caught the Wolverine back to New York that afternoon Croyle said, smiling his slight, significant smile:

"Better plan on taking the Cleveland boat tonight. The National Fancy Glassware Dealers' convention is on at the Hollenden. They want a speech from some of us. Daimler was billed for it. I'm too busy picking up the strings to go. When it comes to speeches, that talk you gave Mr. Denison ——"

The unfinished sentence and the slight gesture of his long hand registered entire approval of Web's oratorical ability.

So, though the great news pounded against Web's chest like a physical force struggling to get out, he throttled it down during dinner and the hour of preparation afterward and got away with it untold. He made a plausible excuse for the trip. They lived in the upper story of a decent brown-brick duplex at Hamilton Avenue and Elmhaven Street. As he stood, bag in hand, waiting for the approaching water-front car Anne waved from the brightly lighted living-room window. He knew his wild spirits puzzled her. He felt tempted to rush back even then and blurt out their good fortune; but he restrained himself.

He got through the speech making creditably next morning and hurried home to Motor City by train. From the office he telephoned Anne and they met for dinner at the Café Boulevard, gathering place of the great and near-great, where the cuisine vied with the cover charge in qualities of notableness. Anne studied him across their little table, bright eyed and quizzically smiling.

"You're so insufferably important and secretive, Web Drew," she challenged. "I saw something was up from the way you cocked your head when you got off the car last night. Tell me before you burst."

"Wait," he implored. "Let's enjoy Mrs. Boulevard's squabs and artichokes first. When we get home ——"

He exhaled a long breath through his mouth, only half exaggerated, in promise of the wonders to come.

When at home he told, her reactions satisfied even this most exacting of news bearers. She turned in his arms, as they sat on the davenport, to hug him rapturously.

"Web!" she cried. "Isn't it too perfectly gorgeous? Assistant to the general manager! An officer of Platinum Glass Corporation!"

"Oh, well, not an officer exactly," he pointed out, smiling and entirely pleased. "But a pretty good job, at that. When I speak now it will be a suggestion just the same as before. But they'll jump, youngster. Because the tones will be my tones, but the words will be the words of the boss. Oh, boy, the chance to do things—to make Mr. Denison sit up and take notice—to see Platinum pile up the biggest profits of the family!"

"Tell me some more," Anne commanded. He held her close for a long moment.

"It isn't often, you know, sweetie, that old Mister Opportunity takes you by the neck and says 'Come on now, get up on your feet and do your stuff. If you stub your toe you're out for good. If you come through you're made forever.'

"But that's what happened. I've studied up on South America. I'm sore at the way we've treated her. So I cut loose. And believe me, before long Mr. Denison put his elbow up to ward 'em off, and Croyle was smiling, secretlike, down his nose."

"Mr. Croyle, Web—what about him?"

"Well, Croyle comes from the Buffalo plant; he spent several years there. Never heard much about him except in a general way. Good man, I think. He must be or he wouldn't be sent here as general manager."

"Oh, I almost forgot one little detail." She spoke archly. "How much salary are we getting in the new position?"

"Thirty-five hundred."

"Thirty-five hundred!" She unclasped his arms to sit erect and look at him indignantly. "Thirty-five—thir—— Why, Web, you're getting sixty dollars a week now! That's—six times two is twelve; six times five—that's thirty-one hundred and twenty dollars. They make you an executive, where we have to maintain a position, and don't give you anything to maintain it on. It's only about—let me see—it's only about seven dollars a week—a dollar a day! We can't keep a maid on that."

"You don't understand, sweetie. There are compensations. They make it up to you in—oh, lots of ways."

"How?"

"Well, for instance, when I turned in my expense account for the Cleveland trip this afternoon Mr. Croyle smiled at it. The whole thing was only twenty-two dollars and something. Do you know what he said? 'It should have been twice as much, Drew. If there's one thing Platinum Glass Corporation doesn't do, that thing is pinch the pennies. When one of us goes away on company business Mr. Denison wants us to have the best. He wants us to entertain customers properly. He realizes that we're thrown with men who have a great deal of money, men who wouldn't understand if we didn't hold up our end.

"'When you're out on a trip remember that you're representing not only Platinum Glass but also the big corporation, Platinum Glass, one of the greatest of its kind. You're expected to get results, of course. But Mr. Denison realizes it takes money as well as brains to produce them. So I'll O.K. any expense account within reason. You've got to play fair; no holdups, you know. But anything within reason.'"

Anne knitted her brows and looked faintly disturbed, faintly worried.

"That doesn't seem right somehow," she said at last. "It isn't just—well, honest to throw someone else's money around."

Web laughed easily.

"Seems to me that's a good deal of scrupulosity, youngster. Especially when you recall the other fellow wants you to throw his money around; that it's the settled company policy."

"Just the same ——"

He shook her with gentle fondness.

"Wait! You haven't heard anything yet. Mr. Croyle told me to join a couple of good clubs and send the bill to the company; so long as I'm with them they'll pay the dues. So I'm going into the Urban Shore Country Club, and the University, of course."

"Heard You Gave Old Denny What For. Good for You, Say I. He Needed It"

He tried to speak lightly, but his voice trembled. It meant a lot to be able to say that. The University Club was the ultima, the last syllable in the word which to them symbolized getting on. He belonged to it in spirit, by birth and training and his college degree, and because nearly all his friends belonged. But until today he could not afford actual membership.

Anne breathed a long, rather tremulous sigh.

"I'm so glad, Webbie. I've wanted you in the University more than I've wanted a pair of new shoes sometimes." They laughed a little. She adored new shoes. "The Urban Shore too. You'll like your golf there. They say it's a wonderful course."

"And the parties," Web supplemented dreamily. "And the bridge for you; all the officials' wives play out there afternoons. It's a nice place to drop in for tea. We'll renew our youth, honeykins. Gosh, I'm hungry for dancing!"

"So am I." She sat up again, to look at him seriously. "Web, do you realize that I'm your wife—that you'll have to take me to all those things? Will you ever be ashamed? Would you rather I'd be someone else, I wonder? What do you think of me anyway?"

He took her face between his hands and spoke with quiet seriousness:

"I'll tell you what I think, Anne. You know the plays, these days, all about modern things and people. And the leading woman is pretty—oh, wonderfully pretty! You can't blame the leading man and the villain for falling in love with her. And she looks so thoroughbred and says such clever, amusing things. You remind me of one of those girls. Only with you it isn't a part you're playing; it's you, yourself, all the time, all the way through. Oh, boy, but I'm glad I'm married to you!"

She sighed and looked at him in utter satisfaction.

"You do say the loveliest things! And we married so long, too—a whole year. There isn't another husband anywhere like you, Web."

They sat silent, pondering their good fortune.

"Well," said Anne at length, "there's another nice thing about it. We can sleep Sunday mornings."

"Why, how's that?" asked Web, though he knew.

"You can have your golf at Urban Shore at a reasonable time. You won't need to get up at daybreak to go out on the public links with Bill Stevens and stand in line for hours, waiting your turn to play."

"Oh, I don't know," he began uncertainly. "I didn't mind it so much, and I like old Bill. Rather tough on him if I don't ——"

"Well, you're not," broke in his wife, with gay, smiling firmness. She did not like Bill Stevens. She thought Bill did not appreciate Web—treated him as if he were a younger brother of rather poor stuff. Bill's manner lacked polish, though that was all right with Web. He knew Bill; they were primary-school boys together.

"How will we get to Urban Shore?" she asked. "There's no car line within a half mile."

Web chuckled; he delighted in the question.

"In our car, youngster."

"Our car? Web Drew, what do you mean?"

"I mean that Platinum Glass furnishes all executives with cars and maintains them. The higher you go the bigger the car. We're in the thousand-dollar class. I'm to draw our new Swift tomorrow."

It fell rather flat. She did not exclaim in joy. Instead, she drew her brows together with that look of doubt and worriment.

"It's nice, of course," she said thoughtfully. "But, Web, I wish they'd give you a decent salary and let us buy our own car."

"Well, so do I," agreed her husband. "But that isn't their custom, it seems. Anyway, it amounts to the same thing. We get the car. Sweetie, I've been thinking. We can't go on living in an apartment all our lives." His dissatisfied look swept the comfortable, pleasant room. "Better begin figuring on a place of our own. There are a lot of dandy little new houses out toward Urban Shore Village and the club; several of our fellows live out that way. So start looking around next week. Try to find one with a garden, sweetie. And a view over those rolling hills. In the elms, if you can. You know"—his voice dropped to a whisper—"a real home; a place to bring up children."

He could feel her nod as she cuddled against his neck.

Web met Bill Stevens next morning inside the high wire fence at the Platinum plant. The hands of the big clock in the tower showed a few minutes of nine. Web reported at nine o'clock; Bill showed up at eight to welcome his crew of guineas, rough, tough and able construction men.

"Well, Bill, they've given me a step up. I'm assistant to the G. M. now."

"Yeah, I know. It was bulletined." Bill carried a lath in his right hand. He smacked it sharply against the leg of his trousers and a cloud of dust arose. "In among the four-plus gang. Well, kid, watch your step."

His square, dark face made him look older and more mature than Web, though their ages were the same.

"Four-plus gang?"

"Yeah; the boys who wear checkerboard golf socks. They can tell you the booze quotations from Cuba to Quebec."

"They deliver the goods."

"So does a safe cracker." Bill turned his back on the new furnaces for the conversation. Yet apparently he could see through the back of his head, for he bawled over his shoulder, "Come on with that brick, you Pete!" And a wiry little Italian, sitting on the handles of his loaded barrow, suddenly put his back into it, with the result that the halted line moved onward.

"I don't think that's fair, Bill."

"To call 'em safe crackers? All right; maybe not. But let me tell you something, Web." He tapped his friend on the chest with a blunt and roughened forefinger. "The question they ask themselves isn't 'How much do I earn?' but 'How much can I get away with?' They're not particular how they do it." He smiled grimly. "Trouble is, up in those glass coops you can't see anything for the scenery."

He deigned to look now at the building which grew behind him. His bellow of "Mort!" supplementing the masons' sing-song, stirred another wheeled procession to brisker movement. "Our Sunday morning golf is over, of course."

"Why should it be?" countered Web rather shortly.

Bill smiled his brunet smile.

"It shouldn't—but it will. I don't blame you though, kid. Who'd play on a public course where a ball is lost before it stops rolling, when he can go over Urban Shore in comfort? Not a Platinum executive—if he's in his right senses."

Nine o'clock struck. Web went into the office nearer than for years to being angry with Bill. His impatience

grew, while a mocking voice within him echoed Bill's words—and a few thoughts besides.

"You're deserting Bill," the voice jeered when he left his friend. "You'll be sorry some day, for Bill is real." Common sense came to his rescue. "So are the rest of them," he told himself warmly. "Bill—well, Bill may be a little jealous because he's still going around in working clothes, bossing a lot of wops, while I'm on the staff."

He forgot Bill in the trickle of visitors which started soon after his arrival. They came to his office, adjoining Croyle's, men with offices of their own, the captains of Platinum. They welcomed him to the commissioned staff.

Web knew them all, of course, from yesterday and before, when he was an obscure production man with only a desk in the general office. Conversations with them then were curt and formal and strictly of business. Then he was an underling who took orders. But now they met as equals. They talked of everything but business—Atlantic City, Palm Beach, summer conventions in the Ontario highlands, the newest New York roof gardens, golf, booze, yachting on Lake St. Clair, poker parties at The Flats. They impressed him as being gay, careless, well dressed, more than a little reckless.

Their conversation, he concluded, must be much like that of young men of independent means, occupied in seeking their own pleasure.

A pose, of course. They did not ignore business as they pretended to ignore it. Platinum ranked high among Platinum Glass subsidiaries. It marched forward steadily to new production and sales records each half year. These chaps knew their jobs and turned out the work. But tradition required that they go to opposite extremes from the conventional earnest young fellows who immersed—no, submerged—themselves in thought and talk of their occupation.

Most men in business, thought Web, feeling about for a comparison, goose-stepped solemnly forward in closely kept ranks with vast determination, and with intense gaze directed straight ahead. But the Platinum gang loitered and straggled, making eyes at the girls along the road and carrying bouquets in their rifle muzzles, though they shot just as straight and charged just as gallantly when they reached the firing line. Joe Sheridan made fewer pretensions than any of the others.

"Hello, Web," he grinned, quite like an old friend. "Welcome to the tribe of the manicured. Been watching you scurrying around the last couple years. Knew they couldn't keep that little squirrel on the ground much longer."

He took the more comfortable of the two extra chairs in Web's office and disposed of his legs across the corner of the desk. "Smoke?" He produced a gold cigarette case and snapped it open. Web accepted a distinctively made cigarette. The letter S, outlined in gilt, shone on its side. "Heard you gave old Denny what for. Good for you, say I. He needed it."

The smile lingered. Absent-mindedly his hand stroked the straight black hair about the poll of his head. But despite him a thick and stubborn lock persisted in sticking straight out.

Web's scalp crept in sympathy. On rare occasions, on the morning after the night before, his own hair stuck up that way and refused to be pacified. Liquor made his head feel like a pincushion.

"Know your duty now, don't you?" Joe went on.

"Not fully, but I'm willing to be enlightened."

Web smiled in sympathy with the perpetually humorous set of the other's mouth.

"Well, you must give a party at Urban Shore for all the gang and their wives."

"All right with me if it is with Urban Shore."

"Oh, that's fixed. I'm chairman of the membership committee. I've presented your name already. You know belonging is one of the perquisites of your new job, don't you?"

"That's what I understand."

"Better have this blow-out about next Tuesday. You'll need a five-piece jazz orchestra. I'll tend to that. You'll want some food; Francis, the steward, knows what to set up. And you'll need some booze. Don't suppose you have any."

"Not a drop."

"Rising generation's strangely improvident," grinned Joe, stroking his stubborn hair. "I'll bring that. About three quarts of gin. Cost you twelve dollars a bottle. I guarantee it. That's quite a lot to do in these days of ethyl and methyl, the murderous alcohol twins."

"It is quite a lot, Mr. Sheridan."

"Don't mister me, Web. I'm old Joe Sheridan, booze purveyor in ordinary to Platinum. Know how I get it? Through that prince among men, an honest bootlegger."

Web laughed.

"Yes?"

"Absolutely! Snared him in Jamaica last winter when I went down to Kingston with a New York wholesalers' crowd. He's never failed me yet. We're gettin' tired of gin, though; we need some Scotch—good old Canadian Scotch." He slapped his leg.

"You're the boy to get it! Dominion Glass and Crockery Merchants' Association meets in Ottawa the twenty-fifth of next month. We'll have Croyle send you up. They say you're a bear of a speech maker. You can arrange for the liquor."

"Thanks," returned Web doubtfully. "But ——"

"But me no buts," interrupted Joe. "All set for the party? Fine! See you in church."

On impulse they shook hands cordially, for they liked each other. Web was conscious of a shock when his caller's step diminished down the corridor. An instant he had looked into Joe's sleepy, dark-gray eyes, and what he saw gave the lie to the deprecatory humor of the other's perpetual half smile. Because the eyes were not humorous. They seemed startled, almost afraid.

The news of the party roused general enthusiasm. Everybody promised cordially to come. Mr. Croyle indorsed it.

"Good idea, Drew," he declared. "It'll give us all a chance to become better acquainted. I'm new here myself, you know. You don't really understand men until you meet them socially." He consulted his desk calendar. "I wonder if I might bring along a couple of guests. Sansome and Craighill, our Southern distributors, will be here Tuesday. I'd like to show them a good time."

"That will be great," agreed Web heartily. "Mrs. Croyle, of course ——"

The general manager smiled and shook his head.

"Unfortunately there is no Mrs. Croyle."

The week went by breathlessly. Anne learned to drive the new car. She spent most of the daylight hours house hunting. Web took soundings on the new job. Its depth and its generous horizon pleased him. It offered a chance

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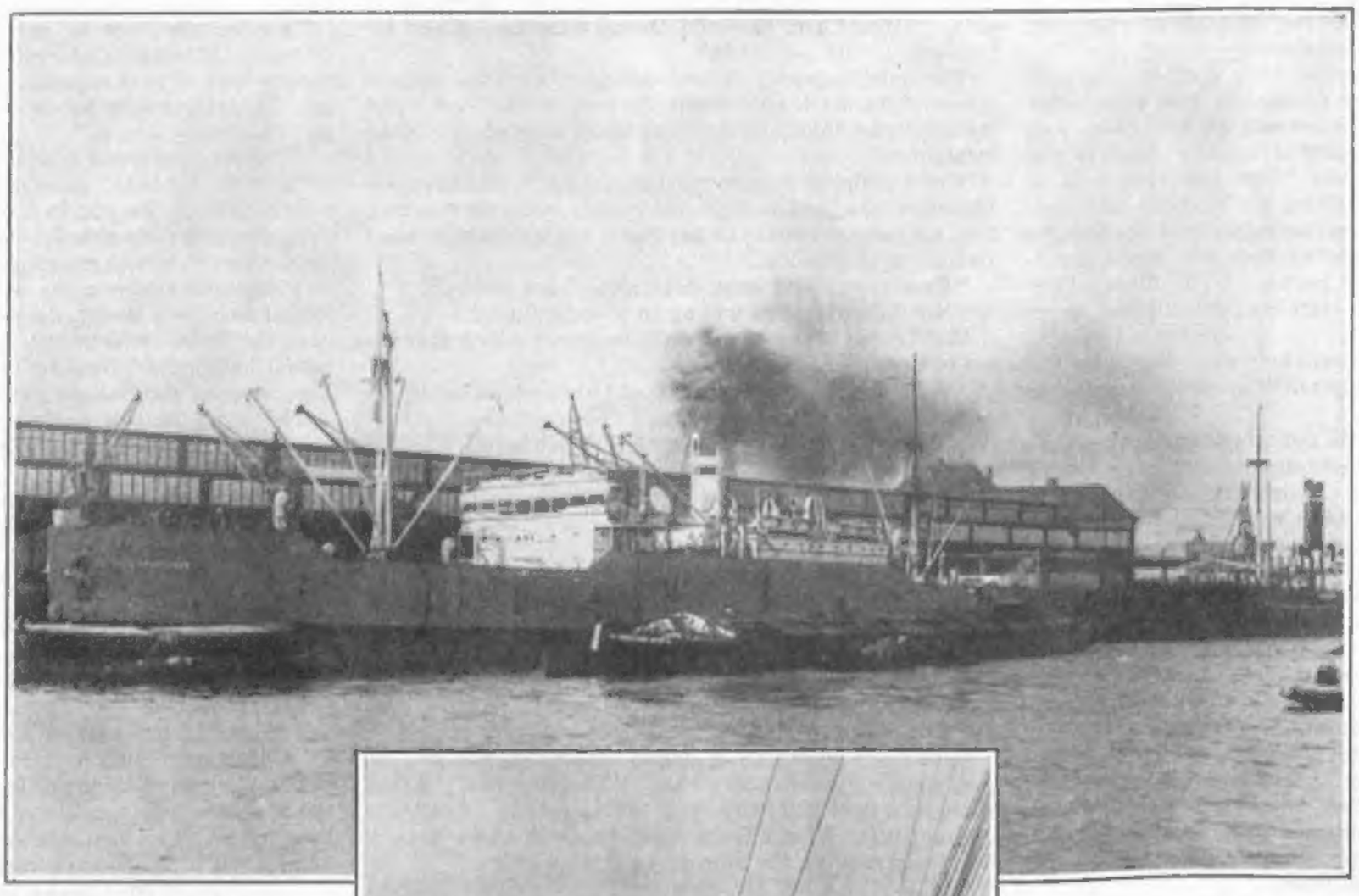
"Can't We Go Back?" Her Face Seemed to Grow Beautiful. "There's Only We Two. It Wouldn't Take Much to Keep Us"

The U. S. S. B. S. S. Suspicion

By GARET GARRETT



THE incubuses have us. We are the United States Government, dreaming in the first person plural. We are at sea on a nightmare ship. Forebodings assail us. A catastrophe is imminent. It will surely occur unless we can think of a certain thing. We cannot think of it; we cannot remember what it is that must be averted. There is only this vague presentiment of evil. Many people are about. No one else seems in the least concerned.

The sun is rising with a dollar mark upon it and the ship is pointing directly at it. Yet the compass says we are steaming a course due west. We say to the man at the wheel, "What's the matter with your compass?"

He answers, "There's nothing the matter with the compass."

We say, "How can you be steering west toward the rising sun?"

He answers, "By act of Congress."

We look over the port side of the ship. She seems to be making about eighteen knots headway. We look over the starboard side. She seems to be making about eighteen knots sternway. We call the second officer and ask, "What ship is this?"

He answers, "The U. S. S. B. S. S. Suspicion."

We ask, "Where are we?"

He answers, "Just where we were, only a little farther."

All the crew are engaged in gilding the ship. Her smoke is going straight up because she is making equal speed in both directions at once. There is something to be done, some very obvious thing, if only we could think what it is. It may be a word—one word—and we cannot remember it. We hear someone say in a sardonic voice, "Don't worry. The ship will wear out in five years. Then we can walk."

How to Buy and Sell

TWO men are sitting in wicker chairs. One has a locomotive on his lap, petting it; the other is making figures on a pencil pad. Their faces are familiar; we have seen them before; and we understand that if we say the right thing to them they may be of great assistance. Hopefully, yet with some secret distrust, we approach them and say "B-o-o-o!" in a most ridiculous manner. That is not at all what we meant to say. They rise, bow politely, and say, first one, then the other, then together, "Bah!" With that they disappear.

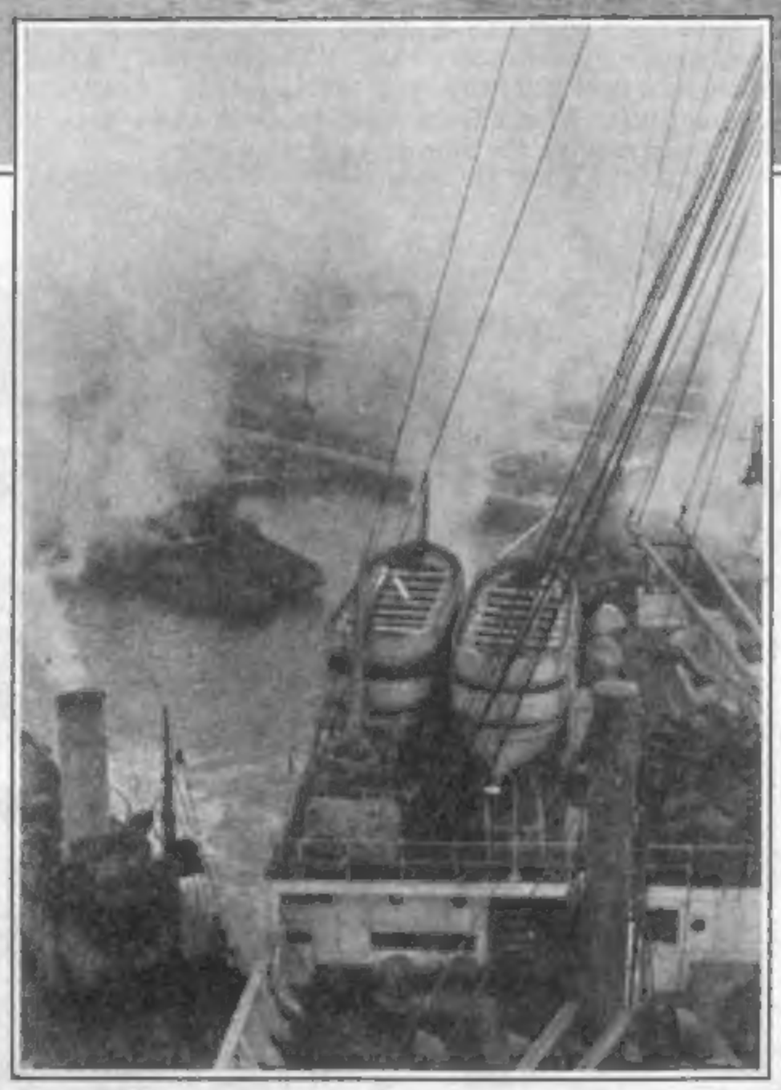
Eight or ten men are pacing the deck in a group. We recognize them. They are American shipowners. They will know all about the catastrophe and how to avoid it. How fortunate! We accost them, saying, "Scuttlers of the merchant marine!" And again that is not what we meant to say, or tried to say. Yet it is in one way very effective. They all turn and go over the rail headfirst into the sea, like a herd of dolphins, and swim away, only looking back to grin and wiggle their fingers.

Next we seem to be in the smoking room. A lot of men are seated there, all playing solitaire and singing, each in his own key, "My country, 'tis of thee ——" We address them desperately. Their only response is to take our words and sing them solemnly in place of the others. They do not look up from their solitaire games. In one corner, by himself, is a man we have deeply disliked. But our personal feelings are put aside.

We turn to him, saying, "You are Wall Street. You can make these people listen. The situation is very critical."

He rises stiffly and says, "I beg your pardon. I have not the pleasure." With that he turns his back.

Then we seem to be walking the deck in dismay, not knowing what else to do. The ship is still behaving in that extraordinary way. A very seasick passenger is hanging over the newly gilded rail. We lift him up, saying, "See what you are doing!" He turns an accusing, sarcastic face. We have never seen him before; yet we recognize him from his newspaper caricatures. We cannot bear the injured way he looks at us. The impulse is uncontrollable. We lift him clear of the rail and drop him over the side. Instantly we realize that the ship, going at full speed in both directions at once, is really standing still; therefore it cannot leave him astern. We are overcome. We are in a silly panic. We turn to flee or hide; but there in a ring stand the two railroad men, the dolphin shipowners, the chanting solitaire players and Wall Street, all pointing their fingers, saying, "What have you done to the taxpayer?"



Tugs Towing S. S. Leviathan Away From Her Dock at Southampton. Above—S. S. Chickasaw at Hamburg

There the dream ends. But we do not come awake. It begins all over again.

If we came awake but for an instant the nightmare would break. We should see that all the obstacles to an American merchant marine are imaginary. They exist in no state of facts; only in a state of mind. We have mislaid a little word. The word is "can." "Can" instead of "can't." And if once all together we should say "Can," the rest would be so simple that it could not be called a problem. We have but to put our own cargoes in our own boats. There is nothing else to it.

The French, now resolved to have more ships, put a slogan behind their merchant marine. It is this: Sell c. i. f. Buy f. o. b.

Nerves

THE British have no such slogan. They do not need it. They sell c. i. f. and buy f. o. b. instinctively; and that is one reason why they have the greatest merchant marine in the world.

C. i. f. stands for cost, insurance and freight. F. o. b. means free on board. Every purchase or sale of goods in foreign commerce is made either c. i. f. or f. o. b. If you sell merchandise to a foreign customer f. o. b. he names the ship, pays the freight and arranges his own insurance. Mark that he names the ship. Your part is done when you have placed the goods on the ship he designates. But if you sell merchandise to a foreign customer c. i. f. you name the ship, you pay the freight and you insure the cargo. In that case every bill of American goods sold abroad entails, or may entail, the sale also of American transportation and American insurance; and if as an American exporter you are anxious to fill American ships you will remember wherever possible to put the cargo under the flag.

Now turn it around. You are an importer, buying goods in foreign countries. If you buy them c. i. f. the foreigner names the ship and adds to the cost of the goods both the freight and the insurance. If he pays the freight he has, naturally, a right to name the ship and you have, naturally, no right to say anything about it. And if the foreign seller is an Englishman he will invariably, wherever possible, name a British ship and insure the cargo with a British underwriter, as he should. Along with the merchandise, he is selling us British transportation and British insurance, thereby filling British ships. But if you buy goods abroad on the f. o. b. plan you say what ship shall carry them.

Thus, selling c. i. f. and buying f. o. b., with always the thought of American ships in mind, would enable us to fill our own ships, as the British do; and if we fill them they will pay. In special cases the trade custom may require that commodities shall move to the buyer c. i. f., and where that is true we have only to do what the British do. They buy American cotton c. i. f. because that is the custom of the trade; but then they write a special clause in their buying contracts, saying the cotton shall be transported in British ships. When they are ready they send a fleet of British ships to fetch it.

How absurd, when you come to it with a mind awake, that with $8,000,000,000 worth of foreign trade annually, expanding and susceptible of unlimited extension, we should think it a desperate problem to fill a few hundred American ships! All that is required is the mindedness to fill them. When they are filled they will pay, a loss of $50,000,000 a year will be canceled, there will be a profit instead, and the Government may not only get out of the shipping business; it may get a good deal of its money back at the same time, for as soon as American ships begin to pay, private persons will be glad enough to buy them.

Then why the nightmare?

Because the incubuses have us. It is a pagan word, meaning little demons of the sleep. They were once thought to be real—visitants from a nether world; they turned out to be creatures of indigestion and nerves. And from ships we have got both indigestion and nerves.

It began with the Government. The whole idea of ships in the first place was a war idea, properly, necessarily so.

(Continued on Page 76)

THE BUSINESS

SOME SIDE LIGHTS ON THE GUN-RUNNING INDUSTRY

By Major Hugh B. C. Pollard

GUN RUNNING. It's a queer trade, at once romantic and sordid, desperately brave and gallant, or mean beyond belief; a splendid enterprise or a sneaking breach of the law. It is the motive that redeems, qualifies and occasionally ennobles the actors in these obscure dramas—duty, loyalty to a failing cause or the high boyish challenge to adventure.

There are two sorts of gun running: First, the political kind, where the cargoes are meant to achieve a revolution. Here there is sometimes room for our sympathy; there are good causes which one may support. There are others where the name of revolution is merely a cloak for political murder, and no glamour of romance can blind one to the vileness and the crime of arming criminals; but the professional gun runner is not a sentimentalist. He is a business man out for money, and political ethics are not much of a consideration in his young life.

On the Weather Side of the Law

THE second class of gun running is worse—the simple degrading business of supplying negroes or colored savages with illicit arms; a purely business transaction, where high profits reward the unscrupulous, and the after effects of a crop of frontier murders, outrages on white women, and all the long tale of lust, cruelty, primitive expeditions and dead white soldiery are ignored by the speculators. This kind of enterprise is scorned by the heads of the business and left to the small nationless mixed breeds.

The outside public hears little of gun-running coups, whether successful or otherwise, for the professional gun runner knows well enough that continued success in his profession depends on keeping a still tongue, not only at the time but afterwards. The first and most important thing is silence; the second is that, should the enterprise go wrong, no direct chain of responsibility must connect the gun runner and his agents. He must always be on the weather side of the law, so that although the police or the authorities may be morally certain of his guilt they are unable to punish him. His agents may be so unfortunate as to experience prolonged spells in foreign prisons, but he—the chief—escapes.

The leading European gun runners—and I have met most of them—are not sensational figures. They do not wear wide black sombreros and they wave no menacing pistols. They are for the most part prosperous business men, with fur collars to their overcoats and a good taste in cigars, and a general air of being experienced European travelers accustomed to swift—sometimes very swift—transit from one country to another. Most of them have other ostensible businesses besides their interest in the arms trade. Some are directors of respectable companies, others profess engineering, and one is, in his more leisured moments, a professional artist of admitted merit.

The gun runner has, after all, no reason to keep large business premises and a staff going. He does not do a day-to-day trade and look critically at the monthly turnover, but lives speculatively from coup to coup, with perhaps a year or more between successive big ventures. Sometimes he has a regular bona-fide arms export business, peddling trade guns to West African negroes and decorated gas pipes to the East. His show case may disclose a variety of fowling pieces, shotguns and minor sporting rifles. This is the normal bread-and-butter side of his business, which just keeps the office going; but he is not simply a gun trader, but is connected in a curious way with the diplomatic underworld. He knows much of the gossip of embassies; military attachés come to his office ostensibly to buy shotguns, actually to discuss the availability of stores of secondhand service rifles. He may even be in close relations with all the little societies that flourish to perpetuate the woes and trumpet the ambitions of small and quarrelsome nations. A little money spent annually in subscriptions to these may at any time bring him in touch with a substantial business deal. There is one point on which all men in the business agree effusively, and that is that, whatever their business may be, it is nothing but purely legitimate arms trading. They will have nothing whatever to do with any transaction that seems the least bit dubious. No, sir!

Always Someone to Oblige

THAT is why if you want rifles, machine guns or field batteries in bulk, in good usable secondhand condition, you apply to those worthy and wealthy Dutch traders of The Hague in Holland, appositely transacting business under the very shadow of the Peace Palace, or you go to dealers in Berlin or London or Vienna. If it is a sound, straightforward deal they will oblige you. If it presents complications or involves methods in conflict with the law, such as gun running, they will decline to deal with you; and, crestfallen, you may return to your hotel and face the future, secure in the knowledge that within a few hours some obliging individual—quite unconnected with any of these big firms and far more inclined to see eye to eye with you, always provided the money is all right—will call on you, having heard confidentially from an unknown source that you are in the market for arms. He has a friend who fortunately has some for disposal. It is extraordinary how the news gets round.

A good gun runner has to know the intimate details of his profession as well as a good divisional staff officer knows his. In fact the two jobs are not dissimilar. One engaging fellow, an artist in his profession, has more than once earned the thanks and homage of clients by remodeling the whole of the military side of their scheme and investing the funds available so as to include complete equipment for a smaller number of men, yet endowing this smaller army with far greater striking range and force than the larger—expert advice in fact.

(Continued on Page 134)

A GOOD AMERICAN DOCTRINE

THE PRIDE OF A CHAMPION

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

We Tore Through the Bushes and Came Out Into a Footpath

THE big man on the oxcart was evidently a convict from the prison camp back in the pine woods; he wore the state's conventional blue.

"Going down to Lake Okagoochee?" I asked, rising from the stump beside the wood road.

"Sooner or later. Jump up."

I sat beside him on the loose board. I was putting up for three weeks at the hotel on the lake, having come South to get away from the Northern winter for a while and to prevent a cold from developing into the prevalent flu, and I had seen this trusty several times in the course of my rambles through the pine woods. He had always greeted me affably and with a humorous twist to his salutation, and he had shown no signs of suffering from an inferiority complex. He had a still face and an appraising blue eye with a twinkle in it; he was a sort to get along anywhere, and had evidently made himself rather comfortable in the dreaded prison camp.

"Smoke?" I offered. He accepted the cigar with a mutter of thanks. "I was wondering ——" I began, casting about for a phrase which should convey the inquiry flatteringly.

"—— to what rare stroke of genius I owe the honor of holding the ribbons over this team of spanking bays," he nodded. "Thanks for asking. I'm here, brother, as the result of the deadly sin of pride, if you want to know. Pride, brother, has reduced me to serving the state without pay and without reward excepting the sense of doing my duty."

I held a match for him. He chewed the cigar into the corner of his mouth and stared reflectively at the oxen, walking like long-legged tortoises.

The story begins, brother, down in the land of the itching palm and the bootlegging shine, one state line to the south of us. I was then in the company of George Bransome, a friend of mine from Philadelphia, and I owe my present happy situation to friend George. I could say I owe it to bad company, but that wouldn't mean George, as he was an innocent and well-meaning man, and it takes two to make company.

George and I had been entertaining the winter population down in those parts with a trick we did with a camera and a sheet. George used to hide himself and the camera under an orange tree near a depot, and I used to point them out to people from New York and Boston as they got off the train in their Palm Beach suits, and they would rush over to get their pictures taken, and would pay a dollar deposit. We wandered over the smiling state collecting dollar deposits, and had a very nice business. But then the character of our work became too well known, and we saw that we couldn't handle the crowds that were coming after us, and it came to a foot race, but we beat them by several jumps to a fast freight. We had to leave them the camera; but I don't think it was much of a camera, although I do not know for sure, as we never tried it.

This rattler we boarded was bound for Philadelphia, and that was wonderful luck. If we knew when we were well off we'd have stayed on that train. But we fell in with bad company and got off en route. The company was one of the trainmen this time. He kept on suggesting to us that we should stop over somewhere and break the monotony of the journey, and we finally decided to take his tip and get off for fear of offending him. He came up behind us that morning as we were peacefully watching the ties running backward toward our studio under the orange tree.

"Didn't I tell you two blamed hobos to get off?" he asked.

We weren't hobos, but we had the dust of travel on us, and I felt sure he meant us. So I jumped with alacrity, and he kicked George. George is as big a man as I, and fatter, and no one can kick him very far, and we landed neck and neck on the grand old state of South Carolina. We landed at a place called Locust Center, a nice old-fashioned Southern town, and well worth the time of any traveler who is kicked off in the neighborhood.

Nobody was watching us but the said brakeman, so we shook the state from our backs and sauntered into Main Street.

Something was doing in Locust Center. The curbs on either side of Main Street were lined with farmers' cars; flags hung out over the stores; and the people on the sidewalks had a pale and patient look, as though they feared some great orator was going to get up and jaw them for an hour or two. They were standing and waiting along the curbs behind the parked automobiles.

"Carnival!" I guessed. "We must get busy here, George, and lend a hand. What can we do to keep up the fun? Do you see any constables?"

George is not very bright.

"Hey, bo," he says, putting his hand over his mouth and speaking to a native in confidence, "where's the constable?"

"Yonder he stands," said the native, pointing to a large and peevish-looking man in a wide-awake hat and a silver star. "Hi, you Wes!"

Wesley looked over at us two guests and he brightened up. He came and put out both hands, and shook George and me very heartily by our collars.

"On your way," he says, mumbling the ball of snuff between his lip and his front teeth. "We don't want none of your sort in town today. If I see you again you're going before the judge. Now git!"

"Yes, you will, you snuff-eating hyena!" I says, twisting around to look behind me. "Where do you get off to try and shake me, you big apple knocker? I've got a good mind to slam you one on the jaw!"

I'm generally a patient man, but I won't stand for being shaken up, and it makes me mad. I guess I would have slammed him, too, only at the time I mentioned it George and I were a good half mile from Locust Center.

We were walking along a shady country road, being out of breath from hard running, and we looked over a picket fence and saw a white cottage with green blinds and a red shingle roof. There was wash hanging on lines on the lawn beside the cottage. Nobody was on the porch, and the shades were drawn as though the inhabitants had shut up house and gone into town for the festivities.

"It wouldn't hurt us any to have a change of linen and wash up," I suggested with self-respect. I do hate to be taken for a common sort by trainmen and hick constables.

No sooner said than done. We got over the picket line and selected some nice summer underwear for each of us It was balbriggan, athletic cut, without sleeves and legs, and good enough to dress up in and get your picture taken to hang in a street car. I also got a smart striped sweater, so that I could throw away my shirt. We retired at once and looked around for a place to make our toilet in privacy.

Across the field was a creek that ran out of a woods. We went to the creek and walked along the banks to an elbow in the woods, where there was a regular swimming hole. The water was cold, but the day was hot and we were sweated up with trying to do something to please Wesley; so after we had disrobed we took a jump into the creek. We had a good wash, and then we sat down on a fallen tree and lit up cigarettes and put on our smart new garments.

"I feel great," said George, lacing his shoes.

"Same here, only more so," I said, pulling the jersey over my blond curls. "This is certainly great stuff," I said, waving my arms and trying to claw my way out. "It's just like when I was a little tad, back in dear old Cattaraugus County. Many's the good time we boys had in the old swimming hole, and keeping an eye skinned for the hard-hearted farmer who owned the creek and didn't want it muddied up. Those were the days, George. They will never come again. He was certainly an old crab, was Farmer Cox."

"What did this Cox look like?" asked George inquisitively. "Was he a short and stout person with a red face and a pair of gum boots?"

"Why, yes," I said, "that was old Cox to the life. I must have told you about him sometime before."

"Well, Peter," said George, "I think this is the same swimming hole, because here comes old Cox."

I got my head out of the jersey and I saw that our privacy had been invaded. There was a red-faced man in gum boots coming toward us from the direction of the house, and he had a double-barreled shotgun with him. It was just like George not to mention an important detail like that.

"There Is Some Mistake Here," Said the Old-

He was one of these fellows that can never get a story straight. The man said something that I won't blister my lips repeating, and he threw down the gun on us, although he was not quite within range unless he was loaded for bear. As luck would have it, I had my shoes on, and I grabbed my pants and hiked into the woods, together with George. George did not stop for any more of his raiment, being content with what he had on and trusting to fortune. The man let go with one barrel, and it hurt, but nothing more serious than to make me drop my pants and give my undivided attention to making haste.

We tore through the bushes and came out into a footpath, and I imagine the man in gum boots gave up the chase and sat down to gloat over the trophies—to wit, our outer garments. That was where his head was level, as there is not any man in gum boots can catch George and me, not when he is loaded down with a double-barreled shotgun.

For a couple of rank amateurs carrying weight we made very good time down that path under the tall trees, and the first thing we knew we had run clear through that man's miserable woodlot and come out the other side onto a turnpike road. We would not have been so indelicate as to expose our limbs in that way if it had not been that the road was so hedged in by woods that we just popped out onto it and we were there.

A native of that country standing behind a tree at the roadside nursing a stick jumped out and waved his arms at us and threatened us with the stick. There was a red flag on the stick, but we didn't need that to warn us of danger.

"This way!" he yelled, pointing down the road. "This way!"

"Thanks," I said heartily, wondering how we had made a friend so quickly, and I led the chase in the direction he told me to.

We ran along a piece, and I was increasingly embarrassed to perceive that there were more and more people beside the road, as I had nothing on me but this underwear and the striped jersey. I know I blushed. I tried to turn aside whenever I saw a path and dive back into the woods; but they turned me back, waving their arms like people driving a runaway horse in the way he should go.

"Not this way!" they yelled. "Right ahead, boys! Hooray, here they come!"

"What's up?" gasped George, who was making heavy going of it, what with the heat and with having already run about six squares.

"Shut up!" I said. "And run!"

Some of the natives came out from the sides of the road and ran along beside us, and I kept my eye on them to see they did not trip me up; and I had a fist ready to swing and give them one good one, but they sheered off. We paddled along, pumping out air and breathing in dust and swiping at our eyes to see through the perspiration. And there we were, running right back into Locust Center!

We passed a grand stand with the head men and sachems on it, and then we were in dear old Main Street between the parked automobiles. The people hollered murder. Believe me, the next time I see a dog with a can on his tail I am going up and take him by the hand. It is a very mean feeling.

There was a line of men stretched across the street in front of the drug store, holding a rope, and I saw that they had us and no escape. I didn't care; I was so tired my tongue was hanging out over my chin. I saw the rope, too, but I didn't care. I staggered up to them and they grabbed hold of me and lifted me up, and I knew they were going for the tree; but I just took one look around to see that they had George, too, and then I was perfectly satisfied.

They carried us down the street, holding back the crowd that wanted to snatch us apart and telling them to wait, and they set us down in front of the grand stand. I lifted my head and saw that an old-timer with chin whiskers was prodding my shoulder and shouting at me.

"Who was first?" I heard him scream.

"Rook, There's a Sight of Money Roaring to Go in This Town"

"He was," I said, with presence of mind, pointing to George.

"What is the name?" he said to George.

"McMonigle—George McMonigle."

He looked at a paper.

"What town were you running for?"

"Philadelphia!" said George.

"There is some mistake here," said the old-timer, consulting his paper. "You couldn't have been running for Philadelphia. Philadelphia is a thousand miles away, and it is not in this race."

"It's a long ways," said George, "but that's where I was running."

The old-timer conspired with a couple of more old geezers, and then they came down from the grand stand and took us to one side.

"Listen, Mac," they said, "are you satisfied to run for Locust Center, even if you started for Philadelphia? There must be some mistake or you would never have been allowed to start, but it can be fixed up right here. It's for the old home town, Mac."

"There was a fellow back there fired a gun and tried to stop us," said George.

"No!" they said. "He wasn't stopping you, Mac; he was starting you. Does your head feel queer, Mac?"

"He's clean off his chump," I said, getting an intuition of how things were. "He's run himself out of brains, gentlemen. Why, he was running for Locust Center all the while! I was, too."

"Don't say anything that is untrue, Peter," protested George, shaking my arm. "It will only make matters worse."

But the old-timer with the goatee turned to the crowd.

"George McMonigle, running for Locust Center, added starter, comes in first! Peter Rook, also running for Locust Center and also an added starter, is second! A proud day for the old town, fellow citizens! Give the boys three good cheers and a tiger!"

"And a pair of pants," whispered George when the cheers were handed over. "Three cheers and a pair of pants, and never mind about the tiger."

"Come this way, boys," said another of the group, and he led us into a clothing store. He fixed George and me up with two hand-me-downs and a butternut shirt, and said he reckoned they'd do; and while we were easing into these duds the old-timer with the whiskers comes in and hands George a jewel box.

"The solid-bronze medal," he says, shaking him by the hand. "Pin that on your chest, son. It was the fastest time ever made in the state of South Carolina. Do you realize that you boys came in under two hours?"

"Two hours, nothing!" protested George. "What do you mean, two hours?"

"Shut up and give my nerves a rest," I said. "It was exactly under two hours."

Then I shook hands with a storeful of people and got back to the sidewalk. The first thing I laid eyes on was the man in gum boots who had fired the starting signal. He made a run at me before I could get back into the store and grabbed me by the hand before I could hit him.

"The proudest day of my life," he says, while I was feeling his underwear crawling up my back under the butternut shirt. I was very proud and glad that I had covered up that striped jersey.

This was all very gratifying, and nothing succeeds so sweetly as a bluff while it is succeeding; but I knew that I could absolutely depend on friend George to ruin

(Continued on Page 46

Timer, Consulting His Paper. "You Couldn't Have Been Running for Philadelphia"

Cicely and the Hunk of Cheese

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Why, You"—She Paused—"You're Nothing But a Hunk of Cheese!"

CICELY MEADE walked up to Mrs. Patterson on the Avon Bay Country Club veranda, her snub nose well in the air. "'Lo, Lizbeth," she said carelessly. She was the only person in the entire community who would have dared thus to address the local Great Lady, and hope to escape alive. It was excessively contradictory to all books of etiquette that a chit of a girl like Cicely should call by the first name a stately matron thrice her years, and a power in the land. Which is exactly why Cicely did it.

Mrs. Patterson chuckled. "Hello, you imp of Satan," she said amiably, wagging her triple chins. "What devilry are you planning now?"

Cicely turned and opened wide her black-lashed hazel eyes, all girlish innocence. "Why, Liz-beth Pat-terson!" she said. "What an accusation against poor little me!"

"Cicely," replied Mrs. Patterson, "I was exactly the same sort of hard, mean, clever-as-sin little creature that you are when I was young, so you don't fool me. Come, tell me what you're up to. It's a dull morning. I'm getting too fat even for clock golf, and there's nobody in the club whose bridge game I can endure."

"More golf, Lizbeth, and you'd sweat off some of that soft stuff. It's a shame; you'd be good-looking still if you weren't so fat. You're greedy."

"I am, rather," admitted Mrs. Patterson. "Food is so enjoyable, Cicely. I'm past vanity. I live to eat good food and to amuse myself with the pageant of this wicked world, with you, my dear, as chief actor."

"Yeah—I know. Everyone was talking about that heavenly concoction of pigs' feet and pistachio nuts you gave 'em at your last bridge. But as for looking to me for amusement, Lizbeth, you'll have double astigmatism of the optics or something before you get any. The community is absolutely moribund, and I am bored to tears."

"Truly, Cicely?" Mrs. Patterson sighed.

"Cross my heart, hope to drop down dead. And you don't regret it as much as I do."

"Too bad. Let me know if anything happens, though, won't you?"

"Right-o, old thing."

Cicely sauntered on; swaggered on, would be the better phrase. She knew that everyone on the club veranda who did not dare approach Mrs. Patterson without being invited envied and hated her. She nodded casually to Evelyn Talbot and her fiancé, Henry Stacy, who were starting off for golf. At last she settled herself on the top step, snuggled her chin into her fists, and looked out on the charming scene. Locust trees tossed their green feathers in the sunshine, the little round pond—first water hazard of the trickiest course in America—shone like a witch's crystal. The grass was emerald, the sky sapphire, the sunlight pure gold. Far beyond was a glimpse of silver—the dancing water of the little bay that gave the community its name and added water sports to its outdoor diversions.

"Gosh, what a hole!" said Cicely mournfully. "What do people see in this Nature thing?"

Then she cheered. Appearing round the corner came Roddy O'Neill, her near neighbor, steady suitor, special pal and coadjutor in various schemes for the enlivenment of existence. Stub Reynolds was with him, called Stub because of his six foot one. She waved a welcoming hand. The two boys waved also, approached, sat on either side of her, taking lower steps, as befits the squires of an autocrat.

"D'you know anything?" she asked them.

Roddy shook his head, but Stub spoke. "Nothing much. We're getting a newcomer in this proud neighborhood. The Janney place has been sold."

"Go on. There's not money enough in the world to buy it."

Stub nodded importantly. "Ever since old Mr. Janney died the executors have been nearly crazy. This great big white elephant eating its head off in upkeep—château, orangeries, boskets, farm, dairy, stables, and what not—and all the heirs howling at them to sell; and nobody in the world, as you say, Cicely, with money enough to buy it."

"Poor old Mr. Janney. He was a prince. He loved that place. He just doted on it." This from Roddy, the sentimental Irishman.

"He sunk an awful lot of money there."

"I'll say so. Well, it's sold."

"But who bought it?"

"Man named Eugene Blithe. Owns a string of hotels all through the West, Southwest and Middle West, they say."

"None in the East or North? How neglectful!"

"Stop guying, Cicely."

"Well, go on. What does he do besides own hotels? Doesn't sound like much to me. Is he going to make the Janney place into a hotel?"

"Dunno. But my guess is that he's a tired business man who's going in for elegant leisure and sassiety."

"He'll have no difficulty knowing everybody here if he's got the Janney place, provided he isn't a prohibitionist or a tightwad. Think of all the pet charities! There's Mrs. Patterson's hospital, and Mrs. Knapp's ex-soldiers' club, and Evy Talbot's orphanage, and my mother's home for working girls—if he'll open up the old check book for all these unworthy causes he can be the grand pazinkus and no questions asked."

"You have such a neat concise way of summing up a situation, gentle child," drawled Roddy.

Cicely glanced at him sharply. Outwardly maintaining a complete sovereignty, there were times when his opinion swayed her. She owned to being a bit soppy over Rod. He was a beautiful dear. No girl in their set but would perish of joy if Rod looked at her. Ah—but he looked only at Cicely. She smiled at him, but her reply was crisp.

"Well—isn't it so?"

"It has a crude basis of truth."

"Yeah—and what about the refuge for decayed gentlewomen your mother had that bazaar for last month, Mr. Roddy? Hounding me into buying a pincushion and a motor hat that even the cook scorned. Mother told me that I mustn't offer any more gifts like that to her for fear she'd leave."

"A little kindly silence concerning my mother's shame, I beg. I know it too well, alas! Anything more to spill, Stub, about the imminent hotel man? Has he got any kids, d'you suppose, to join the simple gayeties of the younger set? We could do with another girl or two on whom the eye could rest untroubled."

Cicely rose. "I hope he hasn't any girls. What we really need around here is some boys who don't sneak off from the dances to shoot craps, and hit up the hooch, thus kidding themselves into a belief that they are grown-up men of the world!"

"Wow! That's a hot one. Allee samee, Cicely, it don't hit us."

"No, you're both conscious virtue and noble propriety, aren't you? Earnest young manhood, and all that sort of thing. Who was with Edgar Morris when his car got smashed up last Friday morning at three A.M.? Answer me that, I prithee, gracious sirs."

Roddy flushed angrily. "If you think we were hooched you're dead wrong. It was the other bunch, the birds that crashed into us, who'd been hitting the bootleg. And we'd've been home by midnight but we had a blowout."

"Well, well, listen to the human yeast cake. I did get a rise out of you that time, old fruit—rather."

"Cicely!" Rod glared for a second, then burst out laughing. "There's no use getting sore at you, is there? I bit all right. I always do."

"What do you say we tootle over to the bay and take the Tub out?" asked Stub. "Unless you two want to continue the slanging match."

"The Tub it is," said Cicely. "We'll fight this out on a rainy day in winter when there's no place to go to and nothing to do. Wish we could get another girl. Stub, you run around and see if Martie Cades is anywhere in the offing. If not, telephone and say she's to come over. And if necessary take my miserable little Teapot and run around and get her."

"Any orders for me?" asked Roddy.

"Oh, stick around and be decorative. I'm going to hunt up a sweater. We ought to be all set in fifteen minutes."

Cicely was right. In fifteen minutes Stub had conveyed to the club Martie Cades, the prettiest of the three Cades daughters—a lovely fair little creature whose specialty was a baby stare and a fetching ghost of a lisp. She was Stub's best beloved, and content to be so.

Mrs. Patterson, from the veranda, watched them go and was moved to profound meditation. "Martie is as pretty as a picture and intelligent in spite of her overdone innocence—which I grant she is still young enough to wear with a certain degree of truth in the effect—and Cicely is actually homely. But nobody notices Martie when Cicely's around. And that O'Neill boy is crazy about her. Personality—that's what it is. Personality. Of course she wears her clothes well, and she's got good feet and hands—always an asset. With those slanting impudent eyes, and her turned-up nose and her freckles and her straight hair

she ought to be hideous. She isn't—she's fascinating. Thank God I'm not her mother, is all I say." Mrs. Patterson sought still farther in the recesses of a well-stored brain. "I wish I were young again," she thought enviously. "The young things nowadays do have such a ripping time. No tight corsets, no stiff collars, no wide leather belts around eighteen-inch waists, no dragging lined skirts and no petticoats. No manners. No conventions. It was rotten luck to be born so long ago."

The four young people pursued their way, unaware of their specific good fortune. Cicely's car, driven by herself after some altercation with Roddy, conveyed them to the boathouse where Roddy's boat was parked. The Tub, which was as much of a local institution as Cicely's Teapot, was a handy little catboat and a very tight fit for four persons. However, they were accustomed to managing, and piled in, the two boys first, then the girls. At once the endless chores which attend the setting forth of even the smallest boat began.

"This south breeze will take us all around the bay and back again," declared Stub, with enthusiasm unmarred by a mighty struggle with the sail.

"But let's take the oars; 'member last Tuesday," reminded Cicely

Roddy was bailing—the Tub didn't actually leak, but like most boats she usually had to have a gallon or so of water bailed out of her before starting, and he looked up instantly.

"Next summer I'm going to have a nasty, noisy, smelly putt-putt in her, so that you'll never be becalmed again, Miss Cicely."

"I'd still want the oars. Engines have been known to stall."

Roddy grinned. He saw his chance for a hit. "Yeah—even the peerless Teapot has been towed home."

Cicely grinned, too, and peace was restored. She liked it when Roddy got back at her. She'd have hated him if he had lacked spirit.

"I'm going to steer," she announced.

"Nothing doing. The tide's low and I've no fancy to be stuck on a mud bank."

"Oh, my gracious," mourned Martie. "Do stop bickering, you two, and let's go. You might just as well let Cicely steer, Roddy. She'll do it anyway."

"That's what I say," offered Stub. "Besides, I'm not going to fight this sail all by myself. I want to smoke and loaf. I'm a guest, not a member of the crew."

Roddy, overborne, yielded. "All the same, it's wrong," he grumbled. "Cicely bosses us too much. It's not good for her."

"But it's for your best good, old dear. And it hurts me more than it does you, you know. If you want a doormat, or a clinger, you'll have to hunt up somebody else to play with. Little Cicely's the captain of her soul."

"You're too darned much the captain of your soul."

"Oh, yes, your ideal is probably Evy Talbot. Look how she lets Henry Stacy simply walk on her. He's postponed their marriage twice. He's always got the glad eye out for a little flirtation with anybody that can stand his fish face and flat compliments. Before I'd let a man get away with murder as she does I'd die. But she puts up with it, and hangs on, hoping against hope, I suppose, that some day he'll realize what a treasure he has in her, and she'll succeed in getting him to the altar. I think it's disgusting. Any man who doesn't like what I do and what I say and the way I do it and say it is out, and I wouldn't lift my little finger to stop him."

"No, you wouldn't," agreed Martie, with intense admiration. "But Evy's so in love with him. Why, nobody knows, for he is a prune, if there ever was one."

"Oh, but look here, you two Amazons," protested Roddy, "what's the idea of all the heat? Evy Talbot's a moron and Henry Stacy's a goof—we're all of us agreed on that. So now let's enjoy the sail without so much oratory."

"But the point is that women ought to be independent with men," went on Cicely. "They ought to have pride. Think of bothering about a man who went philandering around after somebody else. Think of trying to get him back. Pretty poor, I calls it "

"Look what you're doing—look!" shouted Roddy. "Port your hellum, port—port—or we'll be aground in two shakes."

Cicely followed orders calmly and the mud bank was avoided.

But the moment of excitement destroyed the argument. They proceeded peacefully on their way—until Cicely announced with regret that they must begin to tack back, as it was getting late.

"Aren't we going back to the club for tea?" asked Martie.

"You can have it, but I've to go home and do the dutiful daughter. We're having some people in—I don't know who. Dad telephoned."

"Oh, can the domestic scene and come with us. It's no fun unless you're along." This from Roddy.

"Many thanks," said Martie balefully.

"It is not to be done. Our servants hate having tea, and I'm the only one who can bully them into it. Heaven knows what sort of sandwiches they'd make unless I hounded them. You infants run along and have your tea and I'll see you all soon."

"I'll be over this evening, too," said Roddy, as they moored the Tub. Of course he would. He was over every evening.

She dropped them at the clubhouse, filling now with four-o'clock regulars, and made quick time getting home. She drove her car superbly, as she did most things. Cicely could not conceive of doing anything and not doing it well. In all her careless, self-sufficient, self-centered, irresponsible young life she had never had a wish or a whim denied fulfillment. This was not so bad for her as it might have been, for she had a sense of humor, and a basic common sense that kept her from doing silly and stupid things. She knew too much to make a fool of herself, did Cicely. She was like a nice boy with a code of clean living and speaking the truth, and she spiced it with enough constructive deviltry not to be namby-pamby. But Cicely was hard, even as Mrs. Patterson had said; hard as most young people are whose deeper emotions are unborn, who have not known the maturing power of privation, grief or the struggle for self-mastery. Yet, as has already been intimated, Cicely had her soft spot. She was thinking now of Roddy and how abruptly he had let Martie Cades know he thought her society dull.

"Rod's a duck," thought Cicely. "He's not like the other boys. He oughtn't to've said that. All the same," she made concession to her own weakness, "I'm glad he did." Wasn't he her very own property, Roddy? Didn't everyone know it? They weren't engaged, but they didn't need to be. They understood each other.

She arrived at her own home, a charming type of pseudo-colonial, ultra-comfortable house, white clapboards, green shutters, flower boxes spilling with bloom, and a well-tended acre or so of ground, making an ensemble of suburban smartness. Cicely ran her car around to the back, and entered through the kitchen.

"Hi, Meggie, you darling old thing—how about tea?" The austere Scotch cook relaxed a trifle under this address and the further blandishment of Cicely's arm around her neck.

"Now, Miss Cecy—quit—you're choking me."

"Yes, but you like it. How many kinds of sandwiches did you make? And are we going to have toast and jam and plum cake? I want the curate's assistant to look like a free-lunch counter."

She released Meggie, investigated the ice box. "Yes, here they are—cucumber and pimento cheese—very good. Now where's the cake?"

The waitress entered, giggling joyfully. Cicely's moments in the kitchen were the joy of the Meade staff

"And look at Rosanny! Heavens, but that cap is fetching! There's a good film down at the village tomorrow night, Rosanny; I'll run you down in the car after dinner if you want. Maybe you can find a beau to bring you back."

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"I'm a Poor Host," He Admitted. "But ——" "Terrible," Said Cicely. "The Worst Boor. What's the Matter—Don't You Like Us?"

BEST OF REFERENCES

By Kenneth Coolbaugh

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

NO GENERALIZATION is absolutely true—not even this one."

A sage Frenchman is credited with having given that disturbing truth to the world a century or more ago. His identity is lost, but I am willing to hazard a guess that he was near the fifty mark in years and that he had spent the better part of his life touching shoulders with men.

But whatever his age or calling, he stated a philosophy which today the business man may well take for his own when he finds himself angling for men

In this decade of generalization each of us has his pet theory or reenforced conviction that the man he seeks to employ must be measured by his own yardstick. We can specify with our eyes shut the exact qualities he must possess.

On my desk slumbers a questionnaire from a prominent mercantile establishment requesting me to tell what I know about a young man I once employed. He has applied for a position with this company in the capacity of salesman. The questionnaire is about the size of our present income-tax-return sheets. It contains forty-six questions chiefly concerned with the applicant's business experience and personal habits

After the customary questions as to whether I am related to the applicant, how long I have known him, length of his employment, and so on, the form cuts through to hardpan. First comes this inquiry: "Do any of his family or associates bear an unfavorable reputation?"

A truthful answer would be yes, for his younger brother frequently graces the newspaper headlines.

Then: "Has the applicant ever drunk to excess?"

Yes; I can even volunteer the date, as I have a hazily distinct recollection of seeing him on November 11, 1918, among 38,000,001 good citizens.

"Has he ever gambled or bet on races?"

Ten to one he has, along with Patrick Henry, G. Washington, the president of the First National and a number of eminently respectables who walk down the center aisle two abreast Sunday mornings.

"Speculated on margins?"

Probably, although I do not know. But if he has he is doubtless the wiser.

"Has he ever been financially embarrassed?"

Do We Not Too Constantly Look for Qualities Which We Ourselves Do Not Pack in Our Own Touring Kit?

Questioning the Questionnaire

YES or no, what difference does it make? In fact, what difference do the answers to most of these questions make? Though it may be a matter of regret to the young man and to those interested in his moral welfare that his brother is not all that he should be, that he himself upon occasion drinks to excess, sits in at a friendly game to keep up his circulation, or now and then takes a flyer in the stock market, yet what have these very commonplace delinquencies to do with his fitness for the position which he is seeking?

I asked the employment manager of a large Eastern public-utility company substantially that question.

"I can give you my low-down on that proposition in one sentence," he replied without a moment's hesitation. "Precisely as much as they should have if I myself were applying for that particular position. And you and I are good enough at figures to strike that balance.

"Every day," he continued, "the mails and the telephone bring us a crop of inquiries from banks, industrial plants, mercantile establishments and bonding companies wanting to know what we know or think we know about some man or woman who once belonged to our organization. Sometimes they resort to a personal inquiry, but usually it is a printed form or a stereotyped letter.

"It is one of the most perplexing knots a conscientious business man has to unravel. Of course, the easiest way to answer most of them is to do as I myself occasionally do—drop them in the wastebasket. But when that happens I do an injustice either to the employer who is making inquiries or to the person who is trying to connect with him. Usually it is the fellow who is after a job, because your average employer wants to be shown. In fact, he is entitled to be shown, and when he does not hear from us he skeptically concludes that no news is bad news and accordingly he does not take a chance on the man. On the other hand, if he does take a chance in spite of our silence, and the employe pans out as worthless or dishonest, he feels that we are largely to blame for not supplying a character or experience record of the man. And to a certain extent I think he is justified.

"This one fact, however, I always try to keep before me when I answer any question about a man's present or past: A man must have work somewhere. If he does not get it, you and I must do more work in order to support him in jail, in an almshouse or through a charity subscription. If I can help him to a job without doing an injustice to the prospective employer who trusts me to the extent of asking my opinion of the man, I am going to help him.

"But right there is the rub.

"In far too many cases—in fact, I think, in the majority of cases—an opinion is sought rather than a fact. Looking back over a period of fifteen years, I find that nearly all specific questions about men and women can be divided into two classes—questions of fact and questions of judgment. Generally speaking, I believe questions of fact should be answered with very little or no qualification. If I were in the other fellow's boots I would feel that I was entitled to know them. Certainly I have a right to know if Jim Sleek lifted a pay roll or muddled his books on his last job, or if Miss So-and-So was dismissed because she was chronically late in reporting for work; and if an employe has been dropped for incompetence, that is something that I want to know.

"But when you enter Class Two, which involves solely questions of judgment, you find yourself tossed about in a sea that has never been charted. Now, because judgment is frequently a dolled-up name for fancy, I go pretty slow in telling the other fellow what I think about a man. And to be consistent, I seldom ask an employer for his opinion of an applicant who comes to us. I am willing to take all the close-ups and X-rays an employer wishes to volunteer about anyone who has worked for him, but in the long run I take my own snapshots and time exposures; and we have had pretty fair success in developing negatives that were branded as hopeless subjects when they first came to us.

Yes or No?

"AFTER all the pros and cons have been weighed there is just one question that really counts with us. If by an arbitrary rule we were limited to asking an employer but one question about a man I would choose this one:

"'Would you yourself employ him again if you had a position he could fill?' A yes to that question is to my way of thinking worth more than a shelf of references, provided I know the man who gives it. If I don't know him, his yes is about as valuable to me as one of these to-whom-it-may-concern letters; and they, I find, are not often worth the two-cent stamp which never accompanies them.

"If an employer gives us a no to that query I am glad to get it; but I still reserve the right to use my own judgment, if for no other reason than the fact that that is what I am paid to do. It's his judgment against mine on a subject which neither of us knows very much about.

"Dismissed for incompetence is the reason given time and again by employers after they consult their personnel records. And yet is such an answer based upon fact or judgment? I know from my own experience right here and on other jobs that incompetence isn't a defect common only to employes. It may be just another name for sloppy manufacturing methods or poor supervision. Like a great many things, good, bad and indifferent, incompetence is where you find it."

Dismissed for incompetence. That phrase, when my friend used it, shifted my mental gears with a roar into reverse.

It brought vividly to mind the story of a great rowing coach and the stroke of his crew as I heard the coach himself unfold it to a thousand or more college alumni who were attending their annual reunion.

It is a story which might be dedicated to a number of people, people we meet every day; to the sales manager who rides a high-strung, sensitive salesman who thrives on encouragement; to the foreman out in the shops who gives a mechanic poor tools to work with and then bawls him out because the work is poor; to the head of the house who doesn't get up when he is called and then razzes the cook because the coffee is cold. In fact, it might be dedicated to those of us in authority everywhere who talk before we think and act before we know.

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The Effect of Prohibition Upon Realty Values

By FELIX ISMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN the Volstead Act went into effect, in 1919, it was obvious and inevitable that the status of scores of millions of dollars' worth of realty holdings would change. Whether this change would be for better or worse few persons were in position to say. The most natural guess to make was a pessimistic one. To the superficial observer it seemed clear that if thousands of locations which had been producing an income from the sale of intoxicating beverages could no longer be used for that purpose, prohibition would fall like a blight upon the real-estate market.

Any such conclusion, however, overlooks a fundamental characteristic of real estate as a basis of value—real estate is more or less indestructible in itself. You can't chop the head off real estate either with an ax or with a Volstead Act.

People are the basis of value; the best way to destroy real-estate value would be to destroy the people; which reminds me of the story of the dog and the pig:

"What a wonderful animal you are, pig," said the dog. "Why, every part of you is worth money; your tail, your legs, everything—even your hair is used for bristles. My body—what is it worth? Absolutely nothing! It is less than worthless." Touched to the quick by this realization of his own worthlessness, even though he had expressed it, the dog continued:

"But you are still nothing but a pig." Now prohibition killed the saloon, but the corner lot on which it stood was not a dead dog. It was a dead pig. The question confronting the real-estate man was what to do with the corpse.

Burying the Corpse

WARTIME prohibition had rendered the property in question useless for its former purpose, as the owners thought, but for a temporary period. They were willing to bide their time. But when national prohibition became a certainty and the knowledge that new usage must be created or obtained for the tremendous quantity of realty used in the sale of alcoholic stimulants became an acknowledged fact, there was little short of panic among owners and long-term tenants. Not only had the realty conditions to be met but considerable finesse and a thorough understanding of the condition of the owners' minds and temperaments were required to restrain panic-stricken ones from upsetting all the carefully laid plans of those who had been called upon to bury the corpse.

A difficult part of the situation was the feeling by many owners that saloonkeepers had been paying excessive rent for the use of their realty, and the thought of a sure and certain return to normality was a condition fraught to many with anticipation of great distress.

For years a part of the American public scarcely realized that the subject of prohibition was other than an argument. The question as to whether deprivation of alcoholic stimulants was a moral issue or whether it was a deprivation of personal liberty became practically the only discussion. To the real-estate mind, however, there was another aspect of the case: Prohibition would change the status of value for better or worse to the owners of untold millions of realty holdings.

How to bury the corpse was a question of great perplexity, even to the expert who had taken the time to study records of the effects of prohibition upon realty values in the various prohibition states. In spite of the persistent manufacture of statistics by the propaganda agencies of both wets and drys, real-estate experts who had studied this subject thoroughly knew the effects of prohibition upon values in small towns, counties, states and fairly large cities. But all this information now had to be considered in the light of an unprecedented situation, for there was a tremendous difference between the largest city in any prohibition county or state—at the time it went dry—and New York in 1919. In the smaller towns and cities values had naturally not become stabilized; many things might affect them. In the larger cities values are much more definitely fixed.

The effect of prohibition in its various phases could not have been so far-reaching years ago, because the cities were much smaller and values were naturally much less, whereas in 1919 not only had the cities grown tremendously in size but realty—probably out of proportion to growth in population—was at its peak. The imminent change so soon to descend upon these fairly stabilized conditions with a century or more of tradition behind them presented a problem which may be fairly described as stupendous.

The effect of state prohibition upon realty, however helpful, was a very different condition from that of national prohibition. The effect of state prohibition upon realty formerly used for the sale and manufacture of liquor could be nowhere nearly so great as the conditions which the Volstead Act created, for many reasons.

The Turn of the Tide

THE lessons taught by modified and absolute state prohibition upon realty were manifold. Many of us will remember the great apprehension which realty owners of liquor establishments had when the new law in the so-called prohibition states went into effect; how the magazines were flooded with illustrations of the city deserted, and how, during the first year, realty values of property used for either the manufacture or dispensation of alcoholic liquor were frightfully hurt; but to everyone's surprise, little by little these establishments were taken for other enterprises and they were, in the main, quite successful. Business picked up generally; the savings banks began to find an increase in their deposits; people began buying their own homes and merchants their business establishments; the jails were being emptied; a general air of prosperity became increasingly apparent, and what was more important, comfort and good will in the minds of the public began to become plainly apparent. There was less friction in the air; then realty prices commenced to advance,

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From the Time the Volstead Act Went Into Effect It Has Been a Prime Factor in the Real-Estate Business

THE EYE OF GOD

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

EARLY on an April morning Jacob Shambaugh tramped about the kitchen of his cabin on the north side of Graefenburg Hill His restless and impatient motions were those of a beast in a cage too small, and his shock of gray and tawny hair, his long mustache and his heavy shoulders, which had begun to bend forward with the weight of sixty idle years, suggested a member of the cat tribe

The cabin had one room besides the kitchen, a bedroom within, from which came now and then a cheerful yet plaintive voice. Philena Shambaugh was a cripple and her rising from bed was not to be achieved by half past five in the morning. When her husband made a rare trip to Gettysburg or Chambersburg she stayed in bed, out of his way until he had gone. She had fallen two years ago and had broken her leg, which had remained unset. The state nurse, hearing a rumor of the injury three weeks later, faced Shambaugh's pointed gun with scorn: but she had not been able to persuade Philena to go to the hospital. Learning from the distant neighbors that Philena was often alone for days, and that Shambaugh was cruel, she urged her to take refuge in the comfort of the county home; but to this advice also Philena was deaf. She was a stout, sweet-faced woman, in whose expression terror had begun to mingle with affection and the weariness of physical pain.

She asked three times, "Where are you going today?" But Shambaugh did not answer. When she heard him throw into the old-fashioned sink the tin plate from which he had been eating she repeated her question, and he came and stood in the doorway; not because he wished to please her, but because he wished to talk. He spoke to her only to give some order or to gratify his own necessity for truculent speech. To terrify her, he let her see him thrust an old revolver into his belt and a bottle into an inner pocket. There was something absurd and swaggering about him, and something deadly also.

"I'm goin' west today," he said in a loud tone; "to that sink of wickedness, Chambersburg. The last time I was there they asked me why didn't I work. A little scrawny black woman asked me. They'll suffer for their mockin' of a decent man! They were burned to the ground once; they may be burned again."

Though his boasting and threats were not to be taken seriously, Philena's eyes darkened. Shambaugh came into the room so that he might have a wider swing for his arms.

"There they set, in luxury and ease and greed, denouncin' me, denouncin' all us mountain people. What have we left? Set a fire to burn off a little land for huckleberries—what do we get? Jail for years! Shoot our own game—what do we get? Jail again! They put deer in our woods; dare we shoot 'em? Only when they're shootin', too, for a few weeks. Ain't that so?"

Philena turned her head. Jacob shot deer whenever he pleased

"Ain't it so?" he shouted.

"Yes," she answered; "I suppose so."

"You suppose so! You can't take a walk that a ranger isn't watchin' you from near or far, sneakin' after you or lookin' at you from a tower. There's all the northwest mountain; nobody dare build a cabin there on account of pollutin' the springs. There was no such talk when I was young. It's a game to get our land from us, that's what!"

"The water does get polluted."

"I'm Goin' West Today," He Said in a Loud Tone; "to That Sink of Wickedness, Chambersburg"

Philena knew she was wasting her breath; but soon he would be gone and there would be no one to speak to for hours.

"It's a lie!" shouted Shambaugh. "There's Jim King's wife just died of fever. She drank the water from the watershed; but nobody else has fever."

"It ought to have been told she had the fever," said Philena anxiously. "They oughtn't to 'a' buried her secret. If the nurse knowed ——"

"I'll nurse her and you, too, if she comes here! Don't you dare tell the nurse!" warned Shambaugh. "They cut their roads through, they build their tall towers. Sometime I'll get 'em."

Philena raised herself on her elbow. At this instant the first ray of the sun, crossing miles of green wheat and brown plowed earth and orchards in bloom, but leaving them still in shadow, illuminated the bare tips of oak and hickory trees against the high sky outside her little square window. Close about the cabin there was a masking growth of evergreens; but Philena, looking upward from her bed, saw only the gilded tips of the bare trees.

"The eye of God'll see you if you do wrong," she said earnestly.

"The eye of God!" mocked Jacob. "What is the eye of God? It ain't fixed itself on me yet for good or harm"

"It's the sun," said Philena in a louder tone. "God's sun is His eye."

"I ain't afraid of no sun or no eye," declared Jacob.

Returning to the kitchen, he thrust into his pocket a few pieces of the bread which Philena baked with almost superhuman effort and almost intolerable pain. As he looked for his old hat, his eye fell resentfully upon Philena's comfortable chair and the small phonograph which the state nurse had brought her. Opening the outer door, he stooped to lift a homemade basket filled with arbutus, pulled up ruthlessly, root and all, stripped of its foliage and tied into tight bunches, the roots serving as a binder. An acre must have been despoiled, and probably the plants destroyed forever, to fill the basket. Picking it up, he returned to the door and held it for Philena to see.

"Who can say I don't work, sitting all day on the wet ground?"

Disapproval again darkened Philena's eyes. The arbutus should not be torn up; there was less and less each spring on the mountain side. She wished that he would give her a little bunch, but she knew better than to ask. He had brought it home last evening, and he had not said a word or given her a whiff of the delicious odor

"When are you coming back?"

"How do I know?" he said roughly, and slammed the door

Outside, he shivered and drew his poor coat closer round him. The sun was now gilding the trunks of the trees, but its rays had as yet no warmth. There was evidence of a little garden in the clearing; but no work had been done this spring, and the dry stalks of tall weeds indicated that last year's cultivation had not been thorough. The forest flowers advanced like a miniature army. To Jacob, a mass of blue hepaticas at the foot of a gray trunk looked impertinent and he ground them under his heel. On every hand stretched the woods, untouched since his far-away Hessian ancestor, sick of war, had built a cabin soon after the Revolution. Almost every other section of South Mountain had been sometime burned over, but this spur had remained inviolate. The trees were magnificent, and though the buds had scarcely begun to swell, there was a mysterious thickening of the atmosphere in the long aisles.

With the assurance of one who follows a well-known path, Shambaugh set out toward the west, climbing to the top of the spur, dropping into a pocket like that in which he lived, and then ascending the main hill. He did not go quite to the summit, where stood a tall steel tower in which at this season watchmen were continually on the lookout for fires, but encircled the hill in a queer zigzag fashion which would have puzzled a stranger, but which a woodsman would have recognized at once as taking clever advantage of each clump of evergreens.

In a few minutes he looked down upon a beautiful scene. Opposite rose Wildcat Hill and behind it the towering level wall of Yellow Ridge, its long summit horizontal against the western sky. Before and beneath lay a deep valley, through which, seen vaguely where there were only deciduous trees and hidden entirely among the evergreens, flowed Conococheague Creek. The upper slope of Yellow Ridge had been burned off, and Shambaugh remembered with good reason many of the devastating fires. In the valley oaks and hickories, white pines and hemlocks rose to a magnificent height, and above them all towered tulip poplars, already with a faint crown of green.

To the left the ridge was broken, and far down, on a level with the stream, Shambaugh saw the white road which he hated. It was a road of history. Travel upon it for fifteen miles in one direction and you came to Gettysburg, the climax of the nation's internecine strife; travel ten in the other and you came to Chambersburg, burned to the ground in the same long conflict. It was this great conflagration which Shambaugh so often wished he might have seen. In imagination he did watch the flames leap from roof to roof.

Directly before him, and far beneath him in the narrow valley, he saw the glimmer of a small dam. It was here that the mocking Chambersburgians got their water supply and he wished that he might poison it. All his thoughts were evil: he saw those whom he hated burned, snake-bitten, racked with disease

Muttering, he went down the hill. He was walking on the watershed, and he stamped angrily on the land over which he had roamed unhindered all through his youth, and where now forest rangers spied upon him. He determined to stop and see Jim King, and he went out of his way, past the little dam, where he moistened his flowers and spat into the water, and climbed Wildcat Hill on the other side. Jim's cabin was inclosed by a thick growth of pine and hemlock like his own. One could see out in only one direction, the southeast, up to the tip of Graefenburg Hill and the tall tower, almost invisible against the bright sky.

Jim sat in the doorway, his thin shoulders bent, his head on his hands. He said that he was not sick, but that he had had a bad night and a bad dream. He insisted that he had no fever and his pale face seemed to bear him out. Usually he seconded heartily the furious complaints which were Shambaugh's chief conversational stock; but this morning he said little, and Shambaugh left disgusted. He was especially angry because Jim had become a convert to the crazy theory about fever. He said that he and his wife had visited his sister near Cold Spring and that they had drunk the water, not knowing that there was sickness in the settlement.

As Shambaugh turned away, the sun, appearing suddenly behind the tower, shone down and across into the tiny clearing, illuminating Jim's white face, shining a little way into the disorderly cabin, and recalling Philena's foolish talk. To cure his vague uneasiness, Shambaugh shook his fist at the monstrous, glaring eye. In an instant, so small was the opening among the trees, the eye was gone, as though, having mocked him, it had winked shut. His uneasiness quickened, and to cure it he cursed Philena.

Setting out directly to the west, he kept to the shelter of the woods as long as possible. Following the stream through the thick growth of virgin trees, he trod upon beds of forest flowers and brushed with his shoulders branches of Judas tree and dogwood. The wood maples had put out delicate olive leaves, the cut-leaf maple was covered with living green and here and there a red maple shook out crimson tassels. Avoiding Caledonia Park, the terminus of the trolley line, and skirting acres of close-set white pines, a part of the state preserve, he came out at last upon the concrete road which he hated. Sometimes he signaled the drivers of trucks and begged for a ride, but this morning he was in too sullen a mood. He did not feel tired, but his angry heart seemed to make his whole body palpitate.

On the eastern edge of Chambersburg, at new and spacious houses, he sold a few bunches of arbutus; but the transaction was always accompanied by a protest:

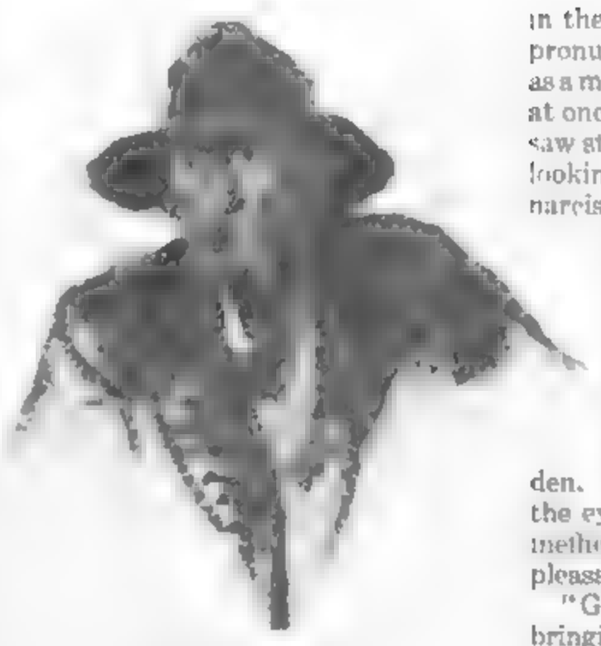
"You oughtn't to pick all the leaves off; that spoils the bunch."

Several women seemed about to refuse to take the bare clusters; but the delicate odor conquered them, and, with their faces buried in the flowers, they did not see the glare or hear the mutter with which Shambaugh bade them adieu. Stepping under the arched bridge which carried the railroad through the town, he drank deep from his bottle, which was not, like his pistol, empty of its appropriate load.

"Live and let live's the mountain law," he said aloud. "But it ain't the law of the valley."

In the center of the town there survived a section of old houses, set in well-kept yards, all with an air of prosperity and long establishment. Shambaugh hated all the residents of this section, who had lordly, old-fashioned ways Here they even corrected his names for his wares. It was sassafras, they said, and not sassafrac, and there was no such thing in the world as feiseltoe—feiseltoe, which he had known since he was born. It was not prince's pine; it was feiseltoe, and that was what he would call it till the world ended. But he never had the last word at these houses At the least assertion of himself, the door closed smartly or the head of a gardener was lifted or a chauffeur came suddenly, and as if accidentally, round the corner. Here his tone was whining instead of insolent, but he hated his patrons all the more.

This morning, fortified by his refreshment, he feared no one; he was prepared to meet the most haughty mistress



Jacob Shambaugh

in the finest house and to defend his pronunciation, or, if need be, his honor as a mountain man. He had his chance at once. Lumbering in a driveway, he saw standing at the edge of her porch, looking out over the hyacinths and narcissuses in her garden, the little dark woman who bade him work. She was clearly a lover of flowers; japonica and forsythia and hawthorn and spirsea were abloom on all sides. She wore a gingham dress and a sweater and seemed about to assist in the cultivation of the garden. She looked at Shambaugh with the eyes of efficiency and industry at inefficiency and laziness, but she spoke pleasantly:

"Good morning. What are you bringing today?"

Uncovering his basket, Shambaugh held it out in rude silence. At the open window close by stood an older woman whom he did not see. "Can't you say good morning?" asked the young woman a little sharply.

"I don't speak where my words is took exception to."

The young woman stared, then she laughed gayly

"I wouldn't cherish malice if I were you. It isn't sassafrac and there isn't such a thing as feiseltoe." As she spoke she put her hand into Shambaugh's basket and took out a bunch of flowers. The roots trailed after them. Each cluster meant a dozen plants destroyed. "What a shame! You oughtn't to pull up the roots like this. We tell you that every year. I wouldn't buy a penny's worth."

Shambaugh's face reddened and his heart seemed to double the time of its beat, and he began to call down upon the sharp little woman all sorts of destruction. Astonished at her patience, and unaware that the figure inside the window had vanished, as he had been unaware of its presence, he changed to vileness. His mouth was still filling from an inexhaustible well of obscenity when two men came round the corner of the house and stopped, one on each side of him. They were of the gardener and chauffeur type of his enemies, and both were powerful representatives

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To the Left the Ridge Was Broken, and Far Down, on a Level With the Stream, Shambaugh Saw the White Road Which He Hated. It Was a Road of History

BASS INGRATITUDE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THINGS were never quite so bad with Willie Dime as to be incapable of getting worse, and he figured later that he should have suspected trouble when the rotund figure of Kismet Brown appeared out of the storm. Of course, the fact that Kismet was sponsored by the genial and immaculate Florian Slappey served to allay such suspicions as might ordinarily have warned Mr. Dime; but, as Willie afterwards reflected bitterly, an exercising of merely ordinary powers of perception would have informed him that Kismet was a buss singer.

In the first place, Kismet Brown looked like a bass singer. He was large of feature and ample of girth; he affected gray pants and a Prince Albert coat and a flowing necktie. But it was his voice that should have carried the message—a deep, rumbling, reverberant voice that boomed through the odorous confines of the little barbecue stand and vied with the compelling tones of the thunder which even at the moment of his advent was stirring all Birmingham.

One hour previously the storm had struck the city; a jagged flash of lightning, a crash of thunder and a swishing downpour of rain. Now the streets glistened blackly under corner arcs and the gutters were raging torrents of uncompromising wetness. Traffic proceeded skiddily and profanely; a few unfortunate pedestrians fought against the storm with heads bowed and shoulders hunched; the power house was flooded and lights went out over the city, leaving street cars standing dark and disconsolate.

When the storm broke, Mr. Dime gave vent to his disappointment in a single pessimistic comment—"I might of knowed that was it gwine storm thisaway it would pick Saddy night to do it on."

It was, indeed, unfortunate from a business standpoint, for Willie Dime's barbecue stand was justly famous for the quality of its sandwiches, and on Saturday night it usually did a land-office business with automobile parties bound joyward on the various paved roads which crisscross Jefferson County. For tonight, however, Willie knew that he must content himself with discontent. Barbecued pork and barbecued beef sizzled mournfully, their appetizing odors keening Willie's misery rather than his appetite. On the little iron stove simmered the Brunswick stew, and from under a glass-topped case myriad neat slices of bread gazed reproachfully upon the weather that made their sale impossible.

It was, in every sense of the word, a wet night for Mr. Dime, and it came at a time when Willie craved cash money and plenty of it. Not that business was bad at the Avenue F Barbecue Palace—far from it; but it was not so good as Willie wished it to be, and recently Mr. Dime had learned that he must build up his business swiftly if he was to avoid dire trouble with a certain Mr. Semore Mashby, an attenuated and wealthy colored gentleman more noted for his ability to make dollars multiply than for his humaneness.

When the door opened and a gust of wind and rain accompanied Florian Slappey and Kismet Brown into the Palace, Willie's countenance betrayed a fifty-fifty mixture of welcome and disappointment; the former caused by the sight of Mr. Slappey, and the latter because he understood that whatever eating of barbecue sandwiches was to be done in the very immediate future would be at the expense of the business.

The visitors blew loudly upon their gelid hands, floridly anathematized the Saturday-night weather and commented that the odor of the place suttinly did impaht a passionate appetite.

"Lawyer Chew," He Said Lightly, "What Does You Think of This Place?"

"And," wound up Mr. Slappey, "I craves to 'traduce to you my friend Mistuh Brown."

No hint of bitterness and enmity to come was in the gaze of either man as they clasped hands. Mr. Brown was too vast and entirely too impressive to cause Mr. Dime any immediate forebodings; and Mr. Brown had only feelings of warm friendship for the gentleman who owned the meat from which emanated the appetizing odor with which the shop was filled.

Kismet Brown was hungry. Also, he was broke, and he was a stranger in a strange land. Mr. Slappey being unduly impressed by Kismet's protuberant personality, neglected to mention to Willie that his friendship with the large gentleman had been inaugurated less than an hour previously. Probably Florian had a hunch that much prestige was to be gained by claiming a long intimacy with the stranger; certainly Kismet was no person to be gazed upon and forgotten.

Willie Dime, on the other hand, wasn't much in the matter of physique or pulchritude; he was short and wizened and most ingenuously unhandsome. But Kismet surveyed the little man with vast respect as Florian Slappey informed him that this was the person of whom he was talking.

"Talkin' 'bout me?" queried Willie.

"Tha's the on'y thing us wasn't doin' nothin' else but," averred Kismet enthusiastically. "Brother Slappey was transcribin' to me what a swell feller you is."

"Yas-suh, Willie, I shuah was. Which is how come us to leave away furn Bud Peaglar's place an' come down heah where folks c'n git barbecue as is barbecue."

Instinct informed Willie that he was being hinted at, but as yet he showed no indication of response

"I does pufform a pretty nice barbecue," he admitted impersonally; "but that don't make me no good on a night like this." He turned to Mr. Brown. "On a clear Saddy night this time of yeah I has cars parked in front of my place till pas' midnight. Mostly white folks too."

"Ain't it the truth?" Kismet, it appeared, was in a unanimous mood. "You suttinly must have a swell business heah."

"More'n I c'n handle alone," confessed Willie. "Saddy nights an' Sundays I gits plumb tuckered out."

Mr. Slappey insinuated himself into the conversation.

"That's what I was tellin' Mistuh Brown, Willie, when us was discussin' you. I kind of suggested to him that mebbe if he was willin' to assept a good job, you might have a place fo' an espert sandwich man."

Willie's faintly outlined eyebrows arched in surprise.

"Him? Wants a job?"

"Uh-huh."

"I'se willin'," interjected the pompous Kismet. "I aims to wuk fo' what I gits. An' if you needs an espert barbecue man ——"

Willie Dime eyed his caller with freshened interest. For some months he had entertained the idea of hiring a man; he felt that it would be a money-making proposition, as nowadays he often lost trade by reason of his inability to cope with the crowds during rush hours. This idea had been vague and nebulous in his mind; ideas did not crystallize quickly in the Dime brain, and more than once he had discussed the matter with Florian.

"You ain't been in Bumminham long, has you, Mistuh Brown?"

"Not so ve'y."

"Where you come furn?"

"Anniston."

"An' you understan's barbecue?"

"You said it."

Willie was not a bad business man. He negotiated a very satisfactory deal with Mr. Brown. That gentleman was to receive a salary of seven dollars a week, sleeping quarters in the rear of the shop and all the barbecue he could eat. Immediately as the deal was closed Kismet commenced collecting one portion of his salary.

Willie watched in popeyed horror.

"Goodness goshness Miss Agnes, Kismet, you suttinly do inhale them barbecue!"

Kismet, too busy for words, nodded. This was the first foursquare meal that had come to him in nearly a week and he was not one to ignore golden opportunity.

Sunday dawned bright and clear—and warm. That afternoon the Avenue F Barbecue Palace did a sizable business and at night there was a grand rush of curb patronage; mostly white folks bound for an evening of automobiling in the country.

Whatever might be said for or against Kismet Brown, his worst enemy could not accuse him of being other than an expert sandwich man. He handled a bread knife with neatness and precision and knew to the thickness of a gnat's eyelash how much pork or beef to insert in a barbecue sandwich. Too, he supervised the work of the portly female cook who prepared the eatments which Willie Dime dispensed—and found opportunity for valid criticism that resulted in immediate improvement.

Willie was well satisfied, and during the first week of Kismet's employment the proprietor of the barbecue stand devoted a large percentage of his time to the practice of bass singing.

There, after all was said and done, was the location of Willie's heart; he was a passionate and enthusiastic bass singer—and a successful one. As the lowest-voiced member of the Heavenly Harmony Sweet Singers he found opportunity to release a trifling bit of the artistic temperament housed in his skinny little frame, and, too, he collected considerable cash at the same time.

The Heavenly Harmony Sweet Singers were a vogue in Birmingham. A prominent south-side society matron had screened them behind palms at an exclusive reception and their melody made a success of the affair. Thereafter they were sought socially, their soft voices, blending exquisitely and harmoniously, causing a near-riot among those who desired something a little different at social functions. Too, the mania spread to various prosperous clubs of the city, and night after night the Sweet Singers were booked to entertain club members

Nor was their remuneration too modest. The steady demand for their services had caused the price to soar and on occasion they received as much as twenty dollars an evening—five dollars apiece. Quintus Weefalls, first tenor and leader of the quartet, was a vocalizer of parts and he saw to it that prosperity did not cause any flagging in the quality of the quartet's work. Quintus knew a good thing when it shook hands with him, and he proved a stern and unrelenting leader. That his policy was correct was proved by the failure of several rival quartets which futilely flung their vocal banners to the breeze.

Ten days after the installation of Kismet Brown as first assistant to Willie Dime in the barbecue business, the portly gentleman requested permission to attend a rehearsal of the Heavenly Harmony Sweet Singers. Business was dull and the weather none too prepossessing, so Willie consented. It was difficult for Mr. Dime to refuse an audience which was certain to prove appreciative. And so at nine o'clock they locked the door of the shop and proceeded down Eighteenth Street toward the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, where rehearsals were held thrice weekly. En route to the hall Mr. Brown exhibited an inordinate degree of interest in the money-getting capacities of the Sweet Singers.

"Bet it's a swell quartet," he suggested.

"Boy, that suttinly is truth which you speaks with yo' mouf! Us is the sweetest singers you ever did heah."

"An' you is the bass soloist?"

"Well," admitted Willie honestly, "I sings bass, but on'y sometimes does I solo."

"White folks hiahs you-all, don't they?"

"Mos' usually."

"An' does they pay you good?"

"You said it. Th'ee nights ago us sang over on Cliff Road at a big reception an' they give us twenty dollars. Lots of times we gits that much, an' always we gits at least ten."

Kismet blinked eagerly.

"How much you reckon you makes a week offen that bass singin'?"

Willie did a little mental arithmetic.

"Reckon I ave'ges 'bout fifteen dollars a week. Tha's how come I to hiah you down to the stan'. I pays you seven dollars, an' gits a heap of time off fo' my bass singin', which leaves me a clear profit of eight dollars on you."

A pained expression crossed the countenance of Kismet Brown. It was bad enough to sell his services in a menial occupation for the paltry sum of seven dollars a week, but to learn that the little shrimp of a man beside him was capitalizing those services to the extent of eight dollars cash profit weekly, plus social opportunity and vocal grandeur—that was gall and wormwood.

"You mus' be awful happy singin' all the time thataway," he suggested enviously.

Willie nodded

"I is. Bass singin' is the fondest thing I is of."

"M'm! I loves good bass singin' my ownse'f."

The three other members of the Sweet Singers were already in tune when Willie arrived with his guest. Kismet was properly and profusely introduced. Then Quintus Weefalls rapped insistently upon a desk and ordered a practicing of Swing Low, Sweet Chariot. He sounded a pitiful note upon a puny pipe and away they went; their voices low and sweet and clear, atoning in perfection of harmony for whatever lack there may have been in individual tonal qualities.

Throughout the song Willie Dime saw the beady eyes of his Gargantuan employe fixed speculatively—and somewhat critically—upon him. It was quite evident that Kismet was not unalloyedly enthusiastic. Willie was peeved. He was desirous of impressing Kismet with his own importance and he was sure that Swing Low, Sweet Chariot was no medium for the attainment of such an effect. Wherefore, immediately upon the conclusion of that number, he suggested to Quintus that they take a fall out of Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Quintus consented because he didn't know how to refuse. Quintus, as a matter of fact, was not entirely pleased with Willie Dime; not that Willie wasn't an adequate bass—but he was merely that. There was no fire and depth and passion to the bass singing of the emaciated Mr. Dime. Unquestionably he was the weak member of the quartet, however better than all other colored Birmingham basses he might be.

Willie attacked Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep with excessive gusto. The amazingly large voice reverberated from out of the tiny frame with force and power. Willie sang with head thrown back and eyes focused raptly upon the ceiling. The first and second tenors and the lusty-lunged barytone furnished the accompaniment; but it was a bass song, and Willie lost no opportunity to shine. When the last watery grave had been dug he turned expectantly to Kismet Brown.

"Well," he inquired eagerly and triumphantly, "how did you like that?"

And then an astounding thing happened; a flagrant and apparently inexcusable exhibition of lese majesty. The fat and bulbous head of Kismet shook slowly on the short neck.

"Not so good," commented Kismet. "Not so good at all."

The anticipatory smile froze upon Willie's lips. He stood rigid for a moment; then deep and abiding fury welled up in his soul.

"What ain't so good?"

"Yo' bass singin'."

Quintus Weefalls and the other members of the quartet edged closer.

Here was drama with a capital D—an employe criticizing the art of his employer. Willie was obsessed by a murderous anger, and he flung a scathing question at his tormentor.

"I reckon you c'n sing it better than I, huh?"

Kismet nodded slowly; this was the golden opportunity for which he waited.

"I reckon so."

And now Quintus was keenly interested; Kismet was an impressive person. He looked like a bass singer.

"Le's us heah you," requested Mr. Weefalls.

Kismet was not reluctant. He hoisted himself to his feet, gestured the two tenors and the barytone about him, cocked his head on one side as he gave attentive ear to the pitch pipe, and then ——

Mr. Kismet Brown knocked Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep for a goal. His voice, rich and true and possessing uncanny volume, filled the large hall. Once or twice he switched abruptly from the roaring quality of a giant waterfall to a soft and insinuating croon. As a bass singer it was early and positively evident that Willie Dime was a pale and pallid second. Then, as a crowning gesture of superiority, Kismet performed the last watery rites a full ten fathoms deeper than Willie had ever been able to go.

An audible silence followed the final long-drawn note; silence, and then a wildly jubilant howl of congratulation from Quintus Weefalls.

"Hot dam!" he enthused. "You is jus' the man I has been waitin' fo' ever since the Heavenly Harmony Sweet Singers was organized. Us needs a bass singer like you, Mistuh Brown, because you is the most bassest singer I has ever met up with."

Kismet flowered under the praise. He shook hands with the first tenor, the second tenor and the barytone. They clustered enthusiastically about him, plying him with compliments which he accepted as a matter of course. Only Willie Dime did not shake his hand; poor diminutive Willie Dime, standing miserably and forlornly on the outside looking in.

Premonition of disaster gripped the soul of Mr. Dime. Something informed him that he was about to become an ex-member of the Heavenly Harmony Sweet Singers, and at the bare thought he experienced an agony of soul that was well-nigh a physical ache. He slumped within himself and became smaller than he was; a pitiful, abject thing whose cup of bitterness was overflowed by the knowledge that his was the feeding hand that had been bitten.

The quartet tried three or four other numbers. In each of them Kismet Brown outstripped himself, and finally Mr. Weefalls' lips spoke the words which rang in Willie Dime's ears like the knell o' doom.

"Mistuh Brown," announced Quintus, "us craves that you should jine up with our quartet."

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As a Bass Singer It Was Early and Positively Evident That Willie Dime Was a Pale and Pallid Second

ADVENTURES IN POLITICS

Our Caesars—By Elizabeth Frazer

MRS. JACKSON—although that is not her name—is an active and intelligent member of a political party in a boss-ridden city, and she told me this story herself—rather ruefully, since it hurts to be disillusioned and at first the acid of it bites in deep.

"It gave me," she confessed, "my first experience with that thing they call the machine. I didn't know before exactly what a political machine was—never thought about it. If anybody had asked me, I'd have said that a machine was a foul disease which afflicted exclusively the opposite party. That, anyhow, is what the old-time ballyhooers about party loyalty try to make you believe. As you know, I'm a believer in government by political parties, and it goes without saying that if you have parties you have to have party organization and machinery in order to get your beliefs into action. That's nothing but plain common sense. But suddenly to come bang up against the realization that the machinery of your own party in your own town has been taken over and is being operated by a ring of political bosses, with no sense of obligation to the public, but sheerly for profit—well, that gives the ordinary woman a shock. In a way, it's like discovering some fine morning that a friend you've always trusted hasn't been worthy of your trust. You suddenly get a new light, and that light hurts. It sort of breaks you up and blunts your faith all around."

The gist of what had happened was this: Mrs. Jackson, one of the leaders of the suffrage fight, had later flung herself heartily into various activities inside her own political party. Her husband was an important business member of the community, and Mrs. Jackson, descendant of a long line of vigorous and prosperous forbears interested in civic affairs, habitually made her own investments, paid her taxes, kept within her household and dress budgets, and was, as her husband expressed it, as good a man of business as himself. She had a flair for efficiency, for keeping down costs.

A First Lesson in Contracts

"AND so," she continued, "when I was appointed on an important committee by the party leaders—not to make graceful speeches or collect funds, but to see how those same funds were disbursed—I was delighted; it was a job after my own heart. For in the old suffrage days I had the reputation of being able to swing amazingly big programs on practically a shoe-string basis, and I did it by keeping an eagle eye on our little treasure cheat and not O.K.ing the first estimate that came in. I shopped around for bargains before I gave the contract out. Well, for a while all was smooth sailing on the committee. But one day, checking up some expenses, I came across what seemed to me an exorbitant estimate for a lot of printing we were about to have done. That estimate had got slipped in there by mistake and it hadn't been O.K.'d. 'Gee!' I said. 'Those folks must take us for the United States Mint!' That estimate was just about twice as big as it had any moral right to be. 'Lucky thing,' I thought, 'that I came across it before it's been O.K.'d!' So I put on my hat and went out shopping for lower bids. I found several reliable firms that agreed to do the work for about one-half the price, and the next day I entered the committee room with those bids in my purse, feeling proud as a Boy Scout who's just polished off his daily good deed and is hanging around to be praised.

"But when I opened up with what I'd achieved and looked around for approving nods, a kind of deadly silence fell. The man next me turned a sullen brick red and glared down his nose. Another looked awfully startled out of his eyes, then abruptly shifted them away. But what those eyes said, plain as day, was, 'Now you have spilled the beans!' And still that grim silence prevailed.

"'What's the matter?' I exclaimed. 'Have I done something wrong? But that first estimate was ridiculous, you know. The printer is nothing but a thief!' The chairman got himself in hand.

"'Well, Mrs. Jackson, that's fine—perfectly fine!' he boomed with a false heartiness that didn't fool me a bit. 'I've always said that women were live wires when it came to cutting down costs. Now you just hand over those estimates to me and I'll put the best one through.'

"I handed them over and the air seemed to clear. I knew I'd stepped on somebody's toes and I suspected they were those of the gentleman on my right who had turned a deep brick red. I suspected also that my days of usefulness on that particular committee were numbered—and

"I Put On My Hat and Went Out Shopping for Lower Bids"

it was even so. A few days later, very diplomatically, I was shifted from the center out to the periphery of the circle. But I made it my private business to see just how that little affair turned out, and I discovered that the original estimate went through; and on top of that I discovered why."

Unwittingly, she had turned her keen, truthful vision upon one corner of the big pattern and was shocked by the revelation of inefficiency, graft. Within the municipal machinery of her own party! It started her, she said, to thinking; she still believed in party organization as strongly as ever; that had to be to obtain results; and women had to work inside party organizations if they wanted their influence to count. Thus far the argument was clear; but at this point she struck a snag, for she came point-blank up against the query of what is the difference between an honest, normal party organization and the organization of a machine, and how is a woman to tell one from the other—particularly as the machine calls itself by the party's name? And she decided, sensibly, the only way to tell the difference between the two, one honest and the other dishonest, was by their fruits. High taxes, soaring living costs, stupendous city pay rolls combined with a low grade of efficiency, poorly cleaned and lighted streets, a slack morale in the police force, increase in vice, protected vice, bootlegging, crime waves—all these were outward and visible signs of a machine intrenched in power.

"And still," she concluded, "you will find women—loyal, sincere women—working, just as I was, for a corrupt machine under the delusion that they are working for their party. They still can't tell one from the other—the disease from the patient. What are we going to do?"

The first thing, evidently, is to decide what and when and where is a political machine. How does it get that way? And what is a political boss? The word itself, "boss," contains the kernel of the entire idea. It derives from the old Dutch "baas," which means employer somebody who hires men. Obviously the men thus hired owe their first allegiance to their employer, and so long as they remain in his employ he has the first call on their energies, their loyalty, their time. That's what they're paid for. The whole proposition reduces down to the simple basis of dollars and cents, together with the obedience which any employer demands.

In like manner, the political boss owns the men who make up the hierarchy of his organization, the henchmen, the little bosses, the local and district leaders who form the wheels within wheels of his machine. These hired men constitute his army, his cohorts who move at his word of command. He pays them with offices, contracts, prestige, power, dignities—transmutable into hard cash. This political employer is master also of the candidates picked by his machine and by that machine elected to office.

The Taking of the City

EXAMINING these boss-owned machines, we observe them operating in both political parties, and with equal success. First, they capture the party machinery and then they call themselves by the name of their captured victim. Thus we see a machine which has captured the municipal mechanism of the Republican Party in some city calling itself proudly the Republican Party; and likewise we behold the grotesque phenomenon of a machine which has captured the municipal machinery of the Democratic Party in some city calling itself proudly the Democratic Party.

The following is, briefly, the method of procedure: First, they capture the machinery of one of the political parties and get their own crowd aboard in the key positions of the organization. Then they fix up a preprimary slate of the candidates most available. "Available" is their favorite word. After they have captured the machinery of the party and a bunch of candidates, they capture the primaries. Then they capture the elections and the elective offices.

By this time they have won inside the citadel of the city and the real capturing begins. For then they capture the city pay roll, running up perhaps to sundry millions a year; they capture the city treasury, the board of aldermen and the board of estimate, which grant franchises, award contracts and approve or refuse appropriations for public works; they capture the contracts for all manner of public works; they capture and hold up big private corporations upon which they levy tribute; they capture the underworld and make it come across for protection; they capture the police and police magistrates.

By this time the capturing process has arrived at a thoroughly interesting and lucrative stage, albeit prudently masked from the public vision, which is purblind, myopic and cock-eyed. And members of the hierarchy who, several years before, were in debt to the butcher and the grocer, and used to duck hastily down a side street when their creditors came into view, may now be seen departing in affluent state for their vacations, stopping at the best hotels and gambling by wireless on the stock exchange.

At this juncture, the machine may be said to own the city, and the boss owns the machine. The whole works is his by divine right of capture; and he next proceeds, still under cover of the organization, to consolidate his gains by introducing a home-rule bill. This is the technical procedure by means of which he acquires the right to exploit the city without let or hindrance from the state, which sometimes has the inconvenient habit of butting into municipal affairs, sticking its Paul Pry nose into contracts, franchises and appropriations from whence a peculiar odor exudes. These state nuisance mongers may even go so far as to send down an investigating committee to call the machine to account!

Theoretically, under normal circumstances, a moderate amount of home rule is a good thing for a municipality, just as it is for the individual who is not lawless or in need of restraint; but when a machine is in control, home rule acts as a noose around the neck of the municipality which

the boss jerks tight, shutting off its windpipe and preventing it from letting out a lusty yell for help. In such a situation the state acts as a check on the machine.

And now we are about prepared to tear off a definition of a machine, something rough and ready, a working hypothesis which can be proved up on and added to as we go along—the outside appearance of the machine as it looks to the average intelligent man in the street. This is it: A machine is an aggregation of individuals stretching out hierarchically from top to bottom and with a supreme chief at its head, the members bound to one another in some cases by ties of personal friendship, but mercenary at bottom, and bent on satisfying their own appetites by exploiting the resources of a municipality—yes, and sometimes even a state—through a political party, the machinery of which they capture and operate for their own ends. Such a machine is an abrogation of democracy. A real political party has principles, broad policies, and is actuated by a sense of duty to the public which it serves; its objects are clean government, justice and efficient management at low cost. But a boss-owned machine does not cramp its style by any such principles. One of the most notorious bosses of America, Boss Tweed, who by his flagrant excesses was the architect of his own ruin and finished off his career behind prison bars, had a favorite desk motto: "Tweedie always looks out for Tweedie!"

Small Towns Not So Good

I HAVE said that these impostor machines flourish in both parties; and that whether masquerading in the guise of the Republican or the Democratic Party, they betray the same salient characteristics and operate under a well-defined code. It is worth while to scrutinize rather closely this interesting phenomenon of American municipal life, this vicious *fleur de mal* which had its roots in darkest mediæval Europe, and yet which still blooms today large as life in our democratic soil.

How do these machines arise? What is their favored habitat? Why do they seem to prefer certain localities? What and why is a boss? What is his origin and how does he climb into power? How does a machine actually operate? What are its characteristic results in city government? How does it manage to stay in?

As we look out over the American scene and note the cities in which boss rule has flourished at one time or another like the classical green bay tree—and various way stations as well—we get a hint as to the kind of habitat most preferred. It seems to require a rich black financial soil. So the first element necessary for the establishment of a machine is that it shall be a place with worth-while pickings. It should have economic resources, treasure, cash. It should be, preferably, a great industrial and financial center, with shipping, railway terminals, docks, harbors, public works, with franchises and contracts to award; a pay roll running into millions; and large revenues and taxes rolling in. In addition, this stacked-up wealth should be surrounded by a prosperous community, consisting of rich and powerful concerns. Here are pickings worth while! And it is this kind of city which whets the appetites of our Cæsars with respect both to profits and to power.

In a smaller city the plums are not so large or so luscious or so easy to shake down from the tree. The electorate is more simple, homogeneous, and everybody knows about his neighbors' affairs. Mister Boss can't get very far for the simple reason that he can't cover his trail. Mrs. Smith may light the fuse by remarking innocently to her husband that Mrs. Boss has been seen kiting around in a brand-new automobile—much better than she, Mrs. Smith, can afford—and what's Mister Boss' salary anyhow? Mr. Smith elucidates by stating that Mister Boss is a crook, and illustrates his remarks.

Mrs. Smith imparts her knowledge to Mrs. Jones, and so the snowball grows. It leaks around to the editor and the parsonage, and one fine morning there are headlines in the paper, or the preacher takes for his text, "Thou God seest me," and he shakes a denunciatory finger right under Mister Boss' paling nose. The fat is in the fire. They've got the goods on him. In such communities our Cæsars are likely to be nipped in the bud while they are still a-budding. But in a city the economic and social conditions are more complex.

It is a grave defect of our two-party system of government that the elector must everlastingly keep his eye on the ball. Perhaps that is the inherent defect of democracy itself. It can't even be wound up like an eight-day clock. On the contrary, it insists on daily, even hourly attention, just like any private business, in order to keep it running on the rails. And in a great metropolis, with the intense competitive struggle for wealth, keeping its eye on the little ball is the last thing a busy electorate wants to do. It is willing to pay almost any price just to be let alone. Each social group, cut off from commingling with other groups, as is the case in simpler communities, by this very isolation plays into the boss' hands.

The Apathetic Better Element

FIRST of all, there is the great wealth-producing element, the creators in business, industry, finance, driving furiously at top speed, each on his own affairs. And there are their wives, interested in culture, calories, concerts, cats—in everything else in the world save the practical welfare of the city in which they dwell. This constitutes the overwhelming majority of the so-called better element—a class which by reason of its greater opportunities for education, leisure, thought, should be the moral leaders, the political pacemakers in the life of the community.

But this class has abdicated, slung away the vote, together with its sense of *noblesse oblige*—that inherent greatness of nature which constrains humans to look out for those less fortunately placed. Instead of leadership being wielded by this class, one observes in a great metropolis a decided gulf between social and political life.

And then there are the poorer groups whose constricted circumstances the boss makes use of for his own political ends. In addition, there are the great teeming foreign colonies. These men, honest and thrifty in the main, but without political education or training in self-government, and with the most superficial knowledge of our ways and ideals, are easy marks for the boss. These raw, ignorant, yet often pathetically enthusiastic new members of our

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Mrs. Smith Imparts Her Knowledge to Mrs. Jones, and So the Snowball Grows. It Leaks Around to the Editor and the Parsonage

FORCED LANDING

By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

IT WAS during one of those quarterly periods of insolvency, just preceding the date when they could draw their ample allowances and continue on a pilgrimage which had no set objective, that Allan Brent and the Honorable Willard Weston Clively Towar sat upon the veranda of a club in Bombay, and scowled at the colorful, sweltering activity of the city.

The month in Bombay hadn't been half bad. By this time they should have been trying their guns upon saladangs in Trengganu, but the saladangs could wait. With a little better than three pounds in their collective pockets, they had enjoyed the best that Bombay could give them. Towar's cousin had seen to that. There was always someone to make sure that they flourished and wanted not, for it was in the normal course of things that Seadog Towar and Allan Brent should be well received, that their state of financial collapse should be treated as a huge joke. Also, it was in the normal course of things that they should end their stay by a return of hospitality which would cost them about half of the next quarter's allowance. It had happened many times in the past four years, and it was only natural to suppose that the next lean month would find them signing chits and playing polo in Singapore—or, perhaps, playing auction in the shanty which the Sultan of Trengganu called his palace.

"Hey—Don't!" Hickey Was Clutching the Edge of the Cockpit. "Don't!"

But this afternoon was far removed from the normal course of things.

Allan took the cable message which Seadog handed back to him, and stuffed it in his pocket. He was trying hard to realize that he was no longer Allan Brent, Junior—just Allan Brent.

"Fearfully sorry, old man," said Seadog. "Suppose you'll hop the first boat to the States. Rotten shame. Can't tell you!"

Allan nodded. "Yes; I'll have to go back and get my kid sister straightened out. Jan's just a youngster. Tough for her to be there alone." He paused. "Seadog, I ought to have gone home after the war. The governor was a mighty good scout, and I—well, it'll be pretty awful not seeing him again. Hang it all! I wish I'd gone home, just to say hello But it never entered my head that this would happen. It's been —— Lord, it's been eight years since I was home!"

He sat down dejectedly, overwhelmed by a sense of his own culpability, negligence. Brent House, with its avenue of elms rising from the outskirts of Sound Brook to the whiteness of the old colonial mansion, swam before his eyes; and he wondered if his father had gone back home from his own wanderings to die. Jan's cablegram had been sent from Sound Brook. How fine it would have been if he had gone home in time, if he could have walked just once again with his father through those beautifully kept grounds. It seemed to him, sitting there in hot Bombay, that his spirit was sauntering through the cool shade of elms—up the white steps and into the cavernous hallway with its two broad flights of stairs, curving majestically to the landing; at the farther end of the hall the wide glass doors had been flung open, and his spirit had to move only half the distance before it could look down the slope and see that miniature emerald lake nestling between formal gardens and dense pine woods. There was at Brent House an airy, comforting loveliness, a serene poise of beauty, which sent through him an aching desire to be there once more. And he was to be master of it; Brent House was his now.

"Can't begin to tell you how sorry I am, old chap." The voice of Seadog, who was struggling earnestly to find words which could express emotion, came from a great distance and touched his ears so lightly that he scarcely heard.

Allan sighed, and lighted a cigarette which he put down and immediately forgot in his abstraction. "It's a strange thing, my family," he said at last. "We've never hung together. Mother was always playing, you see."

In the pause, Seadog asked, "Did I tell you that His Grace saw her when she played in London? He must have been pretty hard hit. At least, when I told him that you were her son, he seemed to forgive many things—came close to forgiving my existence, even. She must have been wonderful." The one referred to sardonically as His Grace was the Duke of Tallbout, Seadog's enemy, his brother.

"She was wonderful," replied Allan. "She was beautiful and she was a great actress. It was as though she put all her beauty and all her talent into a bright fire. When she ended, there was nothing but just a little white ash left of Gertrude Janeth. I was nine when she died."

His eyes seemed to find a picture of her in space, and for a minute or more he lost all contact with the world about him. The other young man, sitting twisted in his chair, legs crossed, watched him silently.

Allan Brent was strikingly good-looking, especially so when some sober emotion tugged at the muscles of his face, accenting a resolute strength of character which was usually obscured by a quickly changing, engaging smile. He was dark, and his wiry hair clung in waves about his head so thickly that it seemed molded there. His jaw was lean, and his eyes had a metallic sharpness, which was somewhat softened by a trace of a deep shade of blue. His features were such a complete unmistakable mixture of those of his parents that one could obtain a portrait of his father by studying the miniature he carried in his luggage of Gertrude Janeth, whose beauty and genius still existed, torchlike, in the memories of those who followed the theater at the close of the last century. It often happened that older people who had seen her, and loved her, extended to this son of Gertrude Janeth a friendliness which was nearly devotional. Nothing touched him so deeply, made him so happy, for it was part of his character that he should be enamored of that small-boy memory of a creature whose being seemed perfect, whose presence was dazzling. Other women, especially those whose hopes were inspired by that shade of blue which came and went luminously in his eyes, suffered pitiably by comparison. Consequently, life expressed itself more and more to Allan Brent in terms of simple action.

The Honorable Bill Seadog—the name had stuck to him from Eton days, when he announced his intention to forswear effete civilization and take to the sea—was slightly taller, blond, and, in contrast to his friend's closely knit frame, lanky. A joint celebration, in Constantinople, of their twenty-sixth birthdays, which were separated by two months, was the immediate reason, if reason were needed, for their present insolvency.

These two had come together in the latter days of the war as the only English-speaking patients in a French hospital. Allan Brent, with a clean bullet wound drilled along the wall of his stomach down into his left leg, had driven his plane from behind the enemy's lines and landed it safely before he fainted. Seadog, while on a mission over the French lines, had collected a dozen pieces of shrapnel. Still drunk with anaesthetic, Seadog had awakened to discover in the bed next to his a young man who observed thickly, from another wafting cloud of ether, "Over the fence is out—bam! Over the fence is out—bam!" To Seadog, that seemed to be a jolly good way to feel about the show.

The war was over before they were allowed to sit up, and they ventured into a world of mufti together. Since then, they had been inseparable.

"It's a strange thing, my family," repeated Allan. "Since mother died, Brent House hasn't been open one month in twenty-four. Father has always been wandering about. And Jan—she's the kid sister—has been at school, or camp, or traveling with a governess. We'd write about once in three months, father and I, generally to Jan, and she'd send the letters on. Funny the way we've drifted apart. It became just a matter of habit to pay no attention to one another. Of course if anything had gone wrong the clan would have gathered on the jump. I suppose it was just because we didn't actually need each other. If we had, it would have been different." He arose and leaned over the back of his chair, still frowning.

"Do you think you'll have to salt yourself down there?" asked Seadog. "Head of the family, and that sort of stuff?"

"No—being head of the Brent family doesn't take much of anybody's time. I'll have to get the estate straightened out, and see that Jan's fixed. She's just a baby, you know. Poor little kid! She won't have the least idea what to do, until I get there. I'll stay a month or so, I suppose. Wherever you say in four months, Seadog. Rio? Uganda?"

"Righto!" The thought sent life into the listless Seadog; he untangled his legs and drew a coin from his pocket. "Heads, Rio; tails, Uganda." The coin spun, flashing, and rang upon the veranda. They bent over it. "Uganda she comes! Four months from today."

On the morning that Allan was to sail, Seadog's mind was deeply engaged. At last he said, "Why don't you put the estate in trust, old thing—so that you get the same quarterly? Then we can go on together, just as we have been. Only sort of life for us. It'll put the witch's curse on everything if you have all the money you need. Rummy idea, havin' everything you want. No fun. That's the trouble with His Grace. Worries about his sainted balance all the time. What's the sense of a balance?"

Allan laughed. "No fear, Seadog. The ghost'll walk quarterly, and it won't be a fatter ghost than it was before. I was thinking last night, Bill Seadog, that we've had as much fun when we've been busted, living on tick, as when we've had our jeans full of money."

"More!" agreed Seadog heartily. "Let's crack a pint to bustedness."

Allan remembered that last toast as he distributed tips on the boat, and counted what remained of the two-thousand-dollar cable order which he had received in Bombay. At least there was enough left to get him to Sound Brook. That gave rise to a deep chuckle.

On the slow train which dragged from station to station through the green freshness of the countryside, between the junction of the New York express and home, his mind went on ahead, for the first time really striving to conjure up a picture of Janeth Brent. It was the picture of her as a little girl of nine which persisted; yet eight years had passed, and now she was seventeen. Seventeen! Her birthday had been—he thought it had been, but he wasn't sure—in May.

"Seventeen," he repeated.

He tried to recall some girl of that age he had known, but that didn't help him. Janeth was still the little youngster who rebelled bitterly against traveling unless she was allowed one good-sized trunk which was given over to dolls and doll clothes.

As he swung to the platform his glance made a quick sweep over those who had come to meet the train. His eyes, discarding the girls who were obviously not Janeth, passed by a young woman who stood twenty yards away, busily watching the four streams of passengers, then

returned to stare at her. He intended to cry "Jan!" but the word came only as an amazed whisper. In the moment before she saw him he paused, watching her, until the passenger behind him on the steps gave him a suggestive nudge with a valise.

She stood there on tiptoe, a little expression of eagerness written over her face. In the steady cooling wind which blew up from the Sound, her brightly striped skirt was fluttering, blowing against her trim body; her left arm was curved up, and a small sunburned hand was flat upon the top of a light-blue sport hat, holding it against the breeze.

"Allan!"

"Jan!" He dropped his luggage, and she flew into his arms, hugged him, kissed his cheeks. "Jan!" he repeated, and held her at arm's length. "Good Lord! Why, Jan!"

She was laughing; but her lips were trembling, and her eyes—nearly the same light blue of her sport hat—were moist.

Again she hugged him. He picked up his two bags, and her hand closed over one of his, as though to help him.

"Where's the car?" he asked.

"We'll put your bags on the bus," she said. "They'll deliver them. We'll walk home. I want to talk to you. Not too tired?"

"Of course not, but ——" She had turned away to speak to the driver of the bus, and he watched her. "You're awfully pretty, Jan!" he exclaimed. "You've got me gasping!" Her arm slipped through his, and as they started off he asked, "But—if you don't mind—why the gaudy raiment?" He himself was wearing a dark suit and tie, though he had discarded more brightly colored things that morning in his cabin for the first time.

"I'll tell you all about it," she replied quietly. "But, first, let's get out of this."

She led him towards a well-remembered short cut to Brent House—through a lane skirting the town, then into a knoll of pine woods which would bring them to the main road.

The girl at his side was silent, her expression intensely serious and her eyes upon the ground.

When they reached the pine woods she began, apparently with some difficulty.

"Father was here just two days before he died, Allan. They sent for me, at school, and I was with him. It was heart trouble. He had been at Hot Springs, and a horse fell with him. That brought it on in some way. I don't just understand, but that's how it happened. They wouldn't let him talk much. It was awfully painful for him. About the only thing he said to me was that he didn't want us to go into mourning, or to do anything differently. He meant dances and things like that. He made me promise. He knew he was dying, and the thought that we might—well, that we might be conventionally sorrowful seemed to trouble him more than anything else. He made the Reverend Mr. Dodge promise not to preach."

"Just like him," muttered Allan. "Good old scout!" His voice trembled. "Was that all he said? Was he hurt that I hadn't come home?"

"I don't think so, Allan," she replied. "He was awfully proud of you. He told me to send for you. That ——" She paused.

"That what?" he asked quickly.

"That you'd take care of me."

Her head went down suddenly, so that all he could see of her face was the resolute curve of her jaw, set against crying.

He slipped his arm about her, drew her close to him.

"Of course I will, little Jan." They stopped, and he held her until her breathing became less tremulous.

"Let's sit down here, Allan," she said. "I want to talk with you before we get home." They sat cross-legged upon the thick carpet of pine needles. Jan sighed wearily.

"Will you light a cigarette for me, Allan?" she asked.

"Do you smoke?" he demanded incredulously.

"Sometimes. Please." Her glance was so pleading and she seemed so pitifully tired that he couldn't bring himself to remonstrate, as he wanted to do. He lighted two cigarettes, gave her one of them, and noticed that she smoked it without a trace of self-consciousness. He was accustomed to women who smoked, but the idea of Jan doing it was disturbing. She seemed to him such a perplexing combination of a woman and the youngster he had known.

After a minute's silence she said, "Allan, father's affairs were in terrible condition. We've been paying debts, and—there isn't much left." Her eyes came up to meet his, and he gazed into them, stunned. "We've had to lease Brent House, and most of the land is up for sale. For a time it looked as though we'd have to sell everything, but Mr. Galloway—he's the attorney—and I have fixed it so that the lease money for the next ten years will cover the interest on the mortgages and pay off the balance of the debts. I thought you'd rather do that than sell Brent House. If we can sell the pasture land and South Field, there'll be a little money left for us. Not very much. There are mortgages, you see. Oh, Allan! I'm awfully sorry!" She tossed the cigarette away and took both his hands in hers, straining towards him as though she were trying to draw the hurt from the wound. And he, face set, glowered at the ground through half-shut eyes.

"Allan, dear," she continued, "I'm awfully sorry for you. You don't know how I dreaded telling you."

He looked up presently, and twisted his lips into a little smile which tried to be confident, and which wasn't.

"Where are we going now, if Brent House is leased?" he asked dully.

"I've taken the gardener's cottage," she said. "The one that looks out over South Field. It's quite pretty, Allan. I've moved all the furniture that we'll need from the house—all your things, and mine, and mother's and father's." Her voice was striving to give the encouragement which their legs seemed to lack for the remainder of the walk.

His eyes dropped from her face, down her arms to the slight brown hands which still clasped his.

"You're a game little kid!" he said fervently.

With that she hurled herself into his arms, and for just a minute the torrent of tears which had been repressed with so painful an effort was released. Then she was on her knees before him, pressing him savagely against her, mothering him.

"Dear Allan! Poor Allan!" she was murmuring. "Oh, I'm so glad you're here! And I was so afraid to tell you!"

Her mind swept back over that morning. She had put on these bright colors for the first time since her father's death, for she knew that she looked prettiest in colors, and she wanted to be at her prettiest for Allan. And she had filled the cottage with flowers, arranged the most familiar pieces of furniture, in hopes that his eyes would be filled by these friendly sights to the exclusion of all else.

By a tacit understanding they took a bypath which avoided a full view of Brent House; and they walked silently up the gravel strip cut in the closely cropped lawn towards the cottage. It was apparent that his father, regardless of cost, had kept the place to the very end as it had been kept for generations.

On the steps of the cottage were his bags. That meant, he said to himself, that all Sound Brook knew the Brent fortune was exhausted; the Brents were living where their gardener had once lived. That hurt! There were plenty in Sound Brook to laugh; they had disapproved his father's marriage to an actress, and they had spared no pains to show their disapproval—until Gertrude Janeth's dazzling burst into fame had brought them rattling humbly at a front door which did not open to them.

In the living room was a huge cluster of cosmos in a massive silver bowl. A smile touched his lips, and he turned to the girl. Without speaking he took off her hat and drew her over, made her sit upon a stool so that the cosmos formed a medley of pastel colors as a background for a mass of hair as dark and curly as his own, but finely spun. Beneath the tan of her cheeks red glowed warmly. Her lips, slightly parted in anxiety, were red, sensitively curved; and her eyes, a darker blue now that she was out of the sunlight, gazed up at him beseechingly.

"You're lovely, Jan," he said. "You're seventeen, aren't you?"

"Eighteen in April."

"Oh, it's April is it?" He lighted a cigarette. "But April's quite a way off. Let's call it seventeen."

Casually she took the cigarette from between his fingers, borrowed it for a puff and returned it.

"I don't like you to smoke, Jan," he said, frowning.

"Don't you?" It was merely a polite, deferential response.

Arm in arm they walked about the cottage rooms, pausing occasionally. At last they stopped before the windows looking out upon the smooth level expanse of South Field. Having flown for four years, first in the French Army and later in the American, he could never see such a field without a nearly unconscious noting that it would be a good place for a forced landing.

Jan's voice recalled him: "You have some of that money we cabled to you left, haven't you?"

"H'm! Four dollars and something."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed faintly. "I was hoping to pay the grocery and meat bills."

"Is it that bad?" His voice rose incredulously. The girl nodded. "I had no idea, of course," he added. "I needn't have spent it." Suddenly the humor of bustedness turned bitter.

"And I had no idea when I cabled," said Jan. "Oh, well, don't let's worry about it now!"

When he awoke the next morning, the perplexities of life came back upon him like a swift landslide, tumbling, inescapable. Against this there was no quick accurate aim of a rifle toward off disaster. Lion hunting, which had once seemed adequately dangerous and difficult, became as simple—also as unimportant—as a child's game of jackstraws.

Often enough during the past eight years, in war and hunting, he had held his ground against impending ruination with utter reliance in his own power. But this was vastly different;

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Flames Leaped Around Him, and He Crouched Forward in the Cockpit, Trusting to Flying Sense to Keep His Position in the Air

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

By Cosmo Hamilton

I HAVE not the remotest idea whether the art of speaking in public comes easy to authors. It doesn't to me, and I know nothing that fills me with such abject terror as the knowledge that at some moment during a dinner, after a roundabout introduction by a hardened toastmaster, my name is going to be led up to as that of the next person to inflict himself upon a smoking company that would give almost everything it possesses to keep me in my seat. Or when, having let myself in to deliver an address to a woman's club on a subject of which I know very much less than any person in the room, I wait on the platform, with a red-hot needle going through and through my solar plexus, for the chairwoman to come to the end of a kind but disastrous eulogy. But for the good-natured curiosity of American audiences to see British authors in the flesh, I doubt whether a single one of us would have ventured ever to get on his hind legs and stumble through a speech. No society in England, until recently, had ever conceived the possibility of encouraging us out of our lairs. Before the war it would have been in fact a preposterous and pathetic idea to have suggested that people should meet to listen to an author, even if it had been guaranteed that he would have spoken on antivivisection, or one of the other questions of that sort which would then have dragged half a dozen intellectuals away from home for an hour.

The lecture habit had not caught hold of England in those days. Sooner or later it will, I suppose, with the gradual spread of women's clubs; but I am quite certain that authors will be the last people upon whom entertainment secretaries will ever fall back, and then only in desperation. The English author is not, in short, a prophet in his own country, and when he feels an irresistible desire to become one elsewhere it is to America that he goes, lured there by the seductive tales of booty composed in the imaginative offices of lecture agents, who, as soon as they have got him in their power, put him on a train that never seems to stop and lose him.

It was, therefore, a really astonishing thing when, one night in those falsely placid prewar times, during a dinner at the Women Writers' Club of London, Gilbert Chesterton and I were asked to carry on an argument that we were enjoying across the table, in public, at a special meeting. I think it was the courageous and prolific Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds who conceived this unprecedented scheme, and it was only because we were overwhelmed with surprise at a request so flattering and so un-English that Chesterton and I fell in with it. He has never told me whether he regretted his decision as soon and as deeply as I did—one that left me sleepless and without an appetite for days but I could see that on the appointed evening when we met for our forensic duel he was a very mass of nerves.

A Debate Against Odds

WITH a diabolical cunning and the most subtle sense of mischief, he had searched his brain for a subject of which he was quite certain that I was totally ignorant, and as, of course, it fell to him to open the proceedings and prove his point before I could get a chance to start a tangent, he reveled in the complete satisfaction of having an antagonist who was as dead as mutton before the fight began. I could see all this in his occasional nervous smile during a meal at which I pecked at a roll and glanced askance at a wineglass. The big room was not, as we had supposed and hoped it would be, empty but for a smattering of Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds' immediate circle. It was packed like a sardine tin. I could never have believed that there were so many women writers on this earth. Here and there was a man, either one who was known as the husband of a famous authoress or not.

Mrs. Chesterton, more than wife and something of mother, with a wonderful touch of governess, valet, guide and angel, whispered encouragement to G. K. before he mounted the little platform, and brushed the crumbs from his garments. When he announced that he had chosen as his argument "That there is no law in England," I felt like a paper bag that had been puffed out and clapped between vigorous hands. Much more so during the hour that followed, while Chesterton, utterly lost to his audience, and as though dictating to an invisible secretary, played with words as a great juggler plays with billiard balls, piling them, first one and then another, on the tip of a cue, the butt end of which is balanced on his nose. Or better, as a conscientious Florentine, seated in a cool hole in an eleventh-century wall, makes a large circular piece of exquisite lace of the most intricate and delicate design.

It was hot in that room, and if all the rest of us were warm, how much warmer must Chesterton have been. During the whole concentrated and inspired course of his brilliant reasoning he caught the little rivulets that ran down his face, as they have a knack of doing from the snowy forehead of the Jungfrau, and just as they were about to fall from the first of his chins flicked them generously among the disconcerted and wedged-in people who were literally sitting at his feet. From time to time, too, oblivious of the world, he groped deep into his trousers pockets and rattled his change, going on and on, from point to point, from proof to proof, until the constitution of England was quite devoid of law and a circle of white shirt bulged beneath his waistcoat.

Gilbert K. Chesterton. In Oval—Lieutenant Colonel Robert Loraine

It was monstrous, gigantic, amazing, delicious, deadly. No such thing had ever been done before and probably never will be achieved again. The athletic people all round the platform, who hardly dared to imagine what might happen next, and those in comparative safety in more distant parts of the room who hung upon every word, as I did, burst into loud applause when, finally, the lace maker tied his final knot. All I could do, when I mounted the glistening platform, was deliberately and helplessly to misrepresent the whole thesis of the argument and make out that Chesterton had been trying to prove that there are no laws in England—and then dance upon his body. And as soon as my unbeatable antagonist saw how I was wriggling from beneath the gorgeous pile of his words he uttered scream after scream of joyful pain, paradoxist to the bitter end. And it was his sporting mirth, his unconscious imitation of a peahen crying for her recalcitrant young that made my effort go with gusts of laughter.

I have another unforgettable picture of Chesterton in my brain. I went into the flyblown dining room at Paddington Station to have a cup of tea one afternoon, having missed a train, and saw him sitting at one of the tables in a black sombrero and an enormous cloak, with a small but bulging bag at his elbow on the table, reading a very thin book with evident enjoyment, a cup of tea in one hand and a glass of port wine in the other.

Even in those utterly English surroundings he looked like a Dutch burgomaster just released from Rembrandt's studio after a long sitting.

The next time we met on the same platform was in New York, some time after the Armistice, when he was trying, with considerable success, to be a prophet out of his own country. I had been done the honor to be asked to act as his chairman; and, eager to have the pleasure of meeting him again, went fairly early to one of the dressing rooms in the theater in which he was going to address a crowded house of American admirers. I found him, with the devoted Mrs. Chesterton, walking up and down with a worried look and a tumbler. After our greeting, I asked him what he was drinking and he said sal volatile.

"Sal volatile? I thought that was the thing they gave to ladies with the megrims."

Mr. Chesterton's Megrims

"I HAVE the megrims," he replied. "I have the megrims." Which was not, as I knew, a thing to be wondered at, because he had just returned to New York for a few hours after having been harried halfway round America before being flung into a train to cover the other half, in the usual lecture-tour way. When, by this time, very fearful of his chairman, he asked me what I was about to say, I told him that I hadn't the remotest idea; that I never prepared my impromptus, and being frightfully afraid that I might forget a sentence in the middle of a paragraph and fall dead on my face in the footlights, I therefore waited until I faced the audience in order to draw whatever inspiration there might be telegraphed to me from a kind brown eye. We walked on arm in arm, and after his heart-warming reception had died away at last—there is no enthusiasm in the world like that of America—I got my inspiration, assured the audience that I knew the whole duty of a chairman better than most men and told them why. I had once endured the exquisite torture, I said, of drawing for a chairman a new local magnate who had never acted in that capacity before. He spoke not for the desirable five minutes, but during the whole of the period that had been allotted to me. Carried away on the swift tide of his verbosity, he confided to a long-suffering but gradually amused audience every complex that had grown upon his brain. He went from books to politics, from religion to baseball, from prohibition to flappers, from the European situation to breakfast food. On and on and on went that stream of words, like the waters of the Arno, while I, watching the bland-faced clock in the hall, metaphorically shed garment after garment in great nervousness and rose to say good night in a state of nature, when at last the suddenly conscience-stricken babbler sat down in the middle of a sentence and forgot to introduce me after all.

It was good once more to hear that laugh of painful joy, but not so good to notice that Chesterton had acquired self-consciousness, that he desisted from flicking his rivulets among his audience and that his pockets had been very carefully sewed up. But once again he made an exquisite

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Dangerous Game: B'ar Fights and Sich—By Stewart Edward White

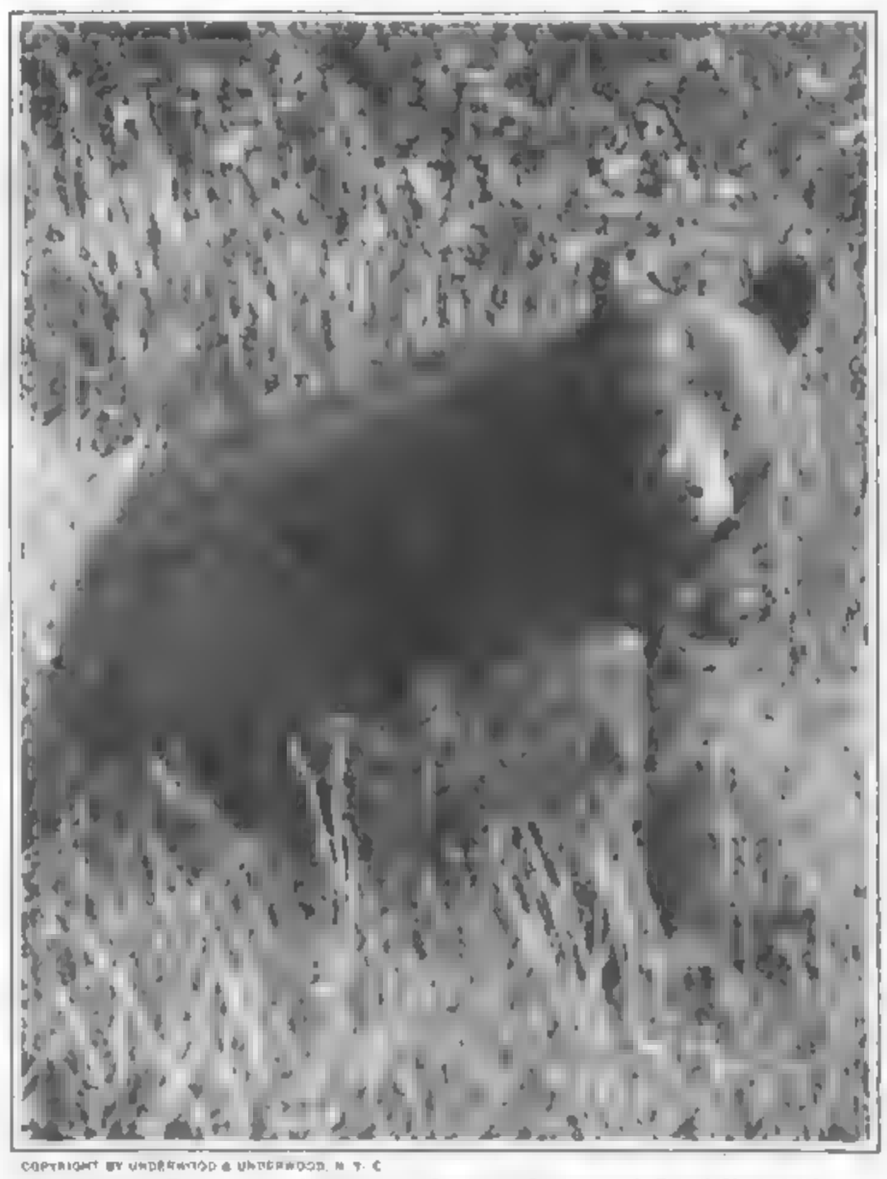
IT IS tough to live on the Western Continent and be a mighty hunter, for it is exceedingly difficult to kid oneself along with the idea that we have much dangerous game. And there are so many other mighty hunters besides oneself—several million of them. To be sure, all but a very few of them are with you in a tacit conspiracy to boost the idea. Sort of professional ethics, like doctors sticking together even if the patient dies. Every fellow is in duty bound to strengthen the legend. He must listen with respect and wear the face of credence, and it is not clubby of him to tell what he knows. In fact, he likes to believe it, and he himself is the first person to be kidded along. With the limited material at our command, we do our little best. Quite a respectable body of popular opinion is the result; which shows what patient and continued effort can do if persistently applied. Say "bear" to the average citizen and he reacts nine times in ten gratifyingly with a shake of the head and the fervid statement that he hasn't lost any bear. Say "grizzly," and he goes even further by profane asseveration that you can have 'em if you want 'em, but he doesn't want to be in the same valley with 'em—no, sir! Mention panther, which is the horrific for cougar, or mountain lion, and he reacts appropriately as to something that hangs on limbs over roads waiting to drop on you, or boldly enters the backwoods cabin to devour the baby in defiance—vain—of little ten-year-old Johnny with the musket twice the size of himself, who rests it across the table into the glaring eyes of the —— And wolves! The ravening brutes lolloping alongside in the snow, their red tongues hanging out, their red eyes aflame, gulping down lap dogs and picnic lunches and mothers-in-law and self-sacrificing heroes and things thrown out to delay them; but, alas, the delay is only temporary, and soon their gleaming fangs are snatching at the —— Or else they spend their evenings chasing an expert skater on the ice, while he doubles and twists, superbly eluding them, when a thin faint crack warns him that a strap has broken or there's open water ahead or ——

When we've mentioned bear, cougar and wolves, however, we are forced to let the voice fall. We may, if we choose, add bull moose or elk at certain times of the year; mainly because individuals have been known to be grumpy enough or crazy enough to try for trouble. But that is mainly because they are big enough to hurt a man if they should happen to be so inclined; surely no one would seriously list them as dangerous game *per se*. As we pointed out in the first article of this series, on that basis the timid deer would qualify; as *vide* the yarn about Del Devendorf and the appreciative hound.

No; if mere ability to inflict damage is to be the criterion I wish respectfully to put forward the merits of the common or domestic cow as met up with on the open range.

Tough Truth

BUT if it is tough to live on the Western Continent and be a mighty hunter, it is tougher to try to write a little truth about it. The whole three million or so of mighty hunters will at once jump your frame. They will adduce testimony to the contrary by the ton and swear to it on a stack of Bibles a mile high. They feel a personal pride in defending their legend, you see; and they have a great advantage in that they believe it themselves. If any of them have a few uneasy doubts they smother them as a religious would smother the stirrings of faint heresy —*retro, Sathanas!* Our sacred institutions are attacked!



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Mostly Bears are Humorous Clowns, Lazy and Good-Natured

Now far be it from me to say that this or that never happened. I am exceedingly chary of saying anything never happened. I am convinced by many experiences that if I, with all confidence, were to state that the sun had never risen anywhere but in the east, somewhere somebody would rise up with a fully attested Assyrian brick recording one day in remote antiquity when the thing came up from the west.

The farthest I will go in this negative business is to state that neither in my experience nor in my research has a certain thing happened.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Wrestling With a Wild Cat Which Was Captured in the Yosemite National Park

Take the panther, or cougar, or puma, or mountain lion for example. He has a reputation of being a bold bad actor. Every few months he gets his name in the papers. The exact details are always very circumstantial. All the names are given in full, and the place, and the precise time of day. The account should carry conviction to the most skeptical. But to the student of such things there is a certain standardization to most of these yarns.

Why do cougars always attack school-teachers, for instance? Four out of five of these newspaper stories have a school-teacher mixed up in them. The cougar is a notoriously difficult animal to get a sight of; but if I were to hire out to the Government as one of its professional cougar hunters, I think I should best prepare myself for success by taking a course at some good normal school.

'Twixt the Cougar and the Deep Drop

WHY do they select brother and sister school children in preference to other human game? Why does the hunter invariably fire at the attacking beast as it launches itself out in midair like a flying squirrel, only to have it sail right over him and crash down dead behind his stooping back? The minor variations in these published accounts would seem on analysis to be more attributable to the individual fancy of the writer in need of copy than to events themselves. But they do read most convincing-like.

Some of them, perhaps, have a perfectly genuine and sincere basis. Take the case of a certain gentleman who was hunting in the White Mountains of Arizona. He happened around a corner face to face with a mountain lion. He and the beast were equally surprised and were mutually paralyzed into immobility for the moment. As the way was open for retreat, there is no doubt that the lion would have turned tail—if not stopped by a bullet. But the mighty hunter beat her to it. He forgot about his gun. The two were on a commodious ledge with a twenty-foot drop to one side. With a promptitude of decision that did him credit, our friend leaped into space. Fortunately he landed in the outspread top of a piñon tree and got off with a few scratches. Nothing will persuade this man that he was not in great danger from the cat. As a matter of fact, he was in no danger at all.

For I truly believe of all predatory animals big enough to inflict damage, the cougar is the most cowardly. It is all but impossible to get up a fight with him. His pursuit is full of excitement and noise, and there is at times considerable danger attending it; but the danger is that you will break your precious neck falling over rocks or down timber trying to catch up with him. About the only way you can catch up to him is with the aid of good dogs. Without dogs you can live in a cougar country all your life and not get more than a chance glimpse of one. He sees to that. If you happen to be the one man in ten million who by the most remarkable concatenation of circumstances comes so close and so unexpectedly on one of these animals, in such a very unusual position that it cannot get away except through you, then you must ascribe your troubles—if any—to rank sheer accident, and not to the fact that you have met with dangerous game.

Then there is the timber wolf. He is a fine, big, powerful animal, and he travels in packs. His potentialities for bringing down

Continued on Page 61

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 1, 1924

Overdue Prison Reforms

NO LARGE country has a better prison system than that of the United States; but this fact does not warrant the assumption that our system is perfect or even as good as it ought to be in view of our national wealth and enlightenment.

Overcrowding, enforced idleness and the herding in of young offenders with hardened criminals are perhaps the three greatest evils that prison reformers are trying to do away with. Overcrowding, whether in jail or tenement house, is the shortest known cut to disease; and the most competent health officers can do comparatively little to combat it if they are without power to remove its cause. Idleness in confinement increases rather than diminishes the degradation inseparable from prison life. The intermingling of youthful offenders with old-timers is to all intents and purposes the establishment of a school for crime.

The easy complacency with which these evils have been tolerated in many parts of the country reflects small credit upon us. We cannot plead ignorance of conditions. Since time out of mind grand juries have been telling us about them. Inaction is the result of local and national selfishness or indifference. The fact of the matter is the average community would rather spend its taxpayers' money on other things than its penal institutions. By some curious line of reasoning a stretch of asphalt boulevard or a palatial courthouse is often accepted as a satisfactory substitute for a modern jail or for a decent penitentiary. The public conscience, speaking nation-wise, has not yet been deeply touched; and until it is, the betterment of prison conditions will be slow and sporadic.

Productive labor for convicts has advantages so obvious that no argument is required to establish its benefits. There is a movement on foot in Washington to set up industries in all three of our Federal prisons. The system has had a trial in the Atlanta penitentiary, where some five hundred prisoners are engaged in the manufacture of cotton duck for the use of the Post Office Department. The results have fulfilled all expectations and fully warrant the assertion of friends of the movement that similar enterprises should be put into operation at Leavenworth and McNeil Island. The objections of labor organizations that have sometimes proved serious obstacles in the path of such reforms can be met and overcome by equitable regulation of the terms and character of employment.

Other pressing Federal needs include new and separate institutions for women and for young men offenders. The number and character of the national organizations urging these forward steps are such that sooner or later they are bound to have their way.

In several commonwealths lively interest has been aroused in the so-called state's-use system. This plan contemplates the prison manufacture of certain standardized, noncompetitive goods designed to supply the needs of public institutions at home and in neighboring states, the character of the output depending upon local resources in the matter of raw materials, and so on. The most beneficent feature of this plan is that the prison worker besides paying for his own keep is able to earn a substantial overplus that is available for the support of his dependent and usually innocent family, or may serve to tide him over the period between his release from the institution and his reinstatement in the ranks of the free wage earners.

Some of these reforms were long ago initiated in many parts of the country and are now accepted as a matter of course. There are still, however, many backward states whose people do not realize that they have lagged behind until they are much nearer the tail of the procession than the front. It is not too late to make up for lost time.

Tips on the Market

AT THE annual meeting of one of the country's oldest banking institutions, held a short time ago, the shareholders were told that since 1844 there has been paid in dividends upon each share of the original stock—$100 par value—the total sum of $8000. "The average dividend rate over the period of eighty years has therefore been 100 per cent per annum," said the president. "The book value on December 31, 1923, of the equivalent of one original share was $4,704.80, and the present market value of the equivalent of an original share is about $5400."

Not long after these figures were made public a broker headed a conspicuous newspaper advertisement as follows: "Do your investments grow? We give below a few examples of capital-stock growth, excluding dividends, in the stocks of representative banks, insurance and industrial companies, which we have handled over a ten-year period showing a percentage of growth ranging from 49 to 345 per cent." And they had; there is no question about it.

In all such wisdom there is a touch, perhaps more, of hindsight instead of foresight. Looking back, we can all see the mistakes we have made, the opportunities missed and lost. Eighty years ago the future of the infant bank did not seem so secure as its past now proves to have been. The future is a veil through which most of us see but darkly, if at all.

But the growth of these investments has been a gradual process, free from the spectacular, the mercurial and the exciting. Most of the thousands who seek riches in the stock market demand far quicker, more enlivening motion. The increment of years and of decades does not hold them.

Yet in every community, in thousands of communities in this country, there are examples of investments which have grown and are growing. It has been part of the American process of expansion. There are not only banks but such manufacturing industries as those pertaining to the automobile and its accessories, chain and department stores, motion pictures, and hundreds of others.

The stocks of many sound, growing local enterprises not only fail to offer the quick action of the great centrally located stock markets but also they lack the immediate liquidity. But marketability of that character is rarely necessary to the slow upbuilding of a fortune or a competence. With the exception of the Wall Street professionals the fortunes of this country have been built mainly upon industrial increment and not upon security operations.

Many rich men today enjoyed beyond doubt an element of luck, of good fortune, in entering industries which were destined for growth. Winnings there are like those in a poker game, but if the imagination will encompass all the villages, towns and small and moderate-sized cities of this country, there is sure to present itself a long procession of men who have started with small savings, have invested and reinvested in their stores, factories, newspapers and banks, only to reap a great reward in the end.

The building up of a business is not in its daily grind particularly romantic. Mysterious deals in Wall Street make better headline material than a slightly increased weekly production in the rather gloomy two-story factory on the two-acre tract near the edge of town. But the test of any wealth-producing process is to be found in its results, and there the lesson is plain.

Man's Mechanical Rivals

RECENT progress in science and invention has been so spectacular that it sometimes seems as if man's own ingenuity would eventually so multiply machinery as to put himself out of his job. Today there is scarcely any physical manifestation that cannot be more delicately measured and recorded by some mechanical, electrical or chemical method, almost automatic in its workings, than it can by the unaided efforts of an ordinary observer. Many an apparatus is of such extraordinary sensitiveness and is so flexible in operation that the temptation is to trust it as implicitly as if it possessed in addition the human faculty of judgment. Therein lies the danger of its employment. No machine, broadly speaking, is so perfect that it can be used as a substitute for trained judgment. The finest mechanical device never acquires the ability to correct its own mistakes. It never learns. It gets use and wear, but no experience.

Modern medicine offers countless illustrations of the rivalry between man and the machinery of his own creation—a rivalry in which man is still ahead. The use of X rays in surgery was rightly hailed as an epoch-making advance; but everyone knows that save in the most obvious cases the value of plates thus produced is comparatively small unless the services of a specialist skilled in interpreting these intricate shadow pictures can be drawn upon. In like fashion it is possible to study the chemical processes going on in the body with a refinement of detail that a few years ago would have been regarded as incredible. The net efficiency of a patient, considered as an assembled group of functioning organs, can be determined with striking accuracy; and yet when the reports are all in, no electrical contraption can balance one against another, assign the proper weight to each, lay down a course of treatment and tell the patient whether he will live or die.

Professional leaders everywhere are keenly alive to the limitations of mere apparatus. At the Harvard Medical School, for example, they tell with amusement of an obscure heart case that baffled the most delicate of modern diagnostic methods. Even that highly sensitive device which records the intensity of the electrical impulses generated in different parts of the heart shed little light on the nature of the ailment. Finally an old-school practitioner, who did not pretend to be especially up-to-date, borrowed an ordinary stethoscope, and in five minutes was able to make a positive diagnosis. The younger men readily confirmed it when they were told what to listen for. The explanation is simple: The old-fashioned doctor had not come to depend upon the aid of elaborate electrical contrivances. He relied upon himself and upon a pair of ears that had been listening to hearts for forty years, and steadily learning as they listened.

Proved ability to make long series of correct judgments with only negligible errors is one of the most valuable of all human faculties; and a selfish world pays for it, as it should, with unstinted liberality. Great executives are not compensated according to the number of hours they spend at their desks, but in proportion to the correctness with which they say yes, no, buy, sell, wait, expand, contract, plain sailing, or trouble ahead. Work, as it is generally considered, is pretty well standardized and its rewards are measured by the haggling of the market place. Vision names its own reward and rarely fails to get it.

Judgment, vision, imagination, courage and experience have never yet been built into a machine. Until they are, there will be no substitute for the human mind; and man can regard his mechanical creations as faithful servants just as long as he does not expect too much of them.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"The House by the Side of the Road"

(True Version)

HE WANTED to live by the
side of the road
And "be a friend to man,"
For he had been told in a beautiful way
That this was an excellent plan.
So he bought him a house by the side of the road
And his friendly career he began.

And passers-by stopped in his house by the road
And bummed him for telephone slugs,
By day he was pestered by tourists for gas,
By night he was burgled by thugs,
And everyone left their tin cans on the lawn
And drove him unutterably bugs.

The dear little boys whom he tenderly loved
Broke all of his windows with rocks;
And the tramps he befriended took all of his shirts
And his underwear, collars and socks;
And a skunk living near became slightly annoyed
And succumbed to emotional shocks.

Then he who had wanted to live by the road
And be a good fellow to man,
Laid in a supply of big, powerful guns
And a heap of fresh shells, and began
To shoot everybody that came near the place,
Which he found was an excellent plan.

—J. P. McEvoy.

Wife: "That Ends It! From Now On He Cuts Out Butter"

Mr. Tywhap Sallies Forth

IT IS bedtime-story time. Laddy is all set to tell daddy a whangbanger. Laddy will be a daddy himself some day, so he hopes, and he knows he can't start too early learning how to be a good bedtimer.

"What will you order tonight for your delectation, old pal?" queries Laddy as he carefully tucks daddy in his cozy little six-by-four bed.

"Oh, please tell me that one about Mr. Tywhap of Tywhapity. You know which one I mean, honeybunch. Tell me about Specimen BZYK, Castle of Modern Foolishness Series."

"So be it, dear old pastgrandmasterbedtimer. Well, you remember how Mr. Tywhap was the best public-spirited citizen Tywhapity ever had until the Citizens' Committee advised him he had better cough up for the $100,000 fund for the big doings of Tywhapity's about-to-be Homecoming Week? Then he became its worst citizen. Everybody said so. Can you guess why? Of course you can't guess why. Because he would not subscribe.

"He said, said he, to the Cits. Com., 'What kind of a guyette do you highwaymen think I am anyhow? I can see myself helping pay for bad advertising for my own home town. I can see myself giving my mazuma-bucksfrigidcash to entertain, in grand style, returning-for-a-while birds that sang as they flew from our burg: Oh, Wasn't That a Good Town to Come From!'

"Nowgotosleep, daddy. Tomorrow night I shall delineate in a detailed form you can readily grasp how this sally by our brave Mr. Tywhap knocked a brick out of the walls of the Castle of Modern Foolishness. Maybe the next night, if you're a good little daddy, I shall paint pictorially the second brick that was ruthlessly wrenched loose as Mr. Tywhap sallied forth in the menacing precincts of Tywhapity to raise $100,000 for a Homestaying Week grand blowout."

—H. Horious Rafferty.

What Tomasita Taught Her Tutor

ONCE a tutor, Peter Potter,
Tutored Tomasita Sautter,
And his love grew hot or hotter
Than the boiling point of water.

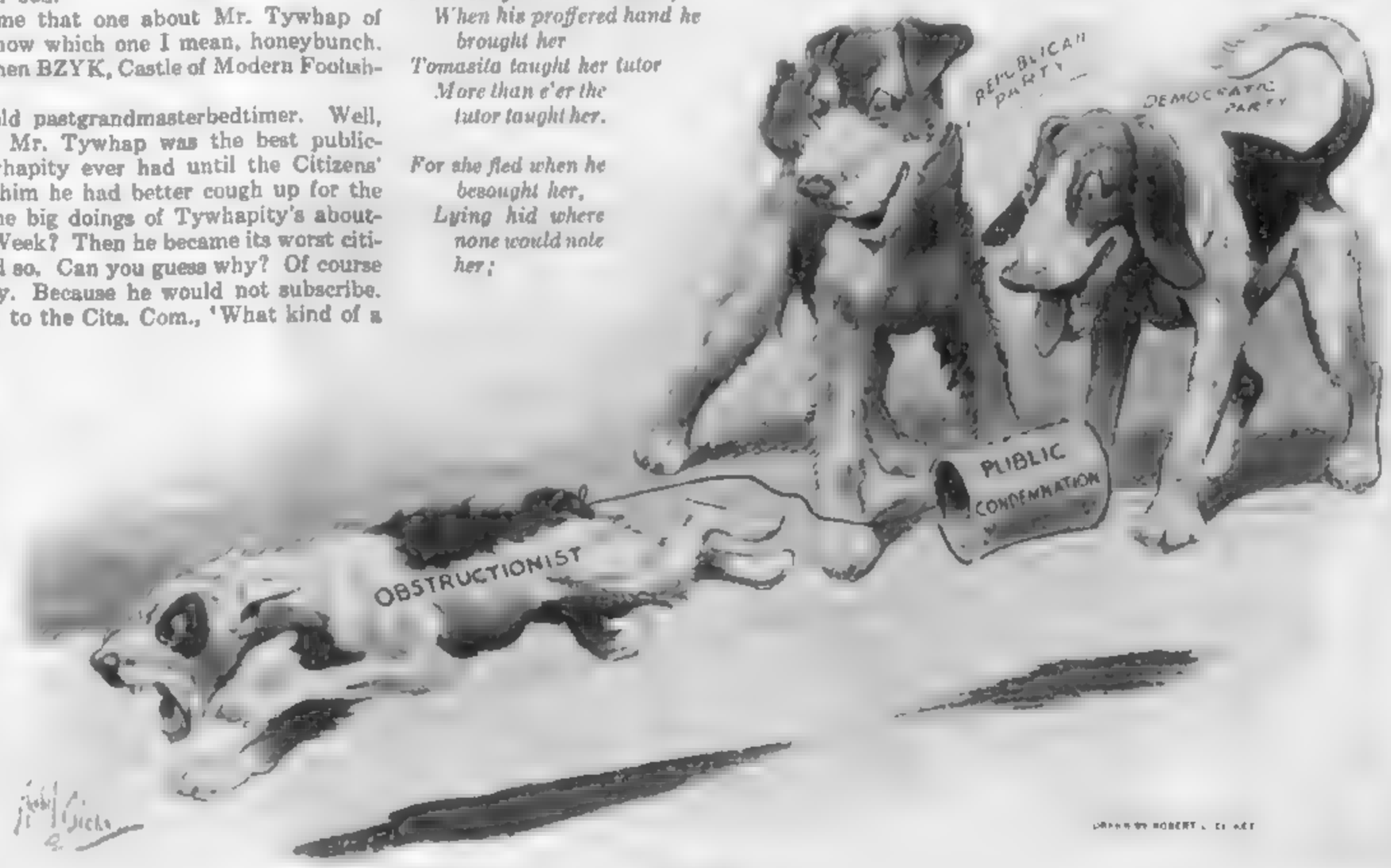
Peter sought to be a suitor;
When his proffered hand he brought her
Tomasita taught her tutor
More than e'er the tutor taught her.

For she fled when he besought her,
Lying hid where none would note her;
So a waste of winter water
Would obliterate a bloater.

Tomasita's suitor sought her;
Just in time he chanced to spot her
Ere the Latin Quarter caught her,
Ere, perchance, the gutter got her.

Ah, what joy when Tomasita,
Yielding utterly to Potter,
Twittered, "I'm a rotter, Peter!
I reiterate, a rotter!"

—Morris Bishop.



Can Him!

Black Beauty

MY EARLIEST recollections are of standing in the window of a large room with a large number of other cars, and of having people stop outside to admire me. I was a handsome thing, too, for my body was very black and shiny, and my lights, bumpers, and steps on the running boards were of some metal that shone like silver. Every morning the porter polished me until I reflected his grinning dusky face.

Though it was very pleasant in the showroom, I longed to move about. Every time prospective buyers came in I hoped they would take me, for I was a thoroughbred and knew I was far the most valuable car in the place. But a small short car whom I had learned was my little sister seemed to sell much faster than I.

The men always asked about my ignition, my cylinders, spark plugs, battery, brakes, cooling system, and other things connected with what was under my hood, but the ladies they brought with them patted me on the fenders and admired my upholstering.

Then one day a man came in and spent a long time looking me over and listening to the salesman, and ended his visit by writing on a small yellow slip of paper and giving it to the salesman. That afternoon a man came in and painted some initials on my door in gold letters and I knew I was sold. How happy I was!

My new owner came the next day and drove me away himself. I purred along contentedly, although I was stiff from lack of use. He did not try to race me, however, and soon we drew up in front of a beautiful brick building, which I saw was to be my home. The man got out and went into the house, leaving me in front. Soon a woman and two children came out and danced around me, the children bouncing around in the seats so that my springs were sore. All finally got in and we drove around for several hours, during which I behaved as all good motor cars should. When we reached home I was driven into a warm brick garage where a nobby little gray sport model stood.

"Hello," he said gayly. "So they've got you, have they? Well, I knew when they took poor old Lodge away this

DRAWN BY WALTER DE MARIS

Why Ed. Weatherby Was Late With His Spring Plowing

morning that they would be fetching something like you back. Lodge was still a pretty good car, but not a late model, and they had abused him a good deal. I can't help wondering where he is now, for the older a car gets the harder time he has of it. I am still young yet, thank goodness, but when I begin to be called secondhand I expect a hard life of it. I'll fall to bunches of young dare-devils who will run me over a bluff some dark night, like as not, not bothering to get out themselves. Well, you'll get pretty good treatment here if the new chauffeur is any good. I heard Mr. Davis tell the missus that he would be here in the morning."

I took up my life at the Davis home with quite a bit of pleasure and enjoyed being driven around with the pretty woman and her children peeping out my windows. Boggs, the new chauffeur, was a very good one and kept our cylinders as well as our bodies clean and never made us run too long without oil. Grayboat, as the roadster was called, was used almost altogether by Mr. Davis, but we had many good visits while standing in the garage, though sometimes I did not get in until very late at night.

I had been with the Davises for about three years when one day someone came and took Grayboat away. I felt very sorry for him, for he had always dreaded the time when this should be. I also found that other cars felt the same way. Many times when cars were parked in front of a home where a party was going on I have heard sad tales of cars who were once as beautiful and worthy as myself being sold from one owner to another, losing their enamel and important parts and finally landing in a scrap heap. The cars that had been in accidents shuddered as they told us of them. One car I remember in particular said that if human beings only knew the agony their cars felt when forced to run into street cars, other motor cars, or over little defenseless children, they might be more careful.

One day Boggs left and a new man took his place. I soon noticed the difference. This chauffeur was a careless driver and he was careless about taking care of me. I became choked up with carbon and my joints ached for needed oil. But I was driven hard, no matter what my condition, and even my tires did not have enough pressure in them, so blowouts were frequent. My owner became dissatisfied with me and one day some man came and drove me away, and I saw a shiny new car in front of the house. My coat was quite dull now and one fender was badly bent where I had been struck by another car. The car apologized to me and we conversed amiably though sadly while the owners cursed each other.

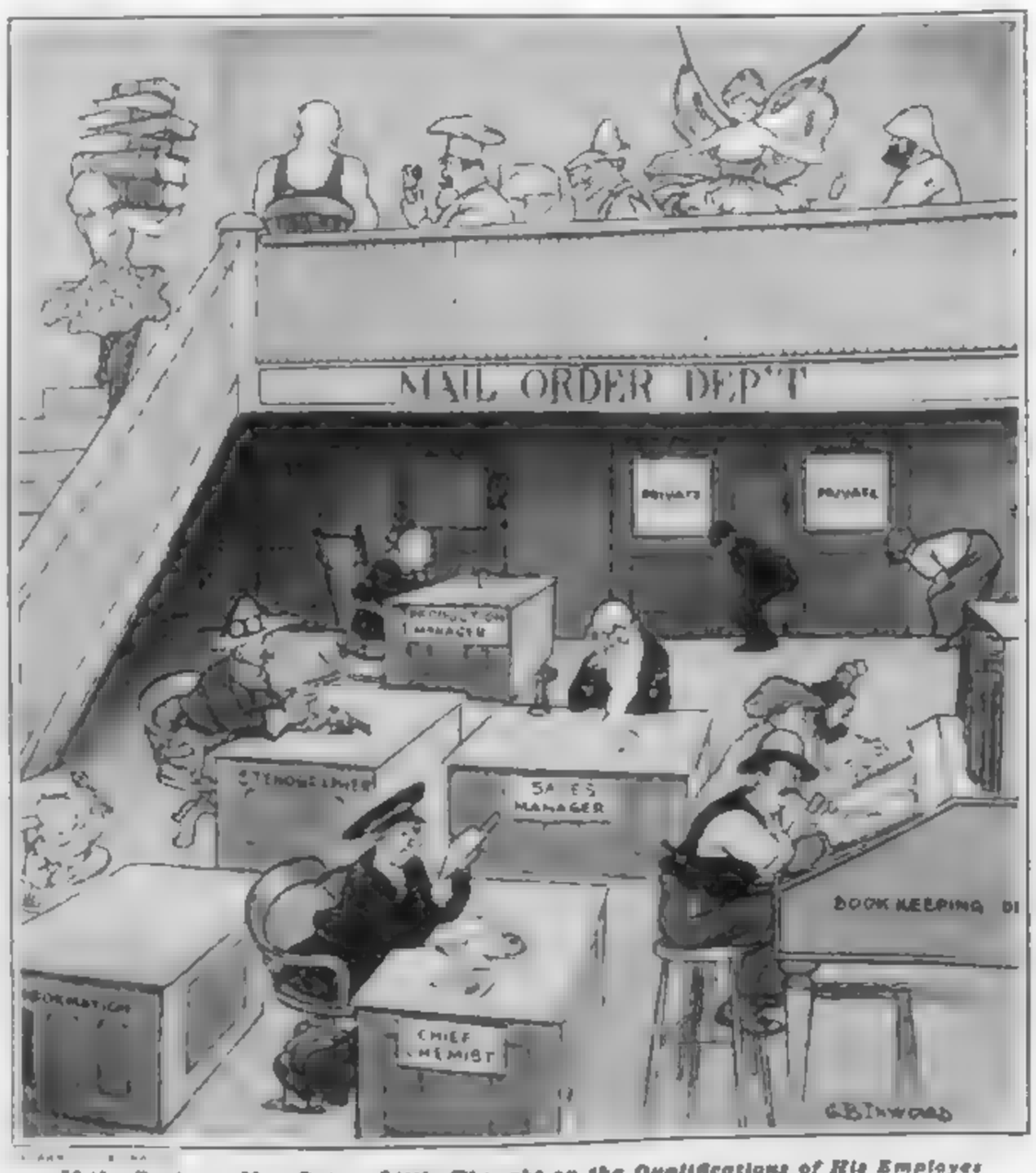
My next owner had no chauffeur and he was forever tinkering with me himself. As all he knew about me was what he read in a book and then guessed at, I was always out of fix. Part of the time my connections were not right, sometimes my parts were not put back right, and it is no wonder that I had a habit of getting my owner and his numerous family out in the country miles from anywhere and then refusing to budge and having to be towed in. So I was sold

By this time I was a sad parody of my name. My coat was peeled off and rusty in spots, my upholstering was dirty and ragged, and my engine knocked and jangled so that, though my horn was out of order, my owners saw no need of having it fixed.

My third owner knew something about cars and he really fixed me up to look well. I received a nice coat of paint, my damaged upholstering was fixed, and my engine overhauled. But he had just fixed me up to sell me. And my next owner was sick of his bargain in a week, for my engine had been abused too much for me to give good service.

I passed from one owner to another with the only consoling thought that I always got cleaned up when for sale, and then a new owner would treat me pretty well for the first few weeks. My last owner insured me as heavily as he could and then one dark night took me to the outskirts of town, turned my head to an embankment, released my brakes, gave me a push, and I fell to the foot of the embankment, a mass of twisted iron, broken glass and splintered wood. Had I been properly treated and taken care of I might be giving good service now, but here I lie, a heap of economic waste.

—*Velma Sykes.*



If the Business Man Put as Little Thought on the Qualifications of His Employes as the Voter Does in Selecting Candidates to Run the Public Business

Interview Yourself

IT IS becoming such a habit with the public prints to interview great business men, detectives, movie actors, and so on, as to why and how they became great, that it is beginning to work a real hardship, not only on the people who have to do the interviewing but the interviewees as well. To meet this contingency it is a pleasure here to publish what might be—in point of fact, is—termed a basic interview. Whenever a National Figure feels an inspirational story of his life coming on, all he has to do is to take this interview, cross out such words as are not applicable to his particular case, properly fill in the blank spaces, and cut along the dotted lines.

Here it is:

HOW I BECAME A GREAT____

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH____

When the editor of____ asked me for a message for his____ readers, I confess that I could not understand why anyone should be interested in my life and such great measure of success as I have attained.

I was born in____ on____. Like so many of us, the little red schoolhouse was my only means to an education, and I am sure that my teacher and my little schoolmates had no idea then that I was later to become famous. But I knew; as I said at the time, "A man must have faith in himself."

When I was only ten years old my father (mother) died and when my mother (father) married again, I was forced to seek my own living. I was employed in a store at $8 a week, and I am certain that my employer had no idea that the willing little boy who ran his errands was later to become famous. But it has been no surprise to me. It is interesting to reflect that I am today earning____times as much in a____as I did then in____. *(Note: Make these figures as intricate as possible so that the income-tax boys can't check up on you.)*

Now, to what do I owe my success? To my wife (mother, aunt or sister in case of unmarried successful man), who has really been a pal to me, though often my severest critic.

But most of all, and I say it with all due modesty, I can trace my success to my spirit of stick-to-it. —*A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.*

They're famous!

Wherever there are grocery stores, Campbell's Beans are known and bought. It takes Quality to have a reputation like that.

Campbell's didn't teach the American people to eat beans, but the very goodness of the beans leads people to buy Campbell's.

In fact, there are countless people who eat beans regularly and who never consider they have beans at their best unless they have Campbell's.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked

Digestible

UNMORGANATIC MARRIAGE

By Norval Richardson

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

WHEN it was all quite finished—far enough away to be thought of as an incident—Billy reviewed the experience with a good deal of youthful philosophizing. The whole situation had shown him convincingly that once an American, always an American, no matter how long one might live away from home. It was all well enough arguing about the so-called refining influences of European civilization, citing instances of the time and thought and study given to perfecting good breeding, form, traditions and all that sort of thing. You might even go so far as to let yourself be bowled over by it and develop eventually into a sort of snob so far as your own country people went, especially those who did not fit into an Old World atmosphere; and yet if you were a real American and proud of your country, its honest, sincere, frank characteristics were eventually bound to shine out and obliterate the glamour of a finish which had degenerated into effeteness.

Take himself, for example. After a year in one of the most sought-after embassies—in a capital in which everyone of any importance from anywhere in the world felt it an obligation to appear at least once a year he had grown to think of himself as having reached a plane a little above that lived on by his average compatriots. Of course, it was rather human to have fallen into this attitude. The rarefied air of a very smart court set was very insidious. Its acceptance of you, its attentions—even if often with ulterior motive—were most flattering to one's self-esteem; and Billy was just as vulnerable as anyone else. But at the moment when he was rapidly falling into the conviction that he had at last found his real setting, the place in life he was cut out to fill, the associates he was so temperamentally sympathetic with, presto! his opinions changed and he found himself viewing it all, himself included, with very deep contempt. It wasn't at all the real thing. The other—his own people, his own country, his own traditions—put it all over anything this cracked-up Continental society could show. He would never admit that the attitude of his smart colleagues—an attitude of admiration and real enthusiasm for one of his own country people—had anything to do with his sudden awakening. Never! Not a bit of it! His eyes had been opened by his heart. No one ever achieved a really clear vision without sentiment playing some part in it—his own observation.

"Oh, I'm Afraid to Meet Him! What in the World Would I Say to Him?"

It began one morning when the ambassador sent for him to come into his room. Billy saw at once that his chief was preoccupied. His quick dismissal of pending matters, his rather peremptory sending off of the second secretary to receive all callers, even those who came with important letters of introduction, showed that something important was on hand. Billy felt even more certain of it when the ambassador chose a very long cigar, lighted it carefully, drew from his hip pocket a chain filled with keys, unlocked a drawer of his desk, took out a sheet of paper and finally sat down with a sigh, as much as to say he was ready for business. Even the swivel chair, which always struck Billy as being an anachronism in its proximity to the expanse of walnut and brass and tortoise shell—in reality an extremely handsome buhl table that served as desk—had a rigid, efficient air that morning.

"Now we've got an hour or two to get this matter settled for the last time."

"Something important in from the State Department?" Billy asked.

"Not from the department, but just as important as if it had come directly from the Secretary of State himself: as a matter of fact, probably much more important—for me."

Billy glanced at the paper the ambassador held.

"May I have a look at it, sir?"

"Can't you guess what it is?"

"Haven't an idea, sir."

The ambassador frowned in a portentous way: only one who knew him well would have guessed there was a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

"It is the list of Americans I am to present at court next week."

Billy settled back comfortably in a chair.

"Oh, is that all? I thought it was a serious international problem."

"Serious international problem! Don't you call it that you who have been in diplomacy four years? I wish you would kindly tell me what is more important to an ambassador. I've known several who were recalled just because they didn't include on such a list the names of Americans who thought they ought to have been there. It's the most bothersome and difficult question that can come up in an embassy. Over here someone may appear to us entirely unimportant, and yet go home and prove himself just the opposite. You never can tell how intimate he may be with a senator who is anxious to prove his friendship for him—and incidentally get his votes—and listens with deep sympathy to his stories of how he was slighted at such and such an embassy, not presented at court, not even given a chance to peep at the king and queen. The senator's devotion—depending, of course, upon his complaining constituent's political power—may even carry him into presenting the matter to the Senate and explaining to that august body that the ambassador in a certain capital is lacking in the proper American spirit and interest in his compatriots. After this the ambassador is very likely to receive a letter from the Secretary of State suggesting that he ought to come home for a vacation or something of the sort. Now do you see why I take this matter so seriously? You will, too, when you are ambassador. So let's get to work on the matter How many Americans are we going to be allowed to present at the first court?"

"Twenty, sir. I saw the master of ceremonies yesterday and told him we had fifty applications. He lifted his shoulders, extended his hands and said it was impossible. No embassy's quota for the first court is more than twenty."

"In other words, we've got to make thirty enemies."

"I'm afraid so—if you call it that."

"I do call it that. Just wait until you hear the complaints written and verbal—when I write my most courteous letter explaining that the list has been completed. Every one of them will say I was playing favorites. Have you been over this list again?"

Billy nodded.

"I don't see how you could possibly change it. Each name there represents a letter of introduction that could not be overlooked. I suppose each person on it might be called an important citizen of the United States."

The twinkle in the ambassador's eyes deepened.

"Not only important, young man, but distinguished. Remember that—distinguished. Be sure you put that in the note you write to those who are to be presented. Say something like this: 'I have the honor to inform you that among the distinguished Americans to be presented to their majesties'—on such and such a date, in such and such a dress, at such and such an hour—'it gives me much pleasure to notify you that your name is the first on the list.'"

The ambassador relighted the long cigar—which had gone out—drew deeply at it and sank back in his swivel chair, but with a restlessness that Billy knew so well meant the subject was not yet disposed of. His next words came pregnant with trouble: "In spite of the fact that I and you—have carefully pruned this list and consider it perfect, it has got to be changed."

"Changed!" Billy's voice fell into that downward curve so expressive of disappointment—even despair. He had worked over the infernal list—strong words were necessary to describe it—for weeks and weeks. Each name had been most carefully considered. Pros and cons had been presented and dismissed and the final outcome arrived at. The

(Continued on Page 32)

The outer marks of inner goodness

Look for the words Swift's Premium stamped on the skin of the ham

Look for the blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice. It is attached both to the wrapper and the ham itself

Swift's Premium Hams are always wrapped in parchment as shown at the right. Notice how plainly this wrapper is marked and labeled Swift's Premium

Make sure it's Premium

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 30

pruning had at last been thought unassailable. 'How can we change it, sir?"

"We can—because we must "

"But how?"

"By erasing one name and substituting another."

"Which other?"

"One you have never heard before—nor I."

Once more the long chain with the keys appeared, the private drawer was unlocked and a large envelope taken out. Even from where he sat Billy recognized it as one of those official, unstamped, blue-engraved envelopes that bore the significant address of the United States Senate

"Listen to this." The ambassador adjusted his glasses and read: 'Dear Jim: Hate to bother you again, but this time it is most important. A niece of mine, Miss Robbie Belle Bowman ——'"

Billy could not check an exclamation. "Robbie Belle!"

The ambassador shot a keen glance over his glasses.

"Do you know her?"

"No; it was only the name "

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing, sir; only—just a bit out of the ordinary."

"So is the lady in question. Listen. Where was I? Oh, yes —— 'has just been consulting me about her proposed trip to Europe. She has set her heart on spending several months—perhaps the entire season—in that celebrated capital you no doubt are now referring to as the home town. As a matter of fact, I might as well confess to you right now that she has chosen it at my suggestion—made because I knew I could count on you to look out for her, see that she has a good time and doesn t get into trouble. I'm very fond of Robbie Belle. You will be, too, when you get to know her. She is a good, honest, simple country girl—none of the newfangled notions about her brought up on a ranch in Texas—an orphan. Her parents left her nothing but what we thought was a worthless piece of property near Beaumont; and for the last year she has been supporting herself—running some sort of a tea room, making cakes and that sort of thing

A gleam shot into Billy's eyes.

"I hope she knows how to make chocolate layer cake. It has been years since I've had one."

"We'll ask her that as soon as she arrives" the ambassador put in laconically; then continued: "' which, you will see, qualifies her for the position of perfect wife. About two months ago fortune suddenly rolled in and on and over her in the form of an oil well which is apparently bent upon breaking all records. Her income is now calculated in millions; one a month is the latest figure I have received. As so often happens with our people God only knows why; I'm sure I don't—her first idea is to travel, not in her own country but in Europe. She wanted to go with one of those tourist parties, but I discouraged the idea, and have at last persuaded her to take along her cousin, Miss James, a most estimable and dependable person. Need I say more? All I ask is that you keep an eye on her, help her along and give her the time of her life You know how far you can always count on my appreciation and friendship!'"

The ambassador took off his glasses and gave Billy a long, searching glance.

"Now, young man, what do you think of that?"

Billy was bent over a piece of torn envelope, and, with the aid of a pencil, was rapidly writing down figures which appeared to be composed entirely of noughts

"One million a month!" he murmured. "Twelve million a year! I say, sir, do you believe it?"

The ambassador smiled.

"I believe anything anyone says—if it concerns America. There never was and never will be such a country " Then, picking up the list, "Well, you do see why Miss Robbie Belle Bowman's name must be included on this list. Her uncle is my best friend; as a matter of fact—you might as well know it—he had me made ambassador."

"One million a month!" Billy couldn't seem to get the sum out of his thoughts. "I suppose so, sir. When do you expect her?"

"She arrived last night and is coming in to see me this morning."

"This morning—here at the embassy?"

"Exactly. And I want you to meet her."

Billy's expression suddenly changed. From keen interest it now showed rather serious worry

"Of course, she can't possibly be the sort of person usually presented at court. It's going to be a bit embarrassing, isn't it, sir?"

The ambassador's fist came down on the combination of walnut and brass and tortoise shell with a resounding crash.

"Don't begin that sort of attitude with me, young man. Just because you've been in diplomacy four years, running round with people who think their titles make them handed down from heaven, you're forgetting you're an American citizen. Soon you'll be ashamed to be seen with anyone who doesn't appear in public with a coronet on his head. That's the whole trouble with you secretaries. This life goes to your heads."

Billy listened calmly to the outburst. He had heard it before, and knew it sounded harsher than was meant.

"You know that description doesn't fit me, sir," he answered when his chief had stopped for lack of breath. "The more I see of other countries, the prouder I am of my own. But I don't think and I don't think you do either, sir—that a young girl who has been brought up on a ranch, with the sole accomplishment of making chocolate layer cake, is exactly prepared to shine in court circles."

"I don't expect her to shine in court circles. She's probably too fine a girl to appeal to some of those worthless colleagues you appear to admire so much." Then, with clearing face, "At any rate, this is a chance for you to show how much you can really help me. If I weren't a crabbed old bachelor it would be different; I could turn the young lady over to my wife. As it is, it's up to us. I'll present her at court, get her some invitations to big parties—in other words, launch her. And you—well, you've got to see that she goes through the steps correctly."

"But, sir, what under the sun can I do?"

"There are ways. You know that as well as I do. Find them. Besides, she may be all right. There's no telling. Anyway, we've got to do our best for her."

Billy went back to his room rather despondently. He sat there a whole hour thinking gloomily—and with a certain expectancy, too—of the imminent appearance of Miss Robbie Belle Bowman. What could possibly be done with a person like that? Of course, one million a month was bound to create a glamour, even if the possessor was the most impossible person in the world. On the whole, it might be sufficient to carry her successfully through the season. He knew well enough that Europeans—in spite of their criticism that we think of nothing but money really respected it to a degree that we had not yet found necessary. Yes, a million a month—just the mere reputation of having it—ought to carry Miss Robbie Belle Bowman safely through; unless —— But why bother until he had seen her? You can't plan to cross bridges until you get near enough to see how long they are.

(Continued on Page 125)

"Isn't He a Darling?" Miss Bowman Purred, Her Trusting Eyes Still in the Direction of the Door

SAFETY

SAFETY to those in the car, and long car-life, are prime considerations in the design and construction of the Hupmobile.

Drop forgings, for instance, cost far more than castings or stampings; but they are stronger and safer, and nothing else is worthy of the Hupmobile. Big, strong steering knuckles have an added margin of safety; wheels are tough, genuine hickory; even the fenders are heavier and more sturdy than seems necessary.

So throughout the car. Strength and safety are the first thought; and that means a height of quality—in design, in materials and in manufacture—that sharply distinguishes the Hupmobile among cars of its class.

ANCIENT FIRES

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XLI

FOR Finney that darkness never broke again. For me it lasted a length of time beyond my reckoning. I became confused so that I could not tell whether we had lived in our inferno for days or weeks. The hours grew monstrous; the outer world faded into a memory that in the climax of horror became incredible. Had I ever slept outstretched or a clean bed or eaten food that was not alive with foulness? Had my body ever been free from a filth so indescribable that I dared not think of myself? If so it was better not to remember

At first one expected the whole world to rise in protest. I remember, in some half-waking state, wondering who was writing to The Times about us. But I had still sense enough to laugh. Probably no one knew, certainly no one cared. "A joke," the little American consul had said wryly. These petty revolutions could at most tickle a world accustomed to more grandiose explosions to a mild amusement. They occurred too often and were made the more ridiculous by the pomposity of their manifestoes. But a tortured man is a tortured man, whether he is tortured for the sake of a childish greed or a great ambition, for an ideal or no ideal at all. His flesh is like the flesh of other men.

I never knew how many companions we had in that place with us. There was no window. We never saw one another's faces. We were horrible, indecipherable shapes to one another, without personality or humanity. There were crises when only by a tremendous effort of the will could I save myself from disintegration, from melting into that black chaos of desperate appetites, of cumulative despair that became mass madness.

"You Horrify Me." At That He Stood Quite Still. It Was the End—the Ruin of His World

I never knew the extent of our prison. Finney and I were fortunate in that we found ourselves driven back against a wall near some sort of ventilation, and from that spot we never moved. We dared not. To have left its relative safety was to plunge into a sea of bodies, of tossing limbs, frenzied, tearing hands, and as like as not to have gone under in the slime, trampled out of human semblance.

A tall man could not have stood upright. There was no room to lie down even if we had dared to risk one of those spasmodic outbreaks that passed over the invisible horde like an epileptic seizure. At certain hours—they must have been near daybreak—when a deathlike torpor descended upon the maddest, we crouched down, huddled against one another and slept a sleep haunted by nightmare.

At long intervals a door opened. We grew to crave for that moment, though it was the signal at which the gathering storm of despair and hunger broke with a maniacal fury.

A yellow light, too faint to reveal us to one another, strong enough to betray the black monstrousness of our condition, glimmered in the distance. Food was tossed to us. At first, if any came my way, I would not touch it. Death seemed preferable. But I reasoned with myself. I meant to live at all costs. I hypnotized my senses so that I could neither smell nor taste.

But there was never enough. It fell anywhere. They meant us to go mad and kill one another. Out of that black sea hands and arms stretched up like those of drowning men. I heard the snap of teeth, snarls that died into a frustrated whimper, the sickening tearing of these ghastly scraps. Once, food falling close to me, a man's teeth buried themselves in my arm. But at the taste of blood he drew back with a cry of horror and self-recollection. Out of the dark a flood of Spanish poured over me, ending in a broken, courteous English.

"For you are English, are you not, señor? I hear you talk."

We shared together, we three invisibles. He had not touched water for three days, and I managed to rescue the pail of foul liquid that was handed in to us before the last drop was spilled. He thanked me. We introduced ourselves to each other with a solemnity that gave us back our self-respect. It seemed he had been one of Marreno's ministers, and had served Marreno from the beginning and been flogged and left for dead by Alvarez.

"But I am not young any more, señor. One does not escape twice. There is only one talent that matters in this sad country of ours—to know when to desert your friends. Some of us here are traitors. Most of us have been too faithful and we shall die for it."

"Not if the general knows it." It was Finney's voice, quavering, but arrogant. "'E's English. 'E's orl right. 'E may make 'is mistakes, but 'e won't stand for this, when 'e gets to 'ear of it. It's them dirty Dagoes."

But I said nothing. For I remembered John Smith's face. He had chosen his road, and if it led him here he would not turn back.

"He does know, señor. But he has come into our country and must use our weapons. They are good weapons. They make no noise. We are like men in their graves. No one will remember us." And then he sighed. "I have a wife and children, señor."

We fell to talking peacefully in that awful place. From first to last, we never saw each other, but I got to know that his wife was beautiful, and the names of his children and their quaint ways. He showed me the house they lived in—a lovely villa at Las Palmas overlooking the city. At least, that had been their home.

I knew that he hid his face in his hands.

And then it was Finney who went on—Finney, grown light-headed, with not much left to him but his cockney sentiment and his patient cockney humor. Talking about houses what about his shop? And beautiful women—well, he'd swap a harem full of them for his missis

"At least, I'd like to tell 'er I would," he hedged. "I'd like 'er to know 'ow I feels abaht 'er and things in general." Children? Well, there the señor had the bulge on him. "I ain't got none—none that I knows of. P'raps if I 'ad I wouldn't be 'ere now."

He asked suddenly if we was down'earted. The words were meaningless, but some provocative challenging quality of his voice imposed a momentary attention. That was what he wanted. He began to sing. He had a little tenor, husky but not untuneful, and he sang as he had no doubt sung at the canteen behind the lines to the jolly plaudits of other go-as-you-please-devil-take-tomorrow Finneys:

"I'm 'Enery the Eight, I yam;
'Enery the Eight, I yam, I yam;
I've got married to the widder next door;
She's been married seven times before ——"

He made a little circle of quiet about him. He made them listen. He wanted to be listened to. He must have been a success in those old days, and it whetted his vanity to feel even these no-good Dagoes coming under his spell. The little English ditties, so ribald, or so shamelessly tender and sentimental that you suspected them of poking sly fun at themselves, took on a new quality in that place of madness and death. For Finney himself was dying, though I did not know it then. After all, they expressed something that mattered to everyone—something fundamental. They rekindled a spark that had been almost dead. They subdued first those immediately around us, and then those at the farthest confines of our invisible prison, so that there were times when there was an absolute stillness, save for that husky, piping voice.

It could not last. For to the fetid stench there added itself a heat that burnt the body dry, choked the lungs, set the brain on fire.

Towards what must have been nightfall it mounted like a fever, and one heard the rustle of bodies, the heavy sighs that threatened a gathering nerve storm. Then someone would scream out that the Señor Ingles should sing to them, and Finney would rouse himself from his deepening lethargy and sing.

Until, one night, in the middle of We'll Keep the 'Ome Fires Burning he broke down and cried.

Then it was whispered from one to the other how the Señor Ingles had a home somewhere in far-off England, a little shop and a wife whom he loved, and that he was dying.

They made room for him so that he should lie down. They pressed back so that—God save the mark!—he should have air. Here was somebody's coat for his head. Here was a drink of water that somebody didn't want. In sign of his appreciation—rather condescending appreciation, for he never forgot that he was an Englishman and that they were poor devils of foreigners—perhaps knowing that this was his last job on earth and that it must be well done, he would sing, very faintly now so that only a few could hear him.

Continued on Page 36

Four-Cylinder Five Passenger Sedan

The Standard of Comparison

IN THIS five-passenger, four-cylinder Sedan, Buick has placed within easy reach the luxury and comfort of a quality closed car—a car richly and elegantly equipped—distinctively beautiful in appearance and possessing all of the power, stamina and dependability that have always been associated with the Buick name. Four-wheel brakes are among the many outstanding features of this fine automobile.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars Branches in All Principal Cities - Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 34)

"That was the strange beginning of the strangest community of brothers. Men who had never known or shown mercy now stood back, gave up their turns at the water bucket, shared their shares of food. They threw themselves on the chance to behave like men and die well with the same passion with which they had trampled one another underfoot in the effort to survive. It was like a wave of religious ecstasy that lifted out of that scum of madmen Bayards and Sidneys. There were invisible gestures of compassion and courtesy that spread their influence like a breath of pure air.

Through my neighbor it became known that there was a doctor among them and the wounded and sick were passed from arm to arm to me. I could do nothing except use to its utmost that blind faith which has been our best stock in trade since the Middle Ages. I believe I relieved some suffering. But now I knew that typhus had set in.

"A good weapon," the Quetzelangan had said. It cut us down swiftly, one after the other, like a malignant, silent assassin.

The bodies near the door were dragged out by cursing and frightened guards. The others, surrounded by men too weak to move or care, remained.

Then into that empestered charnel house came the final terror. It came twice—the first time softly, light-footed, so that I doubted my own senses. And yet the very dying dragged themselves up to listen. The second time it was as though a giant had heaved his shoulders against the earth under our feet. It rocked, pitching us against one another in a hideous chaos, then dropped back into an immobility more awful, more threatening than the pause between one death blow and another.

For there is a terror which has no relation to death. We knew that the end—if it came this way—would be sudden and merciful. But it was not death we feared; not death that sent us surging against the walls of our prison like a tidal wave caught in a subterranean cavern. It was the sense of titanic forces threatening our world, of things invisible and terrific storming up out of an ancient sleep to destroy what was more to us than ourselves—our earth, the stability of the element from which we came and to which we should return. We might die, but the earth must remain for us to sleep in, like a mother to whom tired children come back for rest.

And the earth was failing us!

I had no measure of time. It may have lasted five seconds or five minutes. I held my own by the same obstinate will to live which had maintained me somehow from the beginning. I would not die. I was going to her. She and I belonged to each other. There could be no end save our union. But in that stifling dark, reality lost outline, became merged in old nightmares. A great horseman, with visionary eyes fixed on the distance, rode me down. He would not see me; nor would I, inglorious and insignificant, give road to him. And now at last he fought me. His horse's hot body bore me down, the iron hoofs threatened to dash my life out on the stones.

I dared not die here. If I did, one day she would know and the horror of it poison her whole life. I held the thought of her before my failing senses and rallied. She was like a flag flying gallantly, like a war song that can drag dying men to their feet.

Then it was over. The wave of panic sank back upon itself. Men dropped where they stood, paralyzed, cowed, waiting for the next blow which should tear the earth from under their feet, pitching them into a bottomless eternity. I knelt at Finney's side. The Quetzelangan and I had shielded him as best we could, but he was near the end. He put up a feeble, groping hand, touching my face.

"You tell 'em, capting—you tell 'em it was a mistake. I djdn't 'ave nothing to do with no bloody spies. I don't 'old with spying. It's a dirty game."

The door opened. I heard my name called. I was past reasoning, past questioning. I accepted the liberation as something inevitable—the outcome of my own will to be free. A way was cleared for me. Invisible hands lifted Finney into my arm so that I half dragged, half carried him. He was lighter than a child.

I heard the officer in charge make an angry protest. Then he peered into Finney's face and shrugged his shoulders.

"It doesn't matter now," he said.

XLII

THE two Quetzelangan soldiers took no notice of me. They stood by the barred windows and stared out stupidly and I saw one of them put up an unsteady hand to wipe the sweat from his face. A strange yellow fog seemed to hang between us and there was a stillness as of a strained suspense. I fancied that the whole city held its breath.

I ate stolidly at the food they had set before me. I had been given a bath and the clean clothes of a legionary officer that fitted me near enough; but even so, I had caught a grim and startling glimpse of myself. With my swarthy ugliness, to which privation and horror and the stubborn resolution to survive had added unfamiliar lines, I looked like a strange devil.

I had no idea as to my future. They had bothered too much with me to shoot me now. If they had wanted me dead it would have been equally effective to have left me where I was. The whole business increased my perverted sense of having suddenly taken fate into my own hands.

I finished and one of the soldiers turned to me. The other remained standing where he was, as though transfixed by a stupendous spectacle. Yet he could have seen nothing from where he stood but the sky and the flat roofs of the houses. Neither of them was really aware of me. I could have got up and walked out of the prison. There was something about to happen.

"*Una doña* ——" the soldier muttered.

I followed him down a bare stone passage. I did not know whether it was my dazzled eyes or the queer vibrating light that made the walls on either hand seem to stir faintly like the flanks of a living body.

Sounds of a distant crying came through their muffling thickness, and a strange thudding, intermittent and frantic.

(Continued on Page 90)

And Still the Priest Led. The Light Magnified Him. He Became a Towering, Heroic Figure

On the floor is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 538. The 6 x 9 foot size costs only $9.00.

"Oh, look, Gramma, our rug is just like the one in the picture!"

Yet it is impossible for even the best printing to reproduce the wealth of color, the delicacy of design and the real artistry of these modern rugs. Not until you actually see them can you have a true measure of their genuine beauty.

Patterns for Every Room

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs are easily the most attractive and practical floor-coverings that money can buy. The wide range of patterns enables you to choose a suitable rug for any room.

Their easily and quickly cleaned surface means more leisure time to yourself. The fact that they are seamless, waterproof and mothproof further insures the long and satisfactory service for which they are famous.

A few moments with a damp mop and *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are spotlessly clean—the bright colors as fresh as new.

Their flat-lying qualities are a real joy—no fastenings of any kind are required yet there is never a turned up edge or corner.

Note These Very Low Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	Pattern No. 386 (shown at right) is made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.	1½	x 3	ft. $ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25		3	x 3	ft. 1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50		3	x 4½	ft. 1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75		3	x 6	ft. 2.50
9	x 12	ft.	18.00				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug carries the Gold Seal pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." That pledge in itself proves that Congoleum Rugs have the quality to back such a promise. The Gold Seal shown above (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of the material. It is your protection against inferior substitutes. Don't fail to look for it when you buy.

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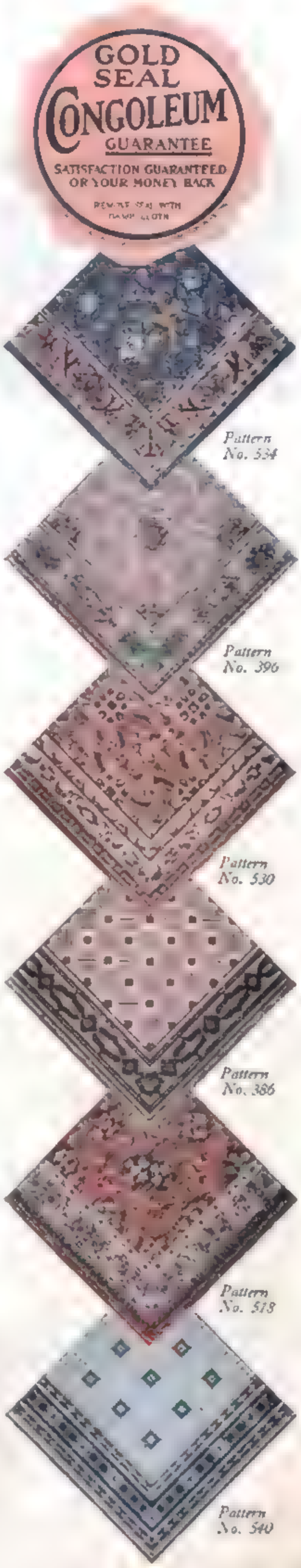

Watch This Column

"The Hunchback" Is Pleasing Millions

SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"

While I knew we had made a rather remarkable picture of *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"* and felt that with its great acting and scenery it would prove a success, I didn't anticipate that it would create the intense interest manifested in all parts of the country. And now France, Italy and Great Britain are bidding for it and offering flattering prices. This is sufficient recommendation without further word from me. Watch your local newspapers for announcements of its coming in your locality.

It is hard to describe REGINALD DENNY in his new picture *"Sporting Youth"* without resorting to adjectives. We are sterner critics than the public, but this picture has captured us all, even the camera-men, who are usually hard-boiled and hard to please. Suppose you see this picture and give me your idea of it in a personal letter.

MARY PHILBIN, heroine of *"Merry Go Round,"* is delighted with her part in *"Fools' Highway,"* an adaptation of Owen Kildare's great story of *"My Mamie Rose."* It gives her a splendid opportunity to display her talent, and the quaint and faithful settings of the old Bowery help to make the picture at once picturesque and appealing. I wish you would make it a point to see it.

Don't forget to see *"A Lady of Quality," "The Darling of New York," "White Tiger," "The Acquittal," "Merry Go Round,"* HOOT GIBSON in his new play *"Ride for Your Life,"* and BILLY SULLIVAN, nephew of the famous John L., in the fourth series of *"The Leather Pushers."*

Have you found out to your satisfaction that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals?

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

PLATINUM HANDCUFFS

(Continued from Page 7)

to do something really worth while, something that would permit him to stand out even among the outstanding ambitious young men of Platinum Glass.

So the night of the party pounced on them unawares. They drove out in the shiny, smooth-running little Swift. The clubhouse lights laid long panels of white radiance on the smooth green grass of the lawn and on the gravel of the driveway. Francis the competent assured them the buffet supper would be good; and so, subsequently, it proved. Joe Sheridan, on hand before the host, mixed the cocktails in the butler's pantry.

"Dividends in 'em, boys and girls," he announced, lips quirking. "Dividends and songs and stories. They'll make this crowd think of auld lang syne. Web and Mrs. Web—I suppose you're Mrs. Web, fair lady—meet Mrs. Sheridan."

Joe's wife Anne summed up as a fading, blue-eyed woman whose ash-blond hair contained much of gray. She seemed older than her husband. She dressed well—ultra-fashionably; but her face, showing fine lines, looked tired. She seemed to Anne a home body unexpectedly thrust into sophisticated gayety that neither daunted nor intrigued her.

"I'm really glad to know you." She smiled charmingly. "Joe has been talking about Mr. Drew, of course. We'll have some splendid times together."

Her prophecy caused a responsive string to vibrate in the Drews. They liked her at first sight, as they liked her husband.

The party went over splendidly. Joe's cocktails waked them all up. The men talked and laughed in boisterous high spirits. Their wives proved friendly and amusing, and some of them rather startling as to toilet. Obviously the visiting wholesalers counted themselves lucky to be among those present. The music snapped, crackled, moaned and beat upon the senses irresistibly.

"Have a good time, youngster?" asked Web, when it was all over.

He relaxed on the davenport in their own apartment and clasped his hands behind his head. Anne contemplated her silver dancing slippers for a moment.

"Wonderful time, Web, she said, yawning; "blisters on both heels. When I dance myself into blisters and don't know it until I get home, that's the unfailing sign."

"Danced pretty often with Croyle, didn't you?" Web asked carelessly.

"Oh, three or four times," she replied just as carelessly. "He's a distinguished-appearing man, isn't he? Looks like—well, like a Bulgarian army officer. He bows so impressively; his back's all in one piece."

"Seems rather peculiar," ruminated Web judiciously. "Queer-shaped face. His mouth's crooked, as though he propped his lips up consciously. Seems to be afraid if he relaxed a minute he'd give himself away. Often noticed that in men with a weakness of character. They just hold one side of their mouths too high by main force."

She looked at him in demure admiration. "My, you're profound, old dear. Quite a psychoanalyst."

"Oh—ah—it's so, just the same." He held stoutly to his position, though a little confused by her raillery. "I know what I know. I've been around and I've studied people. Bet you he's a ladies' man or something. What you smiling at?" he broke off to ask her distrustfully.

"Webbie," she giggled, "you're so obvious!"

Web drove home next evening with good news

"Know how much our party cost?"

Anne considered.

"Gin, thirty-six dollars, orchestra, about thirty, supper for fifteen or eighteen people, twenty-five more; and tips—oh, perhaps a hundred dollars." She caught her breath in sudden alarm. "That's too much, Web."

He lifted her from the floor and kissed her.

"Didn't cost a cent—not a sou!" he crowed.

"That's impossible. How ——"

"Tell you how. Croyle called me in this morning and asked for the bill. Says it's a legitimate charge against company entertainment funds because he brought those two distributor fellows along. He says they're all tied up to Platinum because of the good time they had. They've been flirting with Academy Glass and we might have lost them. But everything is lovely, they've signed up again. It means thousands of dollars, because they're live ones, the best in their line in the Southern territory. Ain't it grand?"

Anne twinkled maliciously.

"Like the way Mr. Croyle holds his face now?" she asked.

He ignored that.

"Gee, I've had a hard day," he said, stretching exaggeratedly. "Three fellows from California were in. I showed them the plant and then took them out to luncheon. Mr. Croyle let me know that will use up some of my time. He doesn't like people. So most callers will be turned over to me. He side-steps especially those who stay overnight. Says he wants his evenings to himself. A hard life, girl, luncheons and golf ——"

"Web," interrupted Anne, "we can save quite a lot on our living expenses."

"Save—how?"

"When there are visitors your luncheons don't cost you anything; the company pays. If they stay overnight you can't leave your wife at home alone, can you? We'll all have dinner together at the Café Boulevard or the Carlton and go to the theater together. The company ——"

"Anne!" He stopped her, shocked. "That's positively indecent. It's—why, darn it, it's almost dishonest! That's not the way you talked when I first told you about this job."

She pursed her red lips at him with alluring impudence.

"I know; I've learned a lot, Webbie. I don't believe in overlooking any of the perquisites. Especially since Mr. Croyle has shown us how. I'll bet they all do it. Don't forget they don't pay you the salary they should. We must get even some way. And," she accused suddenly, "you needn't be so nice. You've been thinking of it yourself."

His confusion, though slight and fleeting, revealed that the accusation reached its mark.

Anne found the little house they wanted, a story-and-a-half white Colonial with green blinds, a red-brick walk, and a front door with a knocker that looked as though it came from one of the old places on the Boston Post Road. It stood an independent hundred feet back from Shore Boulevard in its own vivid acre. A wonderful elm overspread and protected it from north winds. It gazed across a gentle valley to the vine-covered Urban Shore clubhouse, standing on another knoll. And from its back door, off to the east, could be seen the far blue sparkle of the lake.

She drove to the office on a golden May day to fetch him. She fairly bubbled with high spirits as the car swept through the rolling landscape of the North Urban district, between homes in which comfort and beauty went hand in hand. Web paused by the white gateposts at the end of the red-brick walk to take in the picture the little house made against the lengthening shadow of its elm. He went through the rooms silently until they saw it all. They stood in the delightfully irregular upper front chamber with its top sliced by the pitch of the roof. Then he spoke with a sort of groan:

"It's wonderful, Anne. I'd love it. But why did you bring me here? We can't buy it."

She smiled at him, flushed and triumphant.

"How much money have we, Webbie?"

"Oh, six hundred dollars in Liberty Bonds and about a thousand in the savings account. Not worth mentioning. A place like this takes a whopping down payment."

"That's what I thought. But when I told the agent who you are, he said, 'That's easy then. The Urban Shore National Bank is mostly owned by Platinum Glass Corporation. They'll advance the money to buy it for you. You'll give a mortgage back to them. The company likes to see their men get homes of their own.'"

Web stood for some moments, looking straight to the front, his arm about his wife. When he spoke it was with a large casualness:

"This room'll be the nursery, youngster."

The weeks whipped by, close packed, colorful, erratic. They bought the little house with the bank's help, and moved in. Cocktails, from a larky novelty, became a commonplace necessity. Anne acquired bridge. She learned to impugn her partner's intellect with a quarter-inch movement of her delicate brows.

Web, doing much of the entertaining for Platinum, knew all about the shows and the eating places where meals ranged from a dollar upward. His election to the University Club and the Urban Shore accomplished itself without delay or difficulty. Some of the men who visited the plant played golf, and he and Joe Sheridan usually went around together Saturday afternoons. From constant practice his game improved until it hovered around eighty.

He did fine things for the subsidiaries in South American trade. Also he proved his value on shop efficiency and production, though he acquired the affectation of pretending to disregard his work and minimize its importance like the rest of them.

Croyle seemed to like his assistant, and his assistant's wife, for that matter. His evenings to himself did not prove to be what he wanted. He could be counted on to participate in dinner and theater parties where company guests were entertained. Of his own initiative he included Anne in such affairs.

"Always bring your wife, Web," he directed. "We can't expect her to let you off evenings to give other people a good time. Anyway, she's practically an employe of the company. She's our best entertainer."

Justification existed for his words. Anne loved the excitement of dining out in the opulent hotels and restaurants and of whirling off to the theater afterward in their car. Her good looks and high spirits and exquisite gowns made her a favorite with the men who came to deal with Platinum. It fed their vanity to be in her company. When she entered a room everyone turned to watch her.

It was "Carl" and "Anne" with her and Croyle. Web's chief called him by his diminutive like any other friend. Yet something kept Web from returning the familiarity. With him it was always "Mr. Croyle."

He refused to analyze the reasons. But in the back of his mind he resented Croyle's continuing presence. He resented his being always at Anne's elbow. The man's foreign-army-officer bow and the caressing way he put Anne's wrap about her irritated him.

Because of these uncharted feelings he tried to shift the entertainment burden to Croyle—and failed utterly.

"You're doing fine," smiled the general manager. "I couldn't acquire your technic if I tried a lifetime, Web." There may have been a thread of irony in the tone. "Why, you have a reputation now. Customers ask for you when they come to town. To keep them pleased means increased orders."

"I'd like to catch up on sleep."

"You don't need sleep," scoffed Croyle. "You look fine, and so does Anne. She doesn't want to stop, does she?"

Web discovered that she didn't. Her pretty eyes widened when he suggested it.

"Stay at home evenings when Carl wants us to keep on? Web, you must be crazy. Refuse free dinners and free theaters? Maybe you think it's a pleasure to stay out here in the country and cook, old dear; but it isn't. I like to get downtown where the lights are bright and someone else does the worrying if the roast is overdone."

"But, Anne, we never see each other any more—alone, I mean. We don't have any chance to talk. Just this everlasting froth and chatter with important little men from Oskaloosa and Oconomowoc who boast how high they stand in the lodge, when they aren't trying to flirt with you."

Anne laughed light-heartedly

"They're not dangerous," she assured him. "Their methods are elemental, Webbie. You needn't be jealous of them."

They were home, preparing for the usual evening out.

"I'm not jealous of them," denied Web, slipping into his dinner coat. "But, after all, you're my wife, you know. You don't belong to the customers of Platinum Corporation. I'd like to have you to myself once in a while. I'd like to have you to enjoy our home. And a yip from the nursery would be pretty sweet music, I can tell you."

With sudden gravity she patted his cheek.

(Continued on Page 41)

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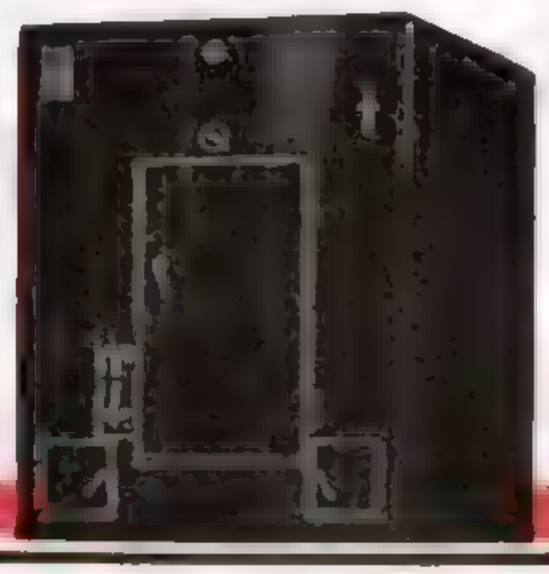

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Postscript

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(Continued from Page 38)

"I know, Web. I like all that too. But there's plenty of time. We're young and life's awfully pleasant this way. Besides, we have to be practical. I don't know what we'd do now if Platinum didn't buy part of our meals."

Thus the money specter bobbed up again. Its ugly head was never far below the surface. From the first they made no pretensions of living on Web's salary. It simply could not be done. As their tastes grew more cultivated, and so more expensive, the semimonthly check lost more and more of its elasticity. Actually it did not seem to go so far as sixty dollars a week in the old days.

They kept a maid. She seemed indispensable in the little house. And though Web, not without scruples, joined the humorous conspiracy of executives to charge everything possible to the company, there were many items of luxury impossible to take care of in this way.

He obligated himself to pay fifty dollars a month to the bank on the mortgage against the house. The payments stumbled and lagged. Tradesmen grew insistent and sullen when the monthly accounts were not paid. The tailor sent a collector to the plant, demanding a check for Web's summer suit. Quite before they knew how it happened, they lived in a state of perpetual harassment.

"Oh, I suppose you're right," grumbled Web, thinking of all this as he settled his tie. "But this sort of thing isn't an awful lot of fun any more."

"Think what it's costing Platinum Glass," Anne reminded him with a certain light, bright vindictiveness. "If they'd pay you what you earn I'd be willing to go slowly. But they don't. I just gloat over the expense accounts you turn in."

"I know," assented Web gloomily. "There's not much chance of their paying more right away either."

"No chance at all," she assured him. "I talked with Carl about it. He says Mr. Denison positively will not permit him to raise you inside of a year."

"He did, eh?" Web felt unpleasantly jarred by the fact that she discussed so intimately himself and their problems with Croyle. It made him feel immature and unconsidered, incapable of looking after his own affairs. "I wish you wouldn't talk me over with him, Anne. I'm able to make my own play for more salary," he said sharply.

She walked out to the car without a word of rejoinder. But she made him pay during the evening in various ways—by laughing and bantering a great deal with a handsome young chap from Farmer, Inc., Milwaukee; by dancing between courses with Croyle; and by ignoring a chance to sit by him in the car when they went to the new theater out Woodward Avenue. Going home, she was silent and wearily indifferent. The restraint persisted, grew. They went to bed and to sleep with scarcely the exchange of a word.

Croyle sent Web next day on a four days' lake trip with the Ohio and Illinois novelty-store men. Web fulfilled admirably his function. He made himself agreeable to all and sundry on the big side-wheel steamer. He helped the committee write the gags and coach the actors for the nightly entertainments in the main saloon. He danced with fat wives and unattractive daughters after the show. And when the dancing stopped he lost consistently but judiciously at poker in the stateroom games which the sportively inclined got up.

Back again, he encountered Bill Stevens face to face in the hallway of the office building. Bill carried a roll of blue prints in his hand and a streak of mortar across the sleeve of his flannel shirt. He stopped.

"Hello, kid." He spoke with harsh quizzicality. His keen dark eyes took in Web from his new and jaunty cap to his shiny brown brogans. They traveled over the expensive kit bag, heavily brassed and bound with leather straps. "Been away blowin' some more of our good money, I see."

The words were jocular; the tone was not. Web chose to ignore the strain of criticism in it.

"What do you mean—'our good money,' Bill?" he asked good-humoredly. "I've been spending a little of Platinum's. But I hope I've made some too."

"When I say 'our' I mean 'our'," Bill spoke brusquely. "Whenever you four-plus boys burn it up on hooch and chorus girls the stockholders have to make the fire."

"Are you a stockholder, Bill?" asked Web in surprise.

"Sure I'm a stockholder, and about half my guineas are. I couldn't razz 'em the way I do if they weren't. They'd heave a rock at me and go to an easier boss."

Resentment tinged the surprise.

"So the outside men are stockholders. Funny they never said anything to me about being able to buy stock."

Bill's dark smile widened.

"Why should they? You're not eligible to buy stock. No white-collar man is. They won't sell to you."

"Why won't they?" demanded Web.

"Why should they?" countered Bill instantly as he passed on. "Use your bean, kid. Think it over."

Web thought it over, but to little advantage. Why shouldn't they let executives buy stock? Why were laborers and foremen on the outside given the opportunity? To bind them to the company, of course, and insure their staying on from year to year, thus cutting down the costly turnover. Well, if it was a good thing outside why wasn't it a good thing inside? Weren't executives more important to continued success than laborers? Shouldn't they be given inducements, too, to stay—especially as they weren't even decently paid? He gave it up.

The day passed swiftly. Croyle inquired perfunctorily about the cruise. No guests appeared, and Web hurried away at five o'clock to enjoy that boon grown rare—an evening at home. Anne, enveloped in a kitchen apron, met him at the door with arms outstretched. Both seemed glad to ignore their misunderstanding.

An autumn sharpness rode on the air and Web built an oak fire in the fireplace, the first of the season. They sat side by side before it, holding hands comfortably, each reading part of the evening paper. But Anne soon swept the sporting page mercilessly out of her husband's grasp and gained his attention by turning his head toward her, using a convenient ear for a handle.

"Webbie, what do you think of our car?"

"Good old wagon," he replied promptly.

"Yes; especially old. And it's an open car, isn't it?"

"Was the last time I saw it," grinned Web.

"Don't be facetious. And winter's coming on, isn't it?"

"According to the calendar and established custom, I suppose it is."

"Well, an open car will be impossible this winter, old dear. You'll just simply freeze, driving to and from town; and we can't get out evenings at all." Web kept silence, but his brow wrinkled. "So," she went on hurriedly, "I think we should have a new one. Ours is the only Platinum open car you'll see about the club."

"Girl, girl," he interrupted, "we can't get another car!"

She left her seat and climbed into his lap.

"Oh, yes, we can," she assured him gleefully. "The company will take the Swift back and allow you full price they paid for it, a thousand dollars, to apply on another car you pick out. I saw the dearest little Belmore coupé yesterday for eighteen hundred."

He smiled appreciatively but ruefully at her forehandedness.

"Where would we get the eight hundred?"

"We don't need it all at once. They have a deferred-payment plan. We'd have two years to pay for it if we wanted it."

Web tousled his hair perplexedly. The car problem needed attention. Living in the Urban Shore district carried disadvantages for half the year. It was eight miles to the plant, and eight miles is a long way over snow-drifted streets swept by biting winds. A closed car seemed indispensable. Last winter, when he fought for standing room in the icy, poisonous air of packed street cars, seemed immeasurably far away.

"We-ell ——" he began, surrendering half-heartedly as much to the results of his own thoughts as to her arguments. Then he looked up to ask suddenly, "Where'd you get all this dope on what the company will do, youngster?"

"Why, from Carl," she replied innocently.

"When?"

"Last night."

"Where?"

"Why, here. Joe and Hallie came over and we played bridge."

"Where were you the night before?"

She raised her head proudly at his tone.

"There was a party at the club; we all went. You didn't suppose I'd stay home alone, did you? Especially while you were away enjoying yourself."

"Just a minute, Anne. Were you out with Croyle the two other nights too?"

"You have no right to speak to me that way."

"Were you?"

"There were people to be entertained. We—the Sheridans and Carl—took them to dinner."

They quarreled cruelly and lay awake half the night in silence, nursing their grievances and going over each barbed word and phrase. Frightened, they patched it up half-heartedly the next morning, though the topic of conversation did not conduce to cheerful and complete reconciliation.

"Prinko, the meat-market man, was here Wednesday, Web," said Anne during breakfast. "He was insolent. I told him you'd pay him next week. I wish you would, so we could trade somewhere else. And the grocer's getting careless. He hardly ever sends all I order now."

Web frowned.

"I'll see what I can do," he replied shortly.

He kissed her sketchily before going out into the cheerless drizzle that followed yesterday's sunshine. He signed up for the new car that day—the heedless gesture of a gambler.

"I kin whistle through my teeth," announced Edgar, the fat office boy. He demonstrated piercingly. "I kin spit through my teeth." He demonstrated astonishingly. "The Big Breeze wants to see you, Mr. Drew. He's in the Little Cheese's office."

"Really, Edgar!" remonstrated Web.

"He is a cheese, that coffin face," scowled Edgar, trotting a little to keep up. "He fired Miss Mallon yesteddy because she wouldn't stenog for him."

"Well, of course, the function of a stenographer is to stenog," pointed out Web.

A five-inch pine block sat in Edgar's pathway. He swung a thick leg with dexterous force. A thick, square-toed shoe propelled the block an unbelievable distance, like a football.

"Gool!" cried Edgar, and added, "Aw, bunk! You don't like him yourself, Mr. Drew."

On the desk reserved for President Denison in the Platinum office stood a full-rigged ship in glass, a brig cunningly blown and fashioned by old Tommy Palentot years ago. It was an ash tray. It dated to the struggling early times of the parent corporation when Denison's books were chronically in the red. He prized it greatly as a reminder of how far he had climbed. He dropped the gray cube from his cigar into the tiny hold of the ship. His underlip thrust itself out like a shelf of granite.

"Drew, why do you suppose I wired Croyle to send you on that lake cruise last week—so you could have a good time?"

"Why, no, sir; I ——"

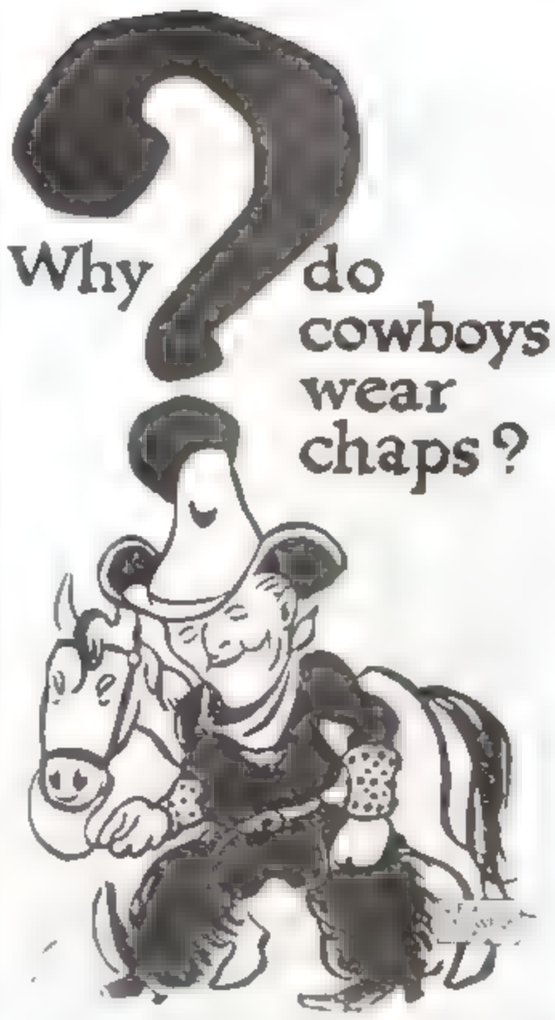
"Hah! Thought you did from the looks of your expense account. I sent you to sew up old Bakewell on next year's Swift business. You had every chance at him, and you fell down—flat. They write us they won't renew. The Academy plate mills will furnish wind shields for his measly tin buggies next year."

Bakewell—Austin W. Bakewell? That was the quiet little old man who sat alone up forward so much of the time, smoking and sunning himself. Why, he was down on the roster as the owner of a string of novelty stores in Ohio. No one said anything connecting him up with Swift motor cars. No one told him —— He looked at Croyle. The general manager, studiously avoiding his eye, stared out the window.

"But, Mr. Denison ——" began Web, and stopped. Croyle's hands shook as he lighted a cigarette.

"I don't want any alibis!" growled Denison. "You muffed it; spouting there all day won't change that. What he wanted was someone to talk pretty to him. He got his back up in a dispute over some broken plate. He's as stubborn as a bull and he slapped us in the face because you didn't have sense enough to knuckle." His voice changed ominously. "I treat you fellows well. There's no corporation anywhere with a more liberal policy. You're not limited on what you spend. You don't have to pike when you're out after business for me." He thumped the desk with his fat, hairy fist. "But you do have to get the business! Get it or ——"

Web opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again, no word uttered. What was the use? Croyle still averted his glance.



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He would deny any charge Web made. It was the inferior's word against the superior, with the superior already fortified. Web bowed stiffly and went out. He watched for the departure of Denison. When the president left in midafternoon Web went straight to Croyle's office. The general manager forestalled him.

"I know what you're going to say, Web," he began with apologetic haste. "I don't blame you for being sore. The fact is I had so many things on my mind last week I forgot all about Bakewell. He doesn't belong in our field at all. I don't understand why Mr. Denison didn't sick one of those plate-mill fellows onto him. But he didn't and it slipped my mind until after you left."

"The ship carried a radio outfit, you know," Web reminded him, unplacated. "Of course you were busy, though. There was all that entertaining to do."

He could not forgo the thrust; and when it was launched his sense of injury and resentment boiled up within him.

Croyle looked up quickly, obliquely, and kept his silence for a moment. Then he went on with a propitiatory smile, "Of course the old man didn't mean all he said. He's satisfied with your work here, and so am I. You're doing mighty well, Web. He couldn't—well, I wouldn't stand for his going over my head ——"

Web thrust his hands deep in his pockets and stared down at the general manager.

"—— to fire me?" he finished with a harsh laugh. "Maybe he won't have to fire me." The words tumbled forth hotly. "I may tell him to take his job and keep it. It isn't anything to cheer about. Why, you pay sand shovelers as much as you do me. There isn't another corporation in the country that's so niggardly with salaries to its white-collar men. He jumps on me without reason, without giving me a chance to explain. You sat there and saved your own skin at my expense. For two cents I'd go out and hunt me another place today."

Croyle said nothing, but his carefully propped mouth sagged a little. His fingers drummed unsteadily on the arms of his chair. He wet his loosened lips with the tip of his tongue. He seemed startled, shaken, moved out of all proportion to the importance of Web's words.

Web, striding off to the shipping department, found himself agitated and shamed. The childish, caddish words were unworthy of him; more unworthy the motive that prompted them. He could not silence the clamor within—the clamor which told him that he had voiced a threat, and that Croyle had interpreted the threat correctly.

Edgar found him as the first incandescents twinkled in the gloom of the big buildings with a message that Mr. Force, of the Urban Shore Bank, wanted to see him; he'd wait at the bank until Web came along. As Web entered the office the telephone operator called the same information, and added, "He says it's important."

Web drove through the busy, outlying town of Urban Shore Village, somewhat to the east of the direct route, on his way home. It was late dusk. The curtains of the bank balked curious eyes, but lights shone within and the door stood on the latch. Janitors worked on the stone floor. Oliver Force, the president, sat in his countered square at the left. Web pushed the ornate wooden gate open and entered.

"Hello, Force," he greeted lightly, "what's all the shootin'?"

They played considerable golf together; they ranked as more than passing acquaintances. But the golfer who fought him stoutly for a quarter a hole and the man who confronted him seemed to have little in common.

"Good evening, Mr. Drew," acknowledged Force formally. "I sent for you on rather a pressing matter."

"Go to it," invited Web, smiling.

The banker glanced at a pad on the desk. "Our books indicate you're overdue three hundred and seventy-six dollars and eighty-two cents, principal and interest, on the mortgage covering your house. Is that correct?"

"Why, I don't know," returned Web; "I suppose so. I'm leaving the figuring to you."

Force studied the memorandum with pursed lips for a little time. Then he asked, "Admitting this is correct, are you prepared to let us have the amount?"

"Why, no, not just this minute."

"Or any considerable part of it?"

"I've gotten a little behind this summer," explained Web, not smiling now. "But I'll keep up the payments during the winter."

"In case," said the banker, making a neat dot below each figure on the pad, "that you are not prepared to give us an assurance of immediate payment, the bank will be compelled to foreclose."

"To foreclose?" echoed Web in dismay. "Why, I'm going to pay, Force! I like the house. We're crazy about it. I've put all my money into it—every cent. But surely you're going to give us a chance. I never dreamed you'd hop on me so soon, just because I'm a few payments back."

"It is our custom to give more time," admitted Force; "but only when our interests are reasonably protected. Where the mortgagor has a good position ——"

"Don't you consider my job a good one?" interrupted Web.

"With the Platinum Glass Corporation?" asked the banker quickly.

"Nowhere else but," Web assured him with a weak attempt at levity.

"I understand you contemplate leaving. But if that isn't the fact ——"

The banker left the sentence unfinished.

Web considered. Croyle, of course; the fellow took his threat to quit seriously. His telephone message to the president of Platinum's bank started the screws to turning. If he left it seemed certain the bank would foreclose.

He might get back part of his original payment after the court costs were satisfied. But the home inevitably would be lost to them. How neatly they had cornered him! He dared not quit.

"Your information is twisted, Force," he told the banker dryly. "I'm still with Platinum Glass and expect to stay with them. It isn't more than two hours ago I was assured my work is very satisfactory, not only to Mr. Croyle but to Mr. Denison too."

The banker's first smile crossed his round face.

"Oh, well, if that's the case, Web, we'll forget it," he declared. "But we have to look after the interests of our stockholders. Still"—the smile broadened, as if he were about to impart a good joke—"it wouldn't hurt our feelings any, you know, if you made a payment once in a while."

"I might do that," agreed Web, suddenly buoyant and good-natured. The prospect of losing the little house far overshadowed troubles less tangible. So the removal of the cloud brought a passionate sense of relief. "I may slip you something now and then."

He went home to Anne. A month ago he would have told her all about the incident. Now he said nothing. Matters grew increasingly difficult at home. The latest quarrel left a film which darkened their relationship. They forgave each other, with qualifications; they did not forget. Croyle's name stuck in their throats. It was almost never mentioned any more, and then only with a painstaking and elaborate casualness that made it blightingly significant.

Web fell to brooding as the unsatisfactory evening wore on. Croyle held the whip. How cunningly he cracked it! How quickly and effectively he bestirred himself when Web threatened to leave Platinum! How easily he assured himself of Anne's proximity! Web's jaws set. He shrugged his shoulders as though to free them from the invisible net settling down upon them. His hands slowly clenched until the tendons in his wrists cracked.

"Thinks he's got me, I suppose," he mused. "Well, maybe he has. I can't quit. He can make me stay. But there are limits and he's pretty nearly reached them. I'll warn him tomorrow, and if he gets nasty ——"

He left the sentence uncompleted, but a fierce hope flashed that Croyle would get nasty.

The morrow put a different face on things. Croyle's buzzer rang as Web entered his own office.

"Good morning, Web," the general manager began. "There was an officer here a few minutes ago with some papers for you. A rotter by the name of Prinko seems to have garnisheed you."

Web's heart sank, leaving a sickening void where it had been. A dark-red flush of shame mounted his forehead. His parents, with little money, but sturdily honest, regarded a garnishment as the stigma of failure and disgrace. People of good faith, the sort you could rely on, were never garnisheed. Only the fly-by-nights, the unstable, the pettily crooked, in their creed, needed such a spur to their laggard financial transactions.

"Prinko a the—the butcher," stammered Web.

"I believe so," agreed Croyle, tactfully looking away. "The bill was for something like sixty-three dollars. That includes the costs. Of course, we can't stand for anything like that around here. I instructed the cashier to draw a check for the amount to your order and told the man to be back in an hour. It'll be charged against your account, but you needn't worry about it. Pay whenever you get ready." He handed Web a thick envelope.

"Thanks, Mr. Croyle," mumbled Web. "We—I—I just overlooked him for a few weeks; that's all."

The warning to Croyle to keep hands off his affairs melted into impossibility. With many corporations discharge automatically followed the serving of a garnishment. So Platinum Glass—and Croyle—weren't so bad, perhaps, after all.

"Hello, kid."

Web, weaving his way through the roar and grind and clatter of Jefferson Avenue traffic, stopped short at the salutation. Bill Stevens confronted him, a strange Bill, in unaccustomed good clothes, with hand outstretched and with more cordiality in his smile than for many a long day.

"Why, Bill!" He pumped the proffered hand vigorously. His eyes twinkled as he surveyed the other's get-up. "Why all the scenery? And who's barking at the guineas?"

"I don't know," drawled Bill. "I quit last week."

"You quit?" Web shot out the question in astonishment. "Here, let's find a place to get some lunch. You can tell me about it while we eat."

Bill took him by the elbow and steered him across the broad sidewalk to an enameled restaurant with white porcelain block letters on the broad expanse of plate-glass window.

"This'll do," he said. "Because you can't charge it up to Platinum, you know."

They sat down on either side of a small table with a milky-white, vitreous top and unfolded their paper napkins. A four-paddled electric fan, which looked like a double airplane propeller, creaked and whirred overhead. Dishes clinged and clanged on other small tables all about as the hungry stream milled in and secured food from the white-clad waitresses.

"Now," commanded Web.

"Nothing much to it," replied Bill. He interrupted himself to order. "Only," he went on, "they aimed to put a collar on me, and I wouldn't stand for it."

"Collar?"

"Yeah; a white one." Away from the plant Bill's dark grin seemed more genial. "Denison wanted to make me construction engineer for all their plants, with real coin attached. He got sore when I turned him down. So I walked out on him."

"But in heaven's name, man, why did you turn it down?"

Bill broke a roll and buttered it.

"The wife and babies," he said simply. "I didn't want to spend half my nights away from them, surgin' around the country in Pullmans. They're cute kids, Web, and I want to enjoy them as much as I can while they're young."

A pang struck to Web's heart. Anne had said something with the same words in it not so long ago, but with a lot different sentiment. They both wanted children; hoped when they left the apartment that the children would come to the little house. But the country club, big hotel, bridge, dinner dance held her now. She said she wanted to enjoy herself while she was young. That was it—enjoy herself; not children. He sighed.

"How about your Platinum stock?"

Bill grinned.

"I think that gave old Denny an acute pain. I sold it for thirty-two dollars a share more than I paid. Made me quite a little stake."

"Good for you!" Web smiled in sympathy. He added, in spite of himself, "There were other reasons for quitting, Bill?"

Bill looked at him curiously before replying.

"Why, yes. To tell the truth, Web, I was afraid of the old swindle sheet—the expense account. I joshed you and Joe Sheridan and some of the other boys. But the harder they are the bigger the crash, when they do fall."

"But how—why?" persisted Web.

(Continued on Page 44)

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You men who are entering routine transactions on the "books," handling routine correspondence, filling routine orders, checking routine payments—do you ever wonder in what direction you are drifting?

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"I had long since decided that I was unfit for office routine, but I had never raised my head high enough above my bookkeeper's desk to see opportunity ahead. My sight was keen enough when it came to detecting the fellows with "pull" who were getting all the breaks, but [illegible] were only breaks in the chain of routine and low-powered jobs.

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[illegible]

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Bill's glance carried the old ironic asperity.

"I always supposed you had ordinary intelligence, kid. Figure it out for yourself. If you don't see it I'll be darned if I blue print it for you. But if it ever does come to you let me know."

Looking past Bill, Web saw a girl come out of the kitchen, a tall girl, rather pretty. She carried a heavy tray. Web started slightly at sight of her. She saw him, too; she faltered for an instant and a painful flush covered her face. Then, recovering her poise, she went on to serve a patron on the other side of the large and noisy room.

They talked of various things until the meal ended. Just before they parted on the sidewalk, Web asked, "What are your plans, Bill?"

"The construction game for myself," Bill answered promptly. "Going to take a little rest and look the field over. I need a partner to handle the books and the pay roll, though he's got to give me some help out on the job too. Have to start pretty small, you see, and pare the overhead to the bone.

"Got my eye on some likely fellows. I'll close with one of them before long. Then"—he smiled in wicked enjoyment—"I'll take the best of my guineas away from Platinum and grab me some inside contracts for the winter. By spring I'll have the organization all smoothed out. And then for the big stuff!"

They shook hands, and Bill dropped into the turbulent current, now setting strongly uptown. Web stood in indecision, pinching his lower lip between thumb and finger for a little time. Then he turned and went back into the restaurant.

Life, Web told himself in surprise, refused to be like a novel or a play. It neglected to travel along a plain highroad to a logical climax. On the stage and between book covers things did not halt and digress. They happened and kept on happening until the big bomb exploded and blew everything to kingdom come or into a new and much more desirable adjustment. But with him life seemed to stop. All the materials for drama, even tragedy, existed. As one thought about it, it seemed impossible to prevent, or even delay, climacteric action. Yet here they, the actors, and the elements of action, remained in suspension like—well, like walnut meats in gelatin. Time went on, but it passed them by.

Apparently he and Anne returned to their former footing. Yet it was so only in the seeming. An invisible barrier erected by their quarrels, a little resentment persisting in their hearts, kept them apart.

Visitors came to Platinum. They entertained them as usual with golf and dinner and theater parties. Croyle did not make one of the groups. They saw him no more in the evenings. During the day things went on as in the past at the office. He and Web consulted smoothly over matters of routine. They strove for the normal mien.

Time seemed to have set the clock of the weather and forgotten it too. Indian summer tucked them in its luxurious comfort. The sun rose in a cloudless sky each morning on a white-frost world. As it mounted the fairylike tracery disappeared and the warmth mocked at heavy coats. The wind never blew. Out Urban Shore way a purple haze wrapped the low-lying hills in lovely mystery. Toward evening the delicious air needled in the nostrils like champagne. Leaves rustled crisply underfoot.

From the time of Web's promotion the Drews and the Sheridans spent their Sundays together. Sometimes they went to the Old Lakes Club, a brown-shingled castle standing on myriads of piles above Lake St. Clair, where the French chef served masterly chicken and frog-leg dinners. Sometimes the ferry took them to Windsor, and they motored off between the fat fields of Ontario to stiff little English-American villages. When the weather threatened they spent the day at one home or the other, with a run downtown in the evening for a movie. On occasion they went to a band concert on the crowded island.

On what proved to be the last Indian-summer Sunday they packed lunch baskets and drove upcountry. They avoided the overcrowded pavements with their crawling lines of cars. They sought graveled byways, esteemed as boulevards twenty years ago, but now almost disregarded. By a leisurely roundabout they came to Garden Lake, deep blue and satiny smooth except when the lazy leap of a feeding fish sent the ripples chasing one another shoreward. Grass, still green and luxuriant, invited them to a tiny plateau twenty feet above the water. Most of the thick grove of trees near by stood with bare limbs, but a lone and lordly maple burned crimson, every leaf in place and painted with the master artistry of Nature.

A slow pace ate the time. It was noon when Joe stopped the car in these satisfying surroundings. The women, chattering gayly, spread the cloth and unpacked the baskets. The day invited confidences. Joe and Web, sitting a little way distant, talked intimately; talked with pauses between the sentences, the needless things unsaid, as men who know and like each other well leave them unsaid.

"Well, Web, how's everything going?" queried Joe, his lips curved in their perpetually imminent promise of a smile. He smoothed fruitlessly the thick outstanding lock on the top of his head. "Seems to me you've been sort of hectic lately."

"I have, Joe. My job—oh, no, not the job, but the things that go with it—well, they're crowding me a little. You know; jams and mix-ups."

"Certainment! I know. The office chatter has it old Denny rode you for muffing the Swift windshield contract when it wasn't your play at all; you should have had an assist from Croyle."

"That's about it."

"And Croyle charged you up with his error."

"Well, yes; he did."

"Don't you mind it, young fellow me lad. Carlos the Bold is a weak sister. He's as bad off as we are."

"As we are?"

"Sure!" Joe smiled. "Slaves of the industrial system of Ripley Denison. But what else is on your chest?"

"A lot of things." Web plucked spears of grass moodily. "My salary doesn't get anywhere at all any more. And here I've gone and bought a new car. I can't afford it. How in thunder am I going to pay for it?"

Joe, leaning back against a tree, dreamily watched his cigarette smoke curl upward.

"Like this sort of thing, Web—your job and all, I mean?"

Web considered.

"Not particularly. A lot of grief with it. Sometimes I wonder if it wouldn't be better to get out. In fact, I've thought pretty seriously about it. But if I did I'd have to start at the bottom somewhere else and lose all I've gained here.

"Joe, if you were in my place, just exactly what would you do?"

"Well, of course, more or less I am in your place; only I'm older and have been in it longer. But if I were you, and knew as much as I do now, I'd quit."

"It would cost us the house," rejoined Web thoughtfully. "That means back to an apartment again. We couldn't afford a car. And we'd see about one good show every three months, if we were lucky. We'd never get out to eat except at a cheap restaurant. No dancing; no golf; I'd have to give up the University Club. Gosh, Joe, it'd be tough!"

"Sure! I know. Hard to stay and hard to cut loose. How about Anne? Would she like the simple life again?"

"She certainly would not!"

Unconsciously a little of bitterness crept into Web's reply. Joe shook his head.

"That's not so good. Well, you asked for advice. I gave it to you." He grinned. "Now I'll show you the other side of it—not what I say, but what I do. I stick along and don't worry any more than I have to, and let everything slide."

"You mean ——"

"Sure! Why not? A man can't do what he can't do. We pay our bills as long as our money lasts, or as long as we don't need it for something else. You see, if I get in too deep I know the company'll pull me out."

"It pulled me out once," admitted Web, thinking of the garnishment proceedings.

"Uh-huh. There are a lot of good things about old Platinum Glass, Web. So long as a man does his work he has a life job. We have a pretty liberal pension system too. You don't starve."

"But you don't get anywhere," objected Web fiercely. "How many white-collar men around the Platinum mills have got a dollar laid by? How many aren't in debt? It's a damned unsatisfactory way of living, I'd say."

His scowl grew deeper. Joe's placid good humor remained untouched.

"Answering your first question—very few. Answering your second—practically none. And to your observation, Web"—he snapped the butt of his cigarette from his finger nail and watched it until the arc ended far away in the grass—"I might say that any way of living is more or less unsatisfactory."

Anne whistled mess call, the tripping notes as clear and liquid as those of a mocking bird. She enjoyed the country, expanding under its influence like a kitten that basks in the sunshine. She sat cross-legged opposite Web, the tablecloth between them. A red bandanna handkerchief, jauntily fashioned into a cap, perched asiant on her head. The ends of her bobbed hair curled upward about it. She wore a string of great amber beads and her white blouse was strikingly figured with red and black dots in odd designs. Her mouth was mirthful, her deep-gray eyes cool and bright. She looked like a gypsy, the queen of the gypsies, for whom the young men of the tribe readily might knife one another. She looked in tune with the day; she seemed approachable and kissable.

Web dropped on hands and knees, intending to crawl bear fashion to her and test whether she was really what she seemed. And there crossed his mind the vision of a brilliantly lighted dining room; their table; Croyle, bending from the hips, smiling above her; Anne smiling up at him, rising to dance. He abandoned the thought of youthful experiments and sat up again sulkily.

"Happy days!" murmured Joe, his mouth full. "Jelly sandwiches. Takes me back to the farm again. Didn't know that's where we got our start, did you, boys and girls?"

The smile faded from Hallie Sheridan's face. She leaned forward and spoke with passionate intensity, her voice little more than a whisper, "I—I wish we were back there, Joe!"

"So do I, Hallie," he answered lightly, as one who repeats the only answer to a known formula.

"Can't we go back?" The Drews no longer existed. Nothing existed except primitive woman pleading with her man. Her face seemed suddenly to grow beautiful. "There's only we two. It wouldn't take much to keep us. Get away from"—her blue-veined white hand gestured in weary loathing—"everything!"

"Can't be done, Hallie," her husband replied, almost negligently. His tone was gentle. "It's twenty-five years; might as well be twenty-five million." The quirky smile trembled on his lips. "Little ones, the boy bootlegger of Platinum will now recite some poetry:

"And the day wears on and the tide runs on
and the river runs to the sea.
They bear us forth, be we glad or loath,
wherever our hearts may be.
And the river runs and the day wears on,
no matter how hearts may yearn;
For always the water flows under the bridge,
and never do rivers turn."

He made a pistol of his thumb and forefinger and pointed it at Anne's serious face.

"Didn't know it was in me, did you, little Annie?"

His wife caught the hand in both her own.

"Couldn't we, Joe—couldn't we?" she asked pitifully.

"With that? That'd look fine holding a plow, now wouldn't it?" He held his hand up and turned it back and forth whimsically. "All that's good for is signing expense accounts.

"Hallie, I had no business coming away without some cocktails. You pretty near disgrace us when you're sober." They laughed involuntarily; there was no sting in his raillery. "By the way, Web, speaking of cocktails, my peerless bootlegger is showing his feet of mud. He's jumped the price of gin to fifteen dollars a bottle. Yes, sir!"

Hallie woke again to the presence of the Drews.

"We have a little farm down in New Jersey," she explained. "Of course it isn't all paid for. We worked it the first two years we were married. We were so happy! Father and mother live on it now."

"This back-to-the-farm theory sounds all right," remarked Joe, taking another jelly sandwich. "But in practice it's—well, it's a mess. How, I ask you, could you get good liquor in the wilds of Jersey?"

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Superior 4-Pass. Coupe	725
Superior Sedan	795
Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Light Delivery	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

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"Keeps the skin ..."

By the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps

THE PRIDE OF A CHAMPION

(Continued from Page 11)

everything, and we would do well to go while the going was good. I heard a train whistling in the woods and I determined to light out.

"Sorry, folks," I said, "but we got to pull our freight. If you don't mind we will hop aboard the approaching train."

"Oh, Peter!" argued George.

"Will you be back tonight for the banquet?" they asked.

"Will we?" I said, and I left it with them to guess the answer.

They gave us a great send-off. The last thing I saw out of the car window was good old Wesley.

"Hi, Wes!" I yelled for devilment. "Give my very best to the judge, you old snuff-eating hyena!"

"Reckon I will!" he called back, tickled to be noticed.

The cars loafed along while George and I lay back on the red plush and caught our second wind. We did not discuss the affair; it beat all we'd ever seen, and we've been around quite a piece.

Alongside the right of way ran a road. When we were about five miles out of town I saw a man running along this road in his undies. He looked as played out and disgusted as George and I had been, but he kept pegging away. And after we passed him we saw another chap coming, and he also was attired in a suit of washables.

"This is very queer, Peter," said George. "It seems to be a custom of the country. What in heck is the idea?"

"It is the big cross-country Marathon," said a fellow passenger. "All the towns roundabout have men entered in it. That fellow we just passed is Golightly, the famous New York athlete. They are running from Smithers Corners to Locust Center, which is just twenty-six miles."

"Twenty-six miles!" said George, getting up. "Can it be? How time flies! Why, Peter, that is the race I won! It certainly seemed to me to be a far distance, but I did not think it was any twenty-six miles. Well, well, a man never knows his own strength until he tries, and that is a fact."

He had put his medal in his pocket, not wanting to have it picked off him in that crowd at Locust Center, but now he took it out and pinned it on his chest and was all swelled. He told the conductor about it and let him feel the calves of his legs when the conductor came around for the fares, and I had to dig down to my money belt.

George and I rode ten miles and got out and took a walk and caught a trolley. We stayed on it until dark and rode halfway across the state, but I could not get enough of watching those telegraph poles glide by. We kept going until we got into a country where people gave George a nickel every time he showed them his medal, and asked him what battle it was, and said it was a burning shame the way they treated old soldiers.

They were nice people, and it was the carnival season in those parts—meaning what you might call a country fair—so George and I decided to hang around. We picked up a game of dogs from a sheriff and made the rounds. Anybody who knocked down one of our dogs would get a dollar, and he could have three more chances for another quarter, and could keep after that dollar if he pegged away all day. I mean to say that it wasn't a push-over to knock down one of our dogs; they were a great line of mutts, and they would duck a punch and come back full of fight. Wooden dogs, you understand, with a lead base. I did most of the ballyhooing, as George couldn't stop telling people about his medal. He had a sign put up saying, George McMonigle, Champion Marathon Runner of the World! George was one of these natural comedians, and to listen to him telling about how fleet-footed he was would make one of the dogs laugh, but George never cracked a smile.

Well, he couldn't get away with that sort of thing in those surroundings without drawing fire. In a metropolis called Cow Neck we ran into one of these sporting barbers. I don't know what there is about barbers' work that makes them so game; but that's how many of them are, and this little shaver wanted to know. His name was Weirich, and the next time I meet a man called Weirich I will hit him. I took this little fellow into my confidence and told him that when George spoke about his exploits he had an impediment in his speech and couldn't say half. I said it all, liking a josh.

"I got two dollars that says he can't run no twenty-six miles in no two hours," he said.

"Listen, friend," I said, "do you expect a man to run twenty-six miles for two dollars?"

"Not for my two dollars, I don't," he said. "Because he can't do it. The both of you can't. You can run with him if you like."

He got nasty about it, and I offered to fight him and settle the question then and there if George wasn't a bona fide champion, but he wouldn't agree. He rambled around, talking about us and calling us a pair of cheap fakers, and we didn't do much business. Seeing that the carnival was just beginning, we were going to lose a whole lot more than two dollars, and he knew it and was egging us on. Then he went along to say that he didn't believe Zbyszko the great wrestler could knock one of our dogs down, not unless he got a hammer lock on the mutt and pinned his shoulders to the mat, and that was coming very near home. He had taken unwarranted offense at some remark I had made to him, and he certainly gave us a lovely steaming; and we could not do a dollar's worth of business, although we both got out and scratched like two men with the barber's itch. Come lunch time, I went around to see this barbarian to coax him off, and I saw his flivver standing under a tree where he lived up the road. I opened his tool chest and got out a hammer and a nail, and I knocked a hole in his tin tank and stuck in a match, and then my blood was up and I went in to see him, but not to call him off. I told him to get together his two dollars and appoint a committee of stakeholders, because the race would happen at four o'clock that afternoon. George would run from Cow Neck to Tail End, and the barber agreed that was about twenty-six miles. Then I went back and took a spin in the side car that we used to get around, and I returned and broke the tidings of the big event to George.

"Do you think I can do it in two hours?" he said, looking at me.

"You can do it standing on your head," I said, winking at him. "But why cheapen yourself by breaking a world's record for two dollars?" And I explained the device to him. He said it would be less trouble.

Four o'clock came around, and there was George standing on the scratch in his unmentionables and looking like a fine bet for anchor man in a tug of war. He kept lifting up on his toes and blowing out his chest and he weakened a lot of people; he looked like he was getting ready for the broad jump.

"Keep back now, neighbors," I said. "No interference. Get those kids out of the way or they'll get run over and hurt. He's a slow starter, but when he gets going he will run wild. Everybody will stay right here and we'll get the returns over the telephone."

"Not much, we won't stay here," said the men who had pieces of the barber's end. "We're going along!"

I argued the matter with them, and explained that gas fumes would choke George's wind, but they had their way, and I finally gave in and said that one car could follow along at a respectful distance, providing it was the barber's. Well, that was his own idea. So I pulled the match out while they were firing the pistol and four of us piled in and started after friend George.

They clocked him the first half mile and he did it in two minutes flat, which was good for George, but not a record-breaking performance, and they got rather witty. George was beginning to get footsore, and I got nervous and wondered if it was true, what the advertisement said, that a flivver will run without gas if it is first wound up very tight. This one wouldn't, at any rate, and the first thing we knew it lay down cold while George went marching on. We took turns in cranking it for half an hour while I replaced the match and broke it off short, and then someone discovered there was no gas in the tank. We ran the flivver at a trot to the nearest gas station half a mile away and then we filled up and started bouncing after George. But I knew we wouldn't catch him. Our side car could beat a flivver on the level and didn't need any half hour's time allowance. I had left it parked around the bend, with a raincoat for George, and when we got to Tail End the local doc had George flat on his back and was restoring him, and the side car was parked again just outside town. This was a quarter after five, and everybody said it was the tallest running they had ever heard tell of, and that McMonigle boy must be a professional. Twenty-six miles in an hour and five minutes!

"Do we win?" I said to the barber.

"I reckon," he said gloomily.

It was a miracle, but he didn't see why he should be the one to pay the two dollars for it. George came back with us in the flivver, lying back and breathing hard, with glazed eyes. I figure he'd run about a mile and a half all told, but then they do say that the man who started this Marathon business fell dead over the tape. I dare say friend George could have beaten him all hollow. George would have fallen dead in one more furlong, or about thirteen times in all.

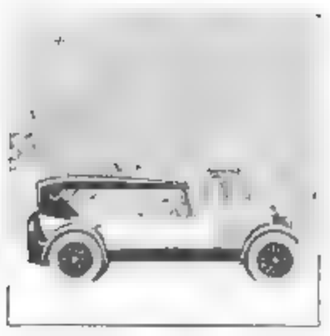
Business was nothing to complain about during the rest of our stay in Cow Neck. The people couldn't do enough for us, and they had our dogs sinking and bobbing up again like red apples in a Halloween tub. The people stood in rows waiting to throw, and some that couldn't get up to the counter stood across the street and threw stones. But I think that was mostly the barber, though I couldn't catch him at it. We paid out four dollars hard cash in prizes, and had to replace four dogs that were battered into submission, so I leave it to you to imagine the money we took. I don't want to meet any better people than those Cow Neckers. George was a big free attraction in himself. He'd get out several times a day and run up and down the street to keep himself fit, and he was always taking a handful of nickels and running over to the lung-testing machine and seeing how many pounds he could blow. He ate minced steak raw and did morning exercises, reaching down for his knees to see if he could touch them.

He sent a quarter of the firm's money up to New York for a sporting guide and wised himself up on athletic records. He spent much time brooding over this book. His name wasn't in it anywhere, although the best time for the Marathon that he read of was around two hours and a half. He pretended to be insulted about it, and he carried the joke so far as to have people write up to the New York papers and demand an explanation why George was slighted. He might have known what he would get in any event, and that was the raspberry. These New Yorkers think all the fast time outside Madison Square Garden is made by the watches, and they would not put an outlander's name in their book if he ran half an hour in twenty-five minutes. But George loaded up with these athletic records until he could tell you who won the buck-and-wing championship of the Pegleg Athletic Association, and who came in second when Bryan made his best run for President, and who won the three dollars for casting the biggest sinker into the flounder at the meet of the Jolly Five Fishing Club. My argument is like Henry Ford's, that things are put down in books so people needn't bother to remember them; and what is the sense of having a book when you know what's in it?

But George was different, and he kept looking up new records to beat, and trained faithfully to perfect his form, and practiced sprints and starts. He concentrated for a while on the hundred-yard dash, which is the blue ribbon of the speed boys, and he got so good he could do it in nine seconds flat without running more than halfway. He could take nimble young boys and give them a head start of a hundred yards on a circular track, and he would run after them so fast that they were taking his dust behind him before he had run two hundred feet. But the Marathon still remained his favorite dish, and he had red silk stripes sewed down the legs of his lingerie and had a special pair of running shoes built for him with lean-tos to house his bunions. And never so much as a smothered laugh out of him. He was a dry fellow.

We played Cow Neck for a return engagement on Jefferson Davis' birthday that year and George went topping. Everybody allowed, after listening to George, that there was no use talking, and there was one thing the Yanks could do, and that was

(Continued on Page 48)



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Prices at Detroit

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To remove ice cream, hold Container under cold water [illegible] for a few seconds Then remove [illegible]

eat more ice cream

(Continued from Page 46)

run. I rigged up a canvas and they paid a dime apiece to watch George skip the rope, and it was worth the price, and it was a mean man would stand outside and listen to him for nothing. There was one stranger in town—a tall man with a melancholy face and a race-track suit—and he couldn't seem to get tired of George, and he paid four dimes in a row, and I thought we'd made an admirer of him for life and was figuring on selling him a season ticket. When what does this same customer do but walk out, sneering coldly, and announce that he is a sports promoter from New York come to sign George up, and in his opinion the pride of Cow Neck is a false alarm and a never-waser and couldn't run twenty-six miles down an aisle aboard the Cannon Ball Express.

Well, all George's adherents went for this sorehead to call him, and challenged him to get up on a public platform and debate the topic with George. He wouldn't do that, but he went right on maintaining his opinion, and he offered to race George himself if somebody would hold his new straw hat and be there when he came back. They offered to bet him any amount; but he said he wasn't a betting man, but he would give George fifty dollars of his own money if he would run over to Tail End in two hours. That struck everybody as a proposition we couldn't refuse and be reasonable, and they came down to our deadfall and put it up to us. And they showed signs of cooling off toward us when I said that George wasn't a betting man, either, because they remembered what a slashing race he had run for the barber's two dollars. And I figured it was our move.

While I was racking my brains for an out this fellow Weirich comes around to the back of the tent and asks for a moment's quiet conversation. He wets his lips and he says to me, "Rook, there's a sight of money rearing to go in this town."

"What do you mean?" I said sternly.

"Come over here," he said, leading me astray. "Rook, there's all of a thousand dollars in this town ready to go hook, line and bobber on George McMonigle on the proposition that he can run over to Tail End in two hours."

"It won't do us any good," I said. "There isn't any money that says he can't, is there?"

"Not now, there isn't," he says. "But there could be. What do you say?"

"What do you mean?" I demanded again, not so sternly, because he gave me food for thought.

"Suppose McMonigle pulled a tendon and didn't come in under two hours?" he said, keeping away in case I leaped at him in anger. "Accidents will happen. I know where the money can be put out under cover, and it will be some clean-up."

"Get away from me!" I said, grasping the full iniquity of what he proposed. "And don't let anybody see you talking to me from now until the race is in. The idea of coming here and making me a proposition like that! We part company right here, Weirich, and I don't want you to cross my path until I meet you in the woods behind your house inside of twenty minutes!"

I hated to double-cross the people like that after the way they'd treated us; but I saw that George was getting too famous, and sooner or later they would hear of him in Locust Center and want to know. And a thousand dollars is nice money. On second thought, it wouldn't be double-crossing our friends, either, since I doubted that George could run over to Tail End in any two hours if he sprung his legs—not if they had to be two consecutive hours, that is. So I laid a plot, and I told the barber to go out and bargain for odds and the race would come off the following day, and to see that the bets were paid when the returns came in over the wire from Tail End. Then I told George how things were.

"Oh, Peter," he said, "I don't like to do a thing like that. Why don't we go get the fifty dollars and be satisfied?"

"We can get them," I said, "if you will run from here to Tail End in two hours."

"I done it before," he said.

"With the help of the old bus, you did," I said. "This sports promoter looks to me like a pretty fly mug, and I wouldn't want to try to work that game on him twice. If we reach for his money we are going to burn our fingers. It is easier to take the local coin, and more profit. Honesty is the best policy in the long run, George, and I will not be party to any dishonest scheme to forward you to Tail End inside of two hours. They will be giving you the mail contract next, as the train time is three hours and ten minutes."

"The mail contract?" he says.

"Yes," I says, joshing him. "You mightn't mind the letters, but how about the parcels post? I tell you what, George, you leave this to me. You know that place where you found the side car waiting the other day? Well, when the race comes off, you run out of town and you dive into the woods at that point, pretending you're going to do a little cross-country for variety; you'll find your clothes waiting. Put them on and remain in strict seclusion until I come by after dark with the side car. Then we'll lam back here, collect our money and blow. Do you gather the purport?"

"But how do I get to Tail End?"

"You don't," I said. "I'll take care of everything and let you down easy. Do what you're told and don't try to use your brains—I mean your head."

"Very well, Peter," he said heavily. "Whatever you say."

The race was coming off at five o'clock next day, so George could have the benefit of the cool of the evening and be hard to find. I explained that to him. He said it was wise, and that he didn't favor exerting himself under a strong sun. I had another private conference with the barber and told him to watch out for George, and then I took the side car and departed.

There was no sense in telling Weirich what was on my mind; he would not give us so much credit—six hundred dollars' worth—if he knew that George could not make the time in any case.

I went out and spent the night at a road house. Next day, towards afternoon, I chugged on towards Tail End, taking a dirt track. I didn't go all the way into the town, but parked the side car in the bush and doffed my wearing apparel and climbed into George's second-best racing togs. They were a little tight, but I had some safety pins, so that was all right. I looked at my wrist watch and saw that it was just seven o'clock.

My plan of campaign was quite simple and was founded on our experience at Locust Center. I would come pelting into Tail End, doing an impersonation of George McMonigle, the great flyer. George and I looked somewhat alike, and in our running togs we looked more than somewhat. It was dollars to Chinese nickels that I would get away with it for as long as was necessary; nobody in town knew George, outside of seeing him that once. If I got a very bad break, and if the worst came to the worst, I would admit that I was only pacing George and he would be along any time now. But that was the short end of ten to one, and the risk had to be taken; George McMonigle had to register at Tail End or there would be an inquest. So I took a good breath and I started running for the church steeple of Tail End off there beyond the neck of woods.

I speeded up, too, figuring the townsmen would like to see George fighting it out to the last jump. The sun was going down according to schedule, but it had left enough behind it to start the juice oozing, and I was in a fine lather when I hit Central Avenue. There was a big turnout and they gave me a great hand, yelling their heads off as I tore over the cobblestones toward the tape. They caught hold of me and they clapped me on the back and nearly shook my hands off, and how they did laugh! I took to laughing, too, being much relieved for getting away with my act.

"Well, Mac," they said, "you certainly ran a great race!"

"Didn't quite break the record, though, this time," I said modestly.

That set them off again.

"Reckon not," they said, and then they shouted over that. "Hey, Cal! Hey, Lyme! He says he didn't quite break the record!"

They were good-humored about it—too blamed good-humored, if anything, and I would have been better pleased if they condoled with me over my poor showing; but that was better than things might have been.

"Call up Cow Neck, will you?" I said to the chief constable. "They'll want to know."

"That's right, Mac," he says. "Clean forgot Cow Neck in the joy of seeing you. They've been calling up all day!" And he starts for the drug store.

But then he stops and looks down the street where everybody is pointing, and I look, too, and whom do I see coming but George McMonigle! The only original George McMonigle, positively appearing in person. He has on his running togs with the red silk stripe, and he is coming as though he is jagged. I can see that friend George thinks he is running very swiftly. He is working his arms and throwing his feet and his face is one mass of grim resolution, but he is not running swiftly, no. He is being propelled. Behind him is an automobile, with the melancholy stranger in the seat, and George is resting the rear half of him on the cowcatcher.

But he kept coming; he tottered and skidded up to the finish line and then he sat down. It was a very bad conjuncture of affairs, but I give you my word I forgot everything for a moment and felt proud of George. I knew that he had run every foot of the way over from Cow Neck, and it was not yet half past seven. I knelt down beside him and put my arm under his head and lifted him up, and I said to him, "It's a fix, George, old pal, but don't you care. You ran a race that will go down in American history. You tied the world's record, old boy, and there's nothing phony about it this time."

"Did I, Peter?" he said feebly. "Well, I done my best. Sorry, Peter, that I had to change the plan, but I couldn't go through with it. You don't understand, Peter, how a man like me feels about these things. I got pride in my reputation, Peter. Something inside me here, Peter, told me to go on; the heart of a champion, Peter. I couldn't quit. I couldn't do what you asked me to—I just couldn't! So I made a great race, did I? Get me a pail of water, old scout, and let us go somewhere and get breakfast."

"Breakfast!" I said, sensing the terrible truth.

"What did he ask you to do?" said the man in the race-track suit, nudging George on the other side.

"To dive in the bushes outside of Cow Neck," said George, closing his eyes.

The trusty shrugged his shoulders and struck with a club at a fly on an ox's withers.

"But it was really an extraordinary performance!" I urged. "To think of an untrained man running twenty-six miles in less than two hours and a half!"

"He was trained enough," mumbled the trusty, chewing his cigar butt. "Too darned trained. It went to his head. The race-track tout was a dick sent out to look us over, and he'd been through Locust Center. He took me back there and gave me to Weeley, and I met the judge after all. Six months or good behavior. He let George go, and I never could reason why. He ought to have been burned. He run that race in exactly fourteen hours and twenty-four minutes."

"How's that? I thought ——"

"He started at five o'clock in the morning so as to avoid the heat of the day. He remembered that part of what I'd said. But his pride in his great reputation is what dumped me. It made me what I am today. Yes, sir, I'm atoning for the deadly sin of pride. Thanks for the smokes."

"The same to you for the story. It was a pathetic thing. Shall I see you again?"

"If you patronize the carnivals," he said, winking. "My stretch is done tomorrow. So long, brother, so long!"

ADVENTURES IN POLITICS

(Continued from Page 21)

commonwealth, the machine inducts readily into its hierarchy as willing soldiers who follow blindly the word of the district leader. Naïve, ignorant, eager to "Americanize," they are proud to belong to the machine; they believe it represents democracy, America—and all the more so because its discipline and rigid hierarchy, with the big boss up at the top, bear a strange haunting resemblance to the Old World autocracies of which they have been a part.

(Continued on Page 50)

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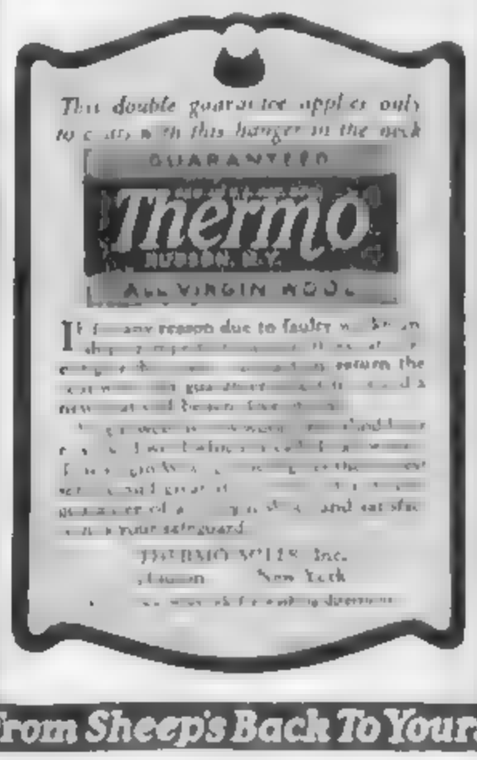

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

(Continued from Page 48)

Thus we behold the paradox of these new, ignorant members of the commonwealth taking their first lessons in democracy, in self-government in the school of the machine, which, both in its principles and its practice, is an abrogation of democratic self-government. And that these immigrants prove apt pupils in this school is revealed by the fact that the overwhelming majority of the little bosses and local leaders in the teeming foreign quarters, and very often the big top boss himself, are the children of foreign immigrants and have been taught in their plastic years machine politics and machine loyalty as if it were a religion. Finally there is the vicious element; always an active group in a large metropolis and willing to barter votes for protection to ply their trades.

This, then, in dim, shadowy outline, is the economic and social layout of a great metropolis which provides the necessary elements for the successful establishment of the machine. Economic resources there must be that the boss may keep his hired men paid, in offices, contracts, protection, power, prestige, or whatever his little bosses and satraps, often fighting like cats and dogs among themselves, may demand. It is the rule of a good leader never to send his adherents away with a broken heart; feed them on something—if not on actual loaves and fishes, then promises of bigger loaves and fatter fishes in the future.

And secondly, diverse social elements there must be, a mixed electorate which the boss can manipulate. Each group has its own weakness—the so-called better element its negligence and apathy, the poorer class its dire necessities, the immigrants their ignorance, and the criminals their vice. And controlling them by their weaknesses, the boss weaves these various elements into a steel cable by which he pulls an entire powerful community after him, a prisoner to his will, even as in olden days his prototype used to drag vanquished kings in the dust of his chariot wheels.

So much for the social and economic backgrounds which foster the establishment of a machine. And now let us have a look at its internal works, note its constituent parts and how it becomes intrenched in power. Boiled down, there are three factors involved. First of all, there is the hierarchy of the machine itself—or the organization as it proudly miscalls itself—all the little local leaders, bosses, captains with their corps of loyal henchmen, spreading out like a vast yet finely organized web, and with the big boss sitting at the center controlling its strategy. Each little boss delivers his people to the boss higher up and demands his pay for his loyal henchmen below; each one is loyal, both to his chiefs higher up and to the boys below—unless or until he and his adherents do not receive their just portion of the spoils.

Meet the Boss

The second factor involved is the electorate of the city, its voting population, the diverse elements of which have been already described. The third factor is provided by the elected officials of the city, which in a machine-owned community, consist of available candidates slated by the machine, subject to its allegiance.

Of this great trio, the electorate, the city officials and the machine, the first two walk openly and play their parts, good or bad, before the eyes of men. Their successes, their failures, their tragedies and dishonors are visible to all. But the third member of the trinity, the machine, has a modest and retiring disposition. Brains of the combination as it is, it shrinks from being hailed as such. It hides behind the petticoats of the peepul, the officials or the political party of which it has captured the works.

And now—meet the boss! Meet him in the process of making while he is still on his way to the top. It is down in the teeming foreign colonies, where the poor, the ignorant but honest overseas immigrants jostle elbows with the worthless, the vicious and criminal elements from the four corners of the earth—that appears to be the most favorable soil for the production of the political boss. Here, at all events, the overwhelming majority are born. Usually they are of humble origin, children of foreign-born immigrants. Their school education is slight, rarely reaching beyond the bare rudiments; some of them have not been able to speak English grammatically or to spell. We see them starting out as bartenders, newsboys or workers in shipyards. Often in their early days they have been members of tough neighborhood gangs and have fought their way up to ascendancy over these virile young wildcats, thugs and gunmen by sheer physical prowess and what is known in their own terminology as guts. A boss must have guts, for if he lacks them he is downed at the very outset of his upward climb.

Some of these young embryo bosses have shown marked leadership qualities in handling, licking into political shape and delivering these gangs to the captains of their districts. Such leadership qualities imply not only great physical powers—for a gang leader must be able to jump in at an instant's notice and thrash to a pulp any mutinous member of his crowd—but they also, and even more, imply courage, personal magnetism, headwork, knowledge of human stuff, and more particularly its weaknesses, by means of which it may be bent to a stronger will.

The above are outstanding characteristics of a successful boss which he acquires in his upward climb. He may be short on education, short on speechifying, on history, statesmanship, moral principles or general ideas. These are not his specialties. But he knows men—or, more specifically, he knows the weaknesses, the pettiness, the baseneses of men; and these he uses as a wrestler uses the terrific toe grip to bring his antagonist to terms. He knows how to combine, dissolve, fuse or antagonize factions, to put down rebellion with a laugh or with a blow on the mouth. He is ruthless, keen, self-centered—he has to be to survive; and yet by his magnetism, his shrewdness, he is already beginning to be all things to all men.

A Long, Hard Climb

This little boss, through his job or his affiliations in the neighborhood and with his gang, picks up control of a few votes; these he gives, or rather trades, to the district machine leader, who uses him for what he is worth. This is the first step up. He goes out after other votes. Maybe he is instrumental in getting immigrants to naturalize; he shows them the ropes, finds them lawyers, jobs, introduces them to a cheap undertaker; and, in short, makes them feel human and of some account in this great strange whirlpool of American life—and in return for his favors he takes their votes. He begins to sit in at local conferences of his district; his word goes; he is known among the politicians and his neighbors to possess that mysterious thing called power. The district begins to turn its feet toward him for favors—human favors of every description. The boss listens. "I'll see what I can do for you," he says—and keeps his word.

That's one thing he learns early in the game. He knows everybody in the district and calls them and their kids by their first names. He knows the criminals, too—none better—also their prison records and just exactly how far they can go. He visits the newcomers to the district, chats with them, finds out what they want. He may have what they want and trade it for what he wants.

This first developing stage of the budding boss is by no means a bed of roses. He has enemies, competitors, political rivals for district supremacy who are always watching for a chance to pull him down. He fights and the strongest man wins. That may be his epitaph. It may be the next step up. His road is strewed with the carcasses of those bluffers who bit off more than they could chew. He keeps on climbing. Presently he is district leader. Maybe by this time he is on the board of aldermen or the board of estimate and is making good money on the side in contracts. And still he climbs. He's a satrap now. It's not a few measly votes, but a whole big solid district that he is able to offer up on a platter to his boss. Eventually, if he has the timber in him, he may even become the big boss himself and whip everybody into line below.

This is the short history of a little boss in process of turning himself into a big one. Let us watch him as district leader at work with his electorate. By this time he has acquired power and has favors to dispense. He may have organized a boy's auxiliary, striplings of from fifteen to twenty—future timber for the machine. He arranges boxing matches and field days, and thus the matriculation of fresh young blood into machine politics is assured. Already he has made himself solid with the immigrant element, shows himself at the meetings of their political organizations, hobnobs with their leader, who may have been a member of his own neighborhood gang, and lets it be known that he is friendly to immigrants, that he favors unrestricted immigration in this great free democracy and refuge of the oppressed! Deafening applause!

Of course he is for unrestricted immigration; that is where the ignorant rank and file of his army come from. He is friendly to the honest poor; likewise to all the lawless riffraff. To no one he turns a stony face. He inducts them into the organization, for all of them have votes. In fact, in some hotly contested districts, these boys may prove to have half a dozen votes! So, "I'll see what I can do for you, Izzie—Mike Tony," he promises the various needs, and they go away comforted. For he is the little big stick and what he says goes. He does good deeds, but with an ulterior motive. For he must deliver his district solid at the primaries and elections or be kicked out by some guy who can

So, with cool calculation, he creates good will. It's a ton of coal to some widow here, a railway ticket there, speaking to the district attorney to postpone or dismiss a case, finding a boy a job, throwing a contract to a friend, getting the fine of a bootlegger who is a good organization guy reduced, providing bail, protecting sundry dance halls or notifying a friendly policeman in his district to go slow in making certain types of arrests.

I have said already that he is known as a guy who keeps his word. He has to—or quit. He keeps his promises to his henchmen and puts them in office, no matter what the public may say. He owes no allegiance there. Some of his men may be grossly incompetent to fill any office. No matter; he has promised, and in they go. For their sake he will even imperil his prestige. He knocks at the doors of the officials he has helped to elect with the curt command, "I put you in. Turn about is fair play. Put in these, my friends." He knows how to punish too. Disloyalty, double-crossing, putting the obligation to the public before the obligation to the chief—these are capital crimes.

The human instinct of gratitude prevails among the needy, straitly circumstanced population of a district in which astute politicians distribute material aid in order to control the vote. Nor will intricate questions of taxation or arrays of figures turn these faithful poor from their conviction that Boss So-and-So is a good guy and his detractors are dirty crooks who are trying to do him in. Reformers come down to such a district during the campaign with facts and figures, and the electors show their resentment by deluging the speaker with catcalls and carrots and ribald jeers of, "Put him out! Give that stuffed shirt the oxygen!"

Making Up the Slate

These thumb-nail sketches of bosses in their native habitat, and their tireless, hard-headed activities among the electors all the year around, reveal the manner of antagonists which the reformers, those amateur part-time performers, are up against. And now, with a glimpse into the characters of these men who are in politics as a strictly business proposition, let us see how they get their candidates into office and pull the wires which make the electorate dance.

First of all, their problem is to put into office "available" men—a motley list consisting of their friends—and then, in addition, a few men of standing in the community, but often flabby of character, who will draw off criticism from the rest of the candidates, loyal henchmen of speckled and dubious past who have supported the bosses and whose claims must now be paid. The problem of figuring out this list of candidates is called making up the slate. Many and complicated considerations enter into the make-up of this slate, and it often requires generalship of no mean order on the part of the boss to put across his loyal henchmen—which he must, or quit—and still get away with the decent, respectable vote.

Let us visualize one of these knotty problems which confront the boss. It concerns Mr. A. A is his personal friend; and, what cuts more ice, a powerful chieftain in his own territory, with a solid following of his own. Previously A has loyally aided and abetted his boss without asking any accounting, but now he hands in his bill and asks his chief to come through.

And the boss replies, "Sure! Glad to attend to it for you."

(Continued on Page 52)

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(Continued from Page 50)

A does not want the office for himself. Oh, no! No exposed public office for him. That's not exactly his lay. But he has a friend, a Mr. B, a henchman in his own district, who has had his eye on that particular office quite a spell, and when he asked A for it, A replied that he would see what he could do. Now he is doing it—and thereby putting the big chief in a hole. For this friend B is a notorious character.

Right there's the rub. Ladies, reformers, editors, preachers, *et al*—you know how narrow-minded some folks are—at bare mention of his name go right up into the air; and, what's more, they stay there. Even inside the organization they wink when he comes into the room. For Mr. B is distinctly bad form.

You begin to get the problem which confronts the boss? A very neat little problem of its kind—how not to break with the the public and how not to break with A. The name of Mr. B is a slap in the face of every decent voter, and yet Mister Boss has sworn by all his gods that his name shall go on the list and the people shall elect him too. In this dilemma our Cæsar bethinks himself of a ruse that was ancient when Methuselah was a lad.

This ruse is known as the decoy. It consists in putting up a false object to draw the fire. Applied politically, it works like this: The boss, tentatively and, as it were, consulting the wishes of the public, bruits abroad the name, not of A's blackbird friend, but of a second, dummy candidate; and this latter is so much inkier of reputation that by comparison Mr. B appears positively immaculate. The public draws an astounded breath, then bursts into a unanimous howl of protest and rage. The decoy is discreetly withdrawn—thus apparently bowing meekly to the will of the electorate, *vox populi, vox Dei*, and so on.

And now the original blackbird of a candidate is put forth boldly upon the list on the theory that lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place. That theory proves correct; a few disgruntled voters complain about Mr. B, but are silenced by the remark, "Well, anyhow, he's more decent than that other mutt. I tell you, when the public sits up and takes notice it makes even the bosses stand around!" Thus the electorate swallows down the bad pill the machine has prepared for it like a game little man.

Old Stuff, but Always Good

This reveals just one of the many aces which the boss, like Bret Harte's heathen Chinee, keeps hidden up his flowing sleeve. When the public is really aroused, he will put up reform candidates which he may steal from the other party right under its nose; he will make solemn promises to the public of honest government; promises to cut down costs, to eliminate graft; he will do a deliberate whitewash that would fool the very elect, let alone the electorate; he will promise every and anything save only one—to abdicate. And so long as he is in power, democracy, self-government, has no chance; the boss has it down on its back and hog-tied; and the little reform spells of the machine are simply doses of sweetish ether poured on the nose of the prostrate victim to still its violent struggles.

We come to the matter of elections. I have already analyzed the various elements of the population whose weaknesses play into the hands of the machine, the apathy of the so-called better classes and their lack of *noblesse oblige*, the ignorance of the immigrants; the necessities of the humbler class; and the protection desired by the criminals. On ordinary occasions these various elements can be manipulated to insure success.

There is always a corps of campaign boys out who can be depended on for flamboyant propaganda; this friend-of-the-people stuff is old, but perennially good. And for extra measure are thrown in sundry moth-eaten old gags such as "Loyalty to the party," or, "Next year being a presidential year, now is the time for every honest citizen to come to the aid of his party—and vote a straight ticket," or "This"—or that—"grand old party has nobly withstood the buffets of time, and its one constant endeavor has been to serve what the great Emancipator—I refer to Abraham Lincoln, ladies and gentlemen—called the plain man in the street—and look at all the appropriations we have made during the past year with this sole object in view." It is astounding how effective some of these ancient gags are, especially the one beginning "This being a presidential year, friends and fellow party members, let us bury our private differences and present a solid front to the foe," and so on.

But the organization in a machine-bossed town is far too businesslike and thorough to take it out in oratory and then let the elector vote as he will. It helps him all it can. Even in cases where it has bedeviled and befuddled the real issues to such an extent that the ordinary voter is groggy on his feet and can't tell political black from white or pea green, the machine still has several little fixers which may be applied at the polls. These fixers deal with the choice of inspectors and watchers in the polling booths, friendly policemen, or magistrates right around the corner, and machine lawyers where cases involving challenged voters or alleged repeaters may be satisfactorily arranged.

In the good crude old days the machine ran off election frauds more openly. To give but a single example: A district leader offered a prize to the captain who could deliver the most votes in his election district. Not one but several captains won the prize! They delivered their districts solid, without a single dissenting vote—and this despite the presence of inspectors and police and the sworn statements of the electors of three other parties who deposed that they had voted the tickets of their own respective parties!

Rising Costs of Government

It should be added that such flagrant, coarse and criminal methods of procedure are now distinctly frowned down upon, even in strongholds of the machine. They are considered professional bad form. Such things aren't being done; chiefly, of course, because in recent years the public has become vastly more enlightened as to such matters by reason of state investigations, and therefore is more easily aroused. So now the crude, the obvious, the vulgar, the roughneck criminal methods are taboo. Campaign speakers, even down in tough districts, are specifically warned against profane language; they must not let slip even one single naughty damn. Other times, other manners. Every day and in every way we are becoming more and more re-fined! Which refinement the machine, being essentially a business organization, takes due note of in its injunctions to its salesmen.

Thus far we have taken a brief glance at the personnel of the machine's organization, its selection of candidates and its manipulation of the electorate. We come now to its actual operations in exploiting the resources of the city and its population. Upon this phase of the subject it should be stated at the outset that in even the worst boss-ridden communities there are a large number of officials who are honest, and strive earnestly to fulfill their obligations to the public, and at the same time to keep faith with their masters who put them in. It is when these two obligations clash that the numerous secret tragedies occur—when, for example, an official receives an order from the organization which is abhorrent to his private conscience and his sense of obligation to the public he is supposed to serve. In such a situation two courses are open. He may shut his eyes and obey orders literally, reflecting that it is not his funeral, anyhow; or he may refuse and get out—which may mean the loss of his livelihood, his career and his standing among his friends. In such a situation, it is to the everlasting honor of those who do get out.

The first noticeable result of the machine in actual operation in a city is the increase in cost of government. This is partly because a large number of loyal henchmen have been deliberately shoved into offices and sinecures created for friends. But even more it is because the machine itself is a staunch advocate of the open-door policy with respect to city funds. The door leading into the treasury is always ajar; the coffers are always wide flung; appropriations are always in order for everything under the sun. The city is bonded at the slightest excuse.

This is one reason why welfare measures often receive such distinguished consideration at the hands of the machine. They mean heavier appropriations, more departments, more personnel.

"I would rather work with a machine than with a reform administration!" an eminent and public-spirited professional woman once declared. "They give me more money for my department and they don't haggle over every cent."

Of course they don't! In the first place, in the case of welfare or public-health work they are getting a fat lot of publicity with the peepul, which may come in handy as an alibi. They can afford to shell out large sums to be used directly for the people. That's good advertising, and therefore good business sense. A reform administration, on the contrary, being elected on the basis of honesty, is bound to keep down costs, to weed out sinecures and to keep a hawk eye on the distribution of the people's funds. It is niggardly because it is honest, and on that very account it gets the boot by unthinking welfare workers. But a machine is not hampered by any such scruples. It exploits the city's resources and inaugurates a régime of exaggerated expenditure and gross incompetence.

But exploitation of the city's material resources is not the sole or even the greatest source of profit to a modern political machine which has the elected officials of the city under its thumb. There are the powerful private or quasi-public-utility corporations, such as the railway or transit companies, upon which it levies tribute, direct or indirect. How does this take place? A boss or some of his friends start a contracting company and use the pressure of their political influence to have large contracts awarded to their concerns.

It is not astonishing that certain types of big business concerns find it worth their while to stand in with the machine, for the latter can favor friendly powers at the same time that it blocks or hampers the legitimate activities of independent or rebellious concerns. The machine thus acquires in business a nuisance value.

But a closer scrutiny of the machine reveals that its activities do not stop at this point. The moral laxity, always a salient characteristic of a machine-owned city, begins to infect the police. Vice increases. Crime waves reach higher and higher peaks. To quote another specific instance: In New York City in 1912, at the time of the notorious Rosenthal murder, the situation became so grave that a committee of citizens was appointed to investigate police conditions. In February 1913 it reported in part as follows:

"The corruption is so ingrained that the man of ordinary decent character entering the force, and not possessed of extraordinary moral fiber, may easily succumb. We know," continues the committee, which made an exhaustive investigation in certain police precincts, "that the connection between members of the police force and crime and commercial vice is continuous, profitable, and so much a matter of course that explicit bargains do not have to be made; naturally, this 'honor among thieves' is occasionally violated; as is customary among thieves, both the keeping and the breaking of faith being determined by these policemen for their own profit. Well knowing this police system, grand juries will not, on police testimony, indict, lest they, the grand juries, be lending themselves to political persecution of a selected criminal who had refused to pay tribute, and so be helping the police system."

The Answer

This remarkable arraignment was written in 1913, but in its able description and analysis of crime waves which still plague several of our cities, it might well have been penned in the present year of grace.

But the activities of the machine do not stop with the police. Boards of education also come under its intensely partisan sway, for are there not schoolhouses to build? Nor do hospitals, prisons and other public institutions escape its malign power. In short, in every department, whether official, financial, industrial or educational, the hand of Cæsar is apparent, setting up and pulling down and rearranging the affairs of the community according to his will.

This is but a brief analysis of the activities of a modern political plunderbund, somewhat loosely called a machine, which, capturing the machinery of a political party, sets up a mercenary autocracy and proceeds deliberately to sack the town.

What are the roots of its power? What maintains it in its place? Can it be torn down? The answer is: Can a powerful modern steel-girdered skyscraper be demolished? Of course it can. But it takes an expert wrecking company. It is not to be achieved by a set of genteel amateur fuss-buttons in the wake of a publicity man.

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KINOGRAMS
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When You See This Sign, Go In—
It's Your Assurance of
A 100 PER CENT SHOW

CICELY AND THE HUNK OF CHEESE

(Continued from Page 13)

"There's usually ways to get back," admitted Rosanny. "Thank you, Miss Cicely. Here's the plum cake."

"Fine. We're going to have a proud tea. Now I've got to run and make myself beautiful."

Cicely descended to the Meade living room just in time to help her parents greet their guests. There were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morgan—local residents. Cicely knew them well and found them heavy—and then: "These are our new neighbors, Mrs. Meade; Mrs. Blithe—and Mr. Blithe—who've bought the Janney place, you know." It was Mrs. Morgan speaking.

What ho, the newcomers! Of all the luck! Now she'd have a chance to look them over and appraise them carefully. Cicely stepped into the background, as a demure young person among her elders should do, marshaled the tea things and prepared to use her eyes and ears, while giving a perfect characterization of the perfect daughter.

They were younger than she had supposed. Mr. Blithe could not be more than forty-two or three, a lean brown man with an impassive controlled expression. "Hard-boiled," thought Cicely. "Self-made, and all that sort of thing. He's worked a lot, and he's not got what he wants out of it."

Mrs. Blithe was some years younger, and less easy to read. Unobserved, Cicely stared at her. She was charmingly dressed, she kept her voice down, and was not too cordial, and she was—yes, she was attractive. Cicely fell to wondering where the Morgans got hold of them. Maybe they had stayed in one of his hotels once.

It presently developed that the Morgans had met Mrs. Blithe on a trip around the world. Mrs. Blithe and Mrs. Morgan had bought mandarin coats and jade together in Shanghai, brass in Benares, scarabs in Egypt, old mirrors in Venice, hats and lingerie in Paris, silver teapots in London. These shopping expeditions formed a bond. Learning that the Blithes desired an Eastern home for part of the year, Mrs. Morgan had written them of the Janney place. Now it was theirs. Oh, it was all very simple. Cicely noted that it was the Morgans who made these explanations, not the Blithes. Evidently they were not forcing their acceptance in the community in any way.

Further descriptive crumbs were dropped. Mr. Blithe golfed and played tennis, but his game was polo. Mrs. Blithe did not care much for sports. Cicely wondered if she was by way of being intellectual. "She'll be awfully out of place here if she is," she concluded. "I'm the only person who'll be able to afford her real companionship. Now I must find out if there are any little golden-haired darlings playing on the nursery rug." It was easy to speak to Mrs. Blithe as she was offering her cake.

"We've all been wondering," she said prettily, "whether you've any sons or daughters to join our crowd."

"I haven't any children," said Mrs. Blithe hastily and tonelessly. And at the words Mr. Blithe glanced at his wife with a strange stabbing animosity that vanished so quickly Cicely could hardly believe in its reality.

"He hates her. What fun!" she told herself. "I wonder if she hates him."

But she was not to know. Either Mrs. Blithe did not hate her husband or she was more adept in concealing it.

Cicely gained one crumb more, however, which gave her pleasure. As the guests left, Mrs. Blithe let it be known that she expected to entertain a great deal.

"Not so bad, not so bad," said Cicely, left alone in the bosom of her family. "He plays polo and she gives parties. What more do we want? How about them, muz?"

"I liked them. I envied them too. It must be gorgeous to have a castle like the Janney place to play round in. How did you feel about them, Cicely?"

"I think they're all right," said Cicely slowly, but added nothing of the strange ugly little revelation she had had of them.

Cicely's verdict on the Blithes was, shortly, the generally accepted one. The men took on Mr. Blithe at sports, and found him sporting—which does not always happen. And Mrs. Blithe, after an intensive session with decorators, greatly to the rejuvenescence of the interior of the Janney mansion, began her proposed series of entertainments. They were, it was acknowledged, very good. She didn't go in for elaboration, she didn't splurge or splash, but she made her parties crisp and amusing and different. She seemed to have an unerring instinct for the dancer or the singer or the monologue artist whose star was in the ascendant, the new somebody that everyone was talking about and not everyone had seen. So she got hold of them to amuse her guests; and since the most of the world prefers to be amused rather than to exert itself to be amusing, affairs of this sort went with a loud bang. Likewise, there was always a quiet card room for the auction fiends, and a well-waxed floor available for dancing. Mrs. Blithe unquestionably knew how.

"I consider the Blithes a perfect boon to the community," said Mrs. Patterson. Which was a signal for everyone else to say the same.

Only Cicely watched them and kept an eye open for the first faint sign that would give her a clew to that moment of drama she had seen by the tea table at their first meeting. At first there seemed to be nothing. The Blithes were conventionally courteous to each other. They went about together as much as could be expected of two people whose interests were so diverse. If Mr. Blithe seemed sometimes like a guest in his own great house instead of a host and owner, this was natural. The house was Mrs. Blithe's plaything. He was a business man, and after that, for outdoors. He didn't want to be bothered by the details of the life she loved.

He had to go away frequently on business trips, but his wife had no difficulty in finding plenty of men only too glad to be her escort. There were two or three stock philanderers in the Avon Bay set—old Arthur Morgan and middle-aged Jimmy Knapp, Fred Howard, and so on—who were most attentive. Cicely observed that Mrs. Blithe was discreet and played no favorites. "She's a grand little twoser, though. Always talking sweetly, and confidentially, and appealingly, to a willing male ear. I don't get her."

It must not be assumed that Cicely spent all her time and her energy sherlocking on the Blithes. There were the endless hilarities of her own crowd, in which, as a natural leader, Cicely was inevitably much engrossed. And there was always Roddy. Roddy was becoming fearfully adult, though, and inclined to come the masterful over her. At times she rather liked it. At other times they had a perfectly childish argument about it, but their rows usually ended with an amicable orangeade on the club veranda, where possibly they were joined by Martie Cades and Stub Reynolds.

It was a happy summer for Cicely. She lost a little of her hardness and *gaminerie*, and took an interest in her clothes and in keeping her shingled hair in the most unwontedly trim state.

Her dutiful parents looked on with approval and commented on it one evening while they waited for Cicely to appear at dinner.

"Thank heaven she doesn't fancy somebody utterly ratty and impossible," said her mother. "Rod's the right sort, absolutely, and Amy O'Neill won't be a bad mother-in-law."

"You think, then," said Mr. Meade, "the youngsters will make a go of it? Lord, Edith, what an ancient of days that makes me feel!"

"Hush, here she comes," said Mrs. Meade as Cicely appeared. Then, to cover the last remark: "Going to the Blithe shindy tonight, of course, infant?"

"Rather. Rod and I are springing over in the Teapot."

Then, out of a clear sky, came this from Mr. Meade, musingly: "I feel awfully sorry for that little woman, Mrs. Blithe. She's got a lot of courage."

"Sorry for her! With those pearls!" This was Mrs. Meade, amazed.

Cicely was more direct. "For Pete's sake, where do you get that stuff?" she demanded of her parent.

Mr. Meade looked a trifle surprised at the simultaneous attack. "Why, Blithe, you know—he's a good sort, and all that, but he's not the most devoted husband in the world."

"Did she tell you, or who?" Cicely asked squarely.

"She didn't tell me, exactly, though I had a very pleasant talk with her yesterday afternoon at the club; but anyone who wants to can look-see. Blithe has other interests."

"Well, this is news! Commend me to the men if you want a really juicy bit of gossip. Who's Mr. Blithe playing round with?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Meade helplessly. "And if I'd known that my innocent little remark was going to affect you two as the smell of blood is popularly supposed to excite the tiger, I would have refrained from making it."

"He doesn't know anything, but he's certainly all full of rumors," gibed Cicely. "I wonder where he got them."

Mr. Meade became still more helpless and slightly peevish. "No, I don't know anything. I make the most ordinary statement, and you two pounce on me. My Lord, the Blithes may be honeymooners for all I know or care. Do let me have my dinner in peace."

There was clearly nothing more to be got from him, and Cicely subsided and began to wonder whether to wear her white dress, or a new and splendiferous silver and green, much too gorgeous for her years, but most becoming. It would put the eye out of all the crowd, but Roddy was so fond of that old white rag. Oh, it was hard to decide.

She chose the white, and wearing it, with a coat thrown over it, and a tight gold net to keep her hair in place, she drove Roddy contentedly over to the Blithes'.

As she entered the great hall of the ex-Janney mansion she saw Mrs. Blithe talking to Fred Howard, and there was something—something in the solicitous, commiserating bend of his head toward hers, something in the wide appealing gaze which Mrs. Blithe was turning up to him which reminded Cicely instantly of her father's break at dinner.

Mrs. Blithe was evidently being brave and courageous, and Mr. Howard was just simp enough to fall for it too. Instantly she looked for Mr. Blithe, discovering him at last sitting obscurely in a corner playing that game of solitaire known as desperation, and apparently caring nothing about his guests' arrival.

Cicely slipped over to him. "Anticipating a very delightful evening, I can see that," she said, stopping by his side.

Mr. Blithe threw the cards together impatiently, but smiled at Cicely. "I'm a poor host," he admitted. "But ——"

"Terrible," said Cicely. "The worst ever. What's the matter—don't you like us?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Blithe slowly—"perhaps I don't like myself. You don't know it at your age, but there comes a time in life, somewhere along in middle age, when we take stock of ourselves; and we aren't specially pleased with what we are or what we've done."

"This is good," cried Cicely. "Come out on the terrace and look at the stars and tell me some more about it." She dragged the unwilling Mr. Blithe outside. "Now go on," she commanded. "I'm learning a lot."

"I'm afraid you're learning too much," said Mr. Blithe. "Better run on in and dance, or I'll be mobbed by a pack of infuriated partners."

"Pretty speech; interesting if true, but pretty anyway. Come on, what were you saying about looking back and seeing what a boob you've been?"

Mr. Blithe hesitated. Then he chose the safe course. His tone was light: "I'm a brave man to attempt to give advice and counsel to the younger generation; and especially to one who needs none of it."

Cicely looked at him keenly and realized that his expansive moment was over. He wasn't going to tell her anything or give her any sort of lead. Irritating, but it proved him a good sport.

"You ought to thank me for giving you the chance. The great complaint against us usually is that the younger generation doesn't listen to or heed its elders."

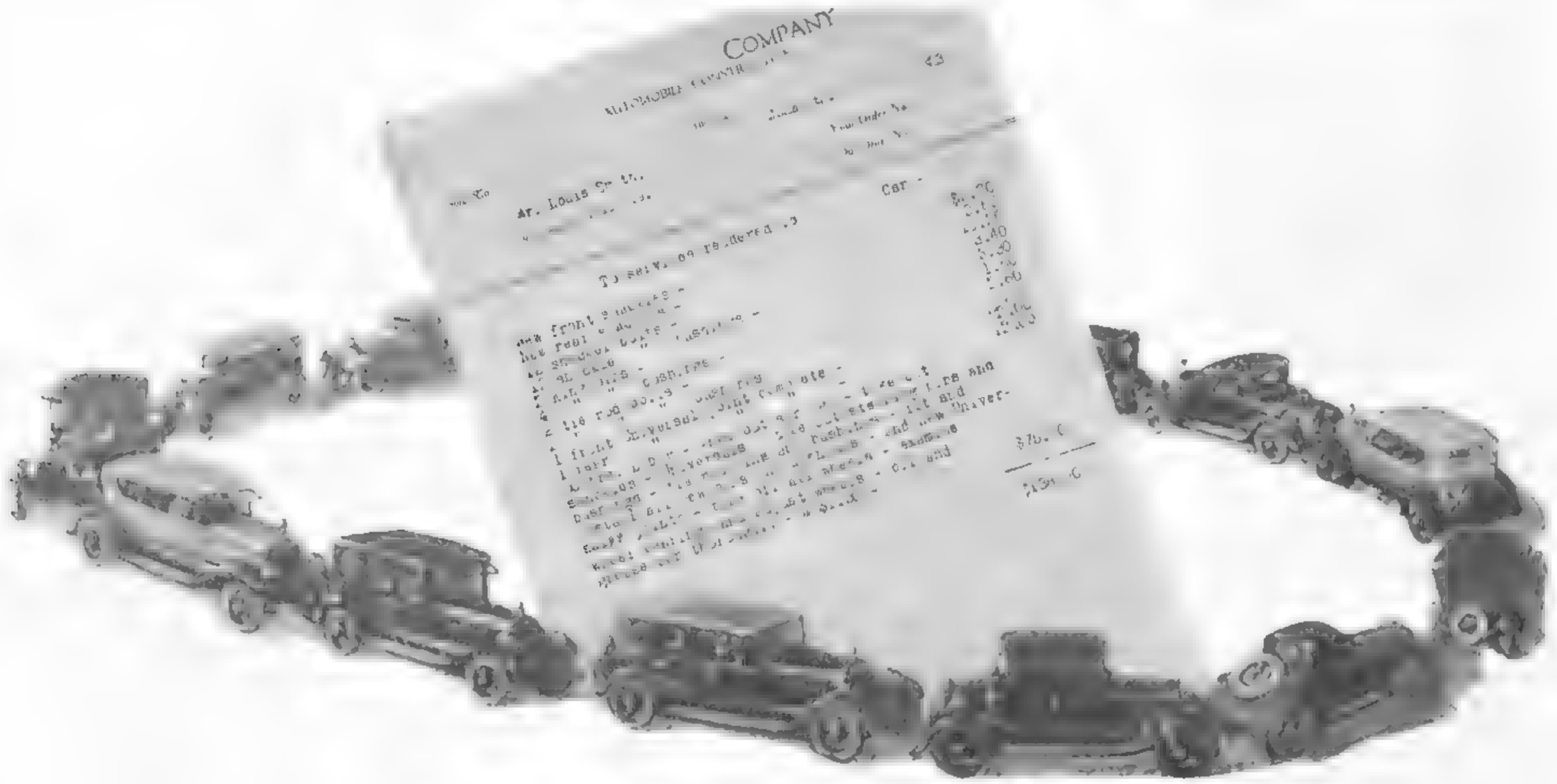
"I'll say for you, Miss Cicely, that you're one of the few youngsters to whom I dare talk without being patronized or stooped to. You're awfully superior, you kids. You abash and scare me."

"Just for that," said Cicely, "you are going inside and dance with me—maybe twice. That'll teach you not to treat us kids with levity."

Having failed of her purpose, Cicely thus deftly brought Mr. Blithe back into the hall again, wondering meanwhile if he knew

(Continued on Page 56)

The Toll You Pay
for Neglecting Chassis Lubrication



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Alemite works well with either oil or grease. But for best results we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure, solidified oil especially adapted for our system—has all the virtues of oil, but is solid enough to "stay put"

$3 for this new part and $5 for that! And it isn't long before your operating costs and depreciation increase the cost of running your car 15 to 20% more than it normally should be.

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80% of the repairs on moving parts of a motor car, repair men tell us, are due to nothing less than lack of proper lubrication.

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Begin thinking of those hidden bearings on your chassis. Give them regular 500-mile lubrication. It will make a difference in the riding of your car as well as in the operating costs.

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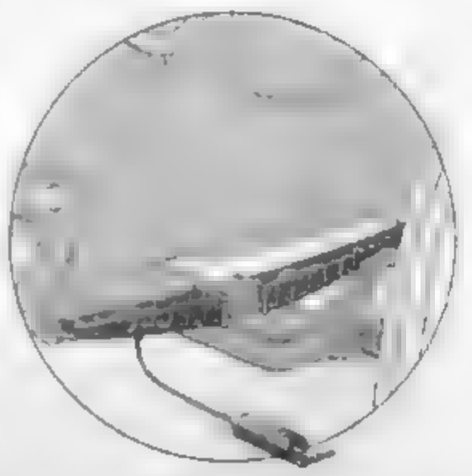
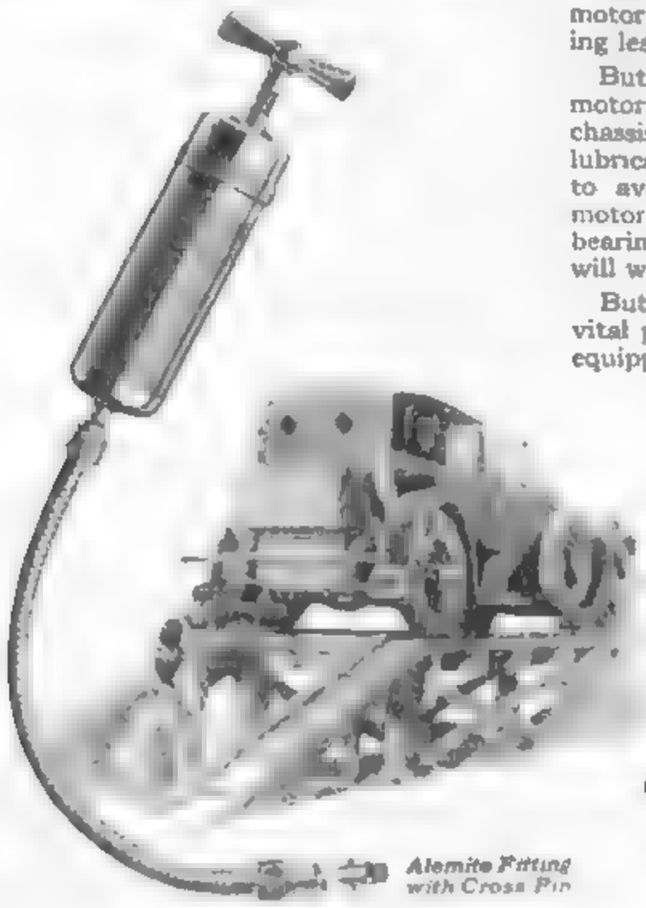
"Vital Spots on Your Car to Watch"—it reveals the importance of chassis lubrication. A copy is yours for the asking.



Alemite All Metal Lubricating Spring Covers eliminate squeaks and make cars ride easier.



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Look for the golden Moor's head on each pair
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MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc
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Makers of Mens Socks Exclusively

(Continued from Page 54)

what she had been up to. Nor was she specially pleased to find that Mrs. Blithe had discarded Fred Howard and was dancing with Roddy and giving every evidence of keen enjoyment. Roddy, likewise, was not exactly displeased. However, it was nothing to raise a dust about. He ought to register pleasure when dancing with his hostess.

Days later Cicely realized that she had been perhaps the only comprehending spectator of the beginning of the drama of the real Mrs. Blithe. It was extraordinary and amusing. Someone was always telling someone else what a brave courageous little woman Mrs. Blithe was, and how her husband neglected her. Rumors of affairs with pretty ladies of varying types were successively—but vaguely—pinned on Mr. Blithe, varying from his secretary to a celebrated and temperamental prima donna. He seemed to be the deuce of a fellow. But through it all Mrs. Blithe pursued her pretty, plaintive, wistful way, keeping a smiling face for her friends—being brave and courageous and trying not to mind, and always doing these things, it was evident to Cicely's cool observant eyes, in company with some sympathetic man. It is really astonishing how brave and courageous a pretty, wistful little woman can be under such circumstances.

Meanwhile, Eugene Blithe, who had never been very popular with the matrons and maids of local society, owing to his wholesale neglect of them, now began to be cold-shouldered a bit by various of the men. He went his way, apparently unseeing and unperturbed. Perhaps he made his business trips a little more frequently.

"Business trips," said the whisperers. "Well—he may call them that."

There was one set of local society, however, where Mr. Blithe was always welcome. It was with the youngsters, the boys from six to twelve, who found that he would let them use his fields for baseball, swim in the decorative stream that meandered through his extensive park, ride his ponies, play on his tennis courts—if Mrs. Blithe was out—and be to them at once a sympathetic philanthropist and an occasional playfellow of the rarest sort. But they had no voice in forming public opinion, and they did not spread abroad their favorable knowledge.

Cicely found her liking for Mrs. Blithe cooling, her liking for Mr. Blithe warming. She knew, if no one else did, how he romped with and spoiled every male child in the community. Cicely had quite a following of her own among the youth of that age, owing to her pleasant habit of giving them lifts in the Teapot. Consequently she knew fairly well what they were up to, and got an occasional fragmentary news item concerning Mr. Blithe.

To these Cicely listened in silence. After all, it was not her affair. Never interfere with other people unless they first interfere with you. Live and let live. Mind your own business. These were Cicely's simple mottoes. Of course she couldn't help seeing what people were doing; but that was merely a part of what funny old Lizbeth Patterson called the pageant of this wicked world.

It was Martie Cades, however, who put a different face on the matter. She met Cicely one day at the club in a state of high excitement and with signs of recent tears visible in her eyes.

"I was looking for you," she said. "I've got to tell somebody or burst. Let's go somewhere where if I cry any more no one will notice me."

Cicely piled her into the Teapot, led her to her own home, her own room, and locked the door.

"What's up?" she asked. "Tell me all."

"It's that Mrs. Blithe!" burst out Martie. "She's been vamping Stub!"

"She's old enough to be his mother; not that it makes any difference," murmured Cicely. "Well, go on. What's her line?"

"What's her line! Cicely, are you deaf, dumb and blind? It's the same line she's handed every able-bodied male in the neighborhood. It's all about how her husband neglects and abuses her. How she suffers! I wish he'd beat her!"

"But does Stub swallow all this?"

Martie nodded forlornly. "Stub and I have always been such friends. But it's over. I'll never speak to him again. He—he broke a date with me because she wanted him to run errands for her—you know that big lawn fête she's having—and when I leaped at him about it he gave me to understand that nothing was too much for him to do for a woman who was an abused angel like Mrs. Blithe, and he felt it was his duty—get that, his duty!—to prove to her that all men were not brutes and unworthy of being loved and trusted."

"Stub said that?" Cicely's tone was awed.

"Those were his very words. You don't think I've gone in for writing movie captions, do you?"

"What did you say?"

"I said he talked like nineteen different kinds of a pilliwink and that if he thought more of an old married woman than he did of me—he might roll his hoop."

"And then?"

"He said it was just what might be expected of one who knew nothing of the world and had had no experience, though he would never have expected me to care so little about the sufferings of another woman. And I said, 'She's some sufferer—but I'll bet Mr. Blithe suffers most.' And Stub went off. I haven't seen him for two days. And oh, Cicely, I I'm so fond of Stub. Think how you'd feel if it was Roddy!"

Cicely looked at Martie with affectionate pitying scorn. It was so far outside the bounds of human possibility that Roddy should fall for an elderly siren like Mrs. Blithe that she hardly knew how to convey it to her. Then kindness suggested that it had better not be conveyed at all. The thing to do now was to administer comfort, not rub salt in Martie's open wound.

"Now look here," she said at last. "You've got to stick your nose up in the air and let Mr. Smarty Stub Reynolds see that he doesn't get a rise out of you, not for an instant. I'll run you down to the telegraph office and you wire that nice Princeton boy from Morristown to come over for the week-end. By the time Stub gets fed up with pity—which won't take long—he'll see you having the time of your young life with another suitor, and he'll crawl in the dust. Buck up, old thing, and give Stub a jolt. He'd be tickled to death to see you grieve."

"He'll never see that," said Martie, cheering rapidly. "I suppose you're right, Cicely—you always are. You know what to do in any emergency. Let's get that wire right off."

"It's little diversions like this that make the season pleasurable and profitable," thought Cicely complacently as she watched Martie skip into the telegraph office. "But the idea of saying how would I feel if it was Rod! I reckon he knows I wouldn't stir an inch to get him back if he ran after anyone else. Never! That's where I'm different from other women. But Rod's different from other men too. He'd never be taken in by such nonsense. Stub Reynolds, forsooth! He must be plumb crazy!"

She had, as she observed later, given Martie the right dope. The prompt appearance of young Bobbie Thomas, and his devoted attendance on Martie, brought Stub around with complete success.

Cicely, looking on, laughed, and felt very wise. Also she went to the Blithe lawn fête and took another good look at Mr. Blithe and Mrs. Blithe. She found them as before, Mrs. Blithe wistful, appealing, but managing nevertheless to be an able hostess, and keeping herself well attended by masculine admirers; Mr. Blithe moody, detached, bored, almost, one might say, ungracious.

"Funny stuff," thought Cicely. "Funny stuff! But Mrs. Blithe's a man-eater, which is diverting, because we haven't had one in the neighborhood since I've been old enough to recognize the species, and she hates her husband and he hates her. Yet they stick together. Why?"

She sounded out Roddy on the subject, as she did on most things that occupied her mind.

"Stub's leading a hectic career nowadays, don't you think?" she began cautiously.

Roddy seemed surprised. "Oh, not so hectic. Martie's a little fool, flying off the handle, trying to make him jealous. That's not so good."

"But she succeeded. Roddy, what do you make of Mrs. Blithe?" She waited anxiously for the answer.

Roddy stood up, very tall and straight and serious. "Oh, don't let's play beggar-my-neighbor. People talk too much about her. She's a nice enough little woman if you like her type."

Cicely's heart gave a bounce of joy. "D'you like her type?" she asked saucily.

"You go look in the looking-glass and ask what you see there if I like her type," said Roddy. And his eyes dwelt on hers for a very sweet moment.

"And that's that," thought Cicely in secure contentment, looking down her nose at the frail and feeble mortals of her immediate world. "We are different. I knew it."

Mrs. Blithe suffered the defection of young Stub with equanimity, turning shortly to the willing Henry Stacy, chafing against his engagement to Evy Talbot but ashamed to break it.

It seems likely that Mrs. Blithe wearied of Henry after having fixed firmly in his mind what a poor abused miserable creature she was—for only a few weeks later he was back at Evy's side, with something the look of the cat who has swallowed the canary. If Mrs. Blithe had dismissed him she had done it tactfully, leaving him with the fine feeling that he was too dangerous a man for her to play with and that she must part with him before her already wretched life was still further ruined by a hopeless passion for him.

"I believe she quoted Tennyson to him, 'Better to have loved and lost.' He has that expression. She is a man-eater. Wonder who'll be the next victim?" Thus mused Cicely, sampling her mother's latest rouge. "It's been a good summer," she sighed, feeling calm and peaceful. "I can't recall a better. I think I'll go call up Roddy and see what's doing. He wasn't on view all day yesterday, nor the night before. Maybe he's sick."

Roddy was not sick, but also not at home. His mother didn't know where he was. He'd gone out in response to an earlier phone call. "I thought of course it was you, Cicely," said Mrs. O'Neill.

"Tell him to call me up when he comes in for lunch, please," said Cicely, "either here or at the club."

Roddy was probably at the club. She might as well go along over. They could go sailing before lunch maybe. Cicely stretched herself luxuriously in the Teapot and put her foot firmly on the gas. She hadn't the vaguest presentiment, but ——

Halfway to the club she met—could she believe her eyes? it was—Roddy in Mrs. Blithe's own smart little sedan with Mrs. Blithe beside him driving. Mrs. Blithe in one of her effective all-white get-ups—close white hat, white veil, white frock and scarf and gloves.

Cicely saw it all. She felt, in that moment of sight, a number of mixed emotions, all painful. So Roddy was Mrs. Blithe's next experiment. This was what he'd been doing the last two days! Roddy. Cicely's Roddy. How had the woman managed it? After what he'd said about her too! Would she quote Tennyson to Roddy? Cicely pulled her lips into an exceedingly straight line. She was at the club gates, but she did not drive in. She went on—and on.

All very well if Mrs. Blithe wanted to play around with old Artie Morgan or Jimmy Knapp or Stub, or a nitwit like Henry Stacy. What did it matter about them anyway? But when she tampered with Cicely's property she'd better be careful. She'd better watch her step. Cicely wasn't going to sit helplessly by like Evelyn Talbot; she wasn't going to cry and make reprisals like Martie Cades. Cicely was Cicely was going to do—what? She was too furious to be amazed at her own fury.

Whatever she decided, it must be done quickly or people would be chuckling at her as they had at Evelyn. She thought of Roddy. Of course she jawed and bickered and fought with Roddy, but that was all on the surface. It never destroyed for an instant their affection. Why, they belonged to each other. He was her own. She would have banked on Roddy—against the world. But now—if he was to fall for this misunderstood pity-me stuff. Cicely felt her eyes fill with smarting tears. But these she fought back.

"I won't be soppy, like Martie was. I won't be a fool. But I won't—I won't stand for—this!"

She drove on for many miles, stopped in a little out-of-the-way village for gas and malted milk. It was long past lunch time. In that age-long afternoon Cicely became definitely grown up, a woman.

Slowly she drove back toward home—surprised as she saw the mileposts at the long distance she had covered in her heedless haste in the morning. It was late before she found herself on familiar roads again. And there—before her—were the high hedges, the great wrought-iron gates of the Janney place. Cicely looked at them thoughtfully, set her teeth, and with a sudden twist of the wheel drove in. Desperate cases require desperate remedies.

(Continued on Page 58

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(Continued from Page 56)

"Mrs. Blithe is having tea in the Italian garden," the man at the door told her.

She felt very small and dusty and grimy as she went down the green way that led to the Italian garden. She knew it well. There was a murmuring fountain, and dark shadowy shrubbery planted close to make a background for the leaping silvery water. There was a white marble bench, and down a green alley you could catch a glimpse of Daphne pursued by Apollo, marble-white desire and resistance.

Mrs. Blithe had a big green-striped umbrella, a round table, little green chairs placed beside the pool of the fountain. And there, in filmy white, she composed herself and her accessories into a picture romantic enough to satisfy herself and her admirers. She was there now, and turned at the sound of Cicely's approach.

"Have you brought it?" she began; and then: "Why, Cicely—how very—nice. I didn't expect you."

"No," said Cicely, "but you expected someone. Roddy, I suppose." There were three cups on the table, all unused.

"Roddy and Eugene. I sent Roddy to the house for my scarf. Didn't you meet him? Sit down, won't you, and when he comes I'll send him back again for another cup."

Cicely did not sit down. "I can use Mr. Blithe's cup—if I take any tea. He'll not be likely to come."

Mrs. Blithe looked up and her uneasiness at seeing Cicely turned to surprise. "Why, what are you talking about?"

"He doesn't interfere much with your little tête-à-têtes, does he?" asked Cicely, gripping the back of a chair and leaning toward her hostess and speaking slowly. "Anyway, that doesn't matter. I don't want any tea. I just came to tell you that—you've got to leave Roddy alone. I've watched you go after one man and then another—and another, and it was all right with me if you wanted to amuse yourself that way, but when you put your fingers on Roddy you soil him—and I won't have it."

Mrs. Blithe flushed a deep furious scarlet. "You're impertinent, Cicely—and ridiculous. I don't know at all what you mean."

"Don't you? Well, listen. You can understand the English language, I imagine. You came here, and took this place, and met everyone, and everyone liked you pretty well at first. And then you began to play with the men, first one and then another, working on their pity, telling them how Mr. Blithe neglected and abused you, and what a poor, forlorn, misunderstood sensitive soul you are. Oh, pretty cheap!"

"Cicely, how dare you!" Mrs. Blithe was white now, her eyes blazing.

Cicely laughed. "How dare I? I like that. You've got a grudge against your husband for something—I don't know what. He's worth a hundred of you—perhaps that's it. Why, dear Mrs. Blithe, if you were half as abused as you pretend you are you'd not be living with Eugene Blithe, accepting his money, wearing his jewelry, letting him support you. If he's good enough to pay for your trip around the world, and your other trips, to give you all this, to dress you up and let you spend with both hands—then he's good enough for you to keep your mouth shut about him, no matter what he does."

"You don't know what you're talking about. He's not faithful; my own self-respect ——"

"He's not faithful—and you still are willing to live on his money! And you talk about self-respect—and go and whine on other men's shoulders. I don't blame him a minute for being unfaithful—if he is—to a woman like you. You're a poor sport; you're a grafter; you take everything from him, and live on him, and knock him behind his back, making yourself out a suffering angel. Why, you"—she paused, searching for a withering blast—"you're nothing but a hunk of cheese!" Cicely laughed again—aloud.

"You drop Roddy quick. And go easy on this business of being a neglected wife and looking frail and brave and patient after this. It's good farce, but you've played it once too often. If Mr. Blithe is such an outrage to all your tender sensibilities you can help that alleged self-respect of yours by getting out and earning your own living. But you don't want to do that. You want it all—the ease, the respectability, the suffering-angel business, and the money. But—never again! You eat your own smoke after this. Get me? It's put up or shut up for you—from this time on. And most of all—no more philandering after young boys—especially Roddy. Is that all clear?"

Mrs. Blithe regarded her with malevolence. "You have a special interest in Roddy?"

"Oh, not so much—merely when we grow up we'll probably marry each other." Cicely felt very cool and calm, and even gay.

"And does Roddy—know this?" She meant it to be venomous.

"I dare say he fears it," said Cicely. "And listen once more—just because I happen to be half your age, don't you discount what I can do to you if you disregard my well-meant warning. I can do a lot if I want to, and it all depends on you whether I want to or not."

She waited a moment, but Mrs. Blithe did not answer. "Well," said Cicely, "that'll be all for now."

She turned and strolled nonchalantly away from the Italian garden and the romantic murmurings of the fountain. And as she did so she beheld two masculine backs disappearing stealthily and hastily in opposite directions from behind the close shrubbery at either side of the fountain nook.

She made a quick decision. "Mr. Blithe," she called determinedly after one of the retreating figures. She overtook him in six running steps. "Did you hear what I said to your wife?" she asked.

Mr. Blithe looked at her helplessly. "Why—yes—Cicely—I couldn't help it—I wanted to ask her something—and when I got near—I——"

"Never mind explaining," said Cicely. "I was sorry to do it—but I wouldn't stand for her monkeying with Roddy. He's just so foolishly honest and straight himself that he wouldn't see her game."

They strolled along in silence until they reached Cicely's car. Mr. Blithe seemed to be struggling to say something.

At last he managed it. "I don't suppose we'll be staying here another season. She gets tired of things quickly—when they don't go to suit her."

"I imagine so. I'll be sorry to see you go anyway. I like you, Mr. Blithe. And all the kids'll be heartbroken."

"You know everything, Cicely. Those boys—you see, if I'd only had a son of my own—but—there's no use going into that." He held out his hand. "Good-by, Cicely and good luck. Roddy's a lucky chap. And Cicely—when you're married—don't cheat. Ah—I know you won't."

"No, I won't cheat," said Cicely, shaking hands. "Good luck to you. You need it. Rod's all right. Good-by."

She drove her car swiftly down the drive and got home in time to bathe and dress before a solitary dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Meade were dining out, but Rosanny and Meggie united in giving Cicely a gorgeous meal.

She ate hugely, and afterwards sat alone in the blue dusk on the terrace. She was waiting and thinking. It was clear to her now about Mrs. Blithe. That little wistful speech of Mr. Blithe's, "If I'd only had a son," and "Don't cheat," made all plain. But she did not think much about the Blithes. There was herself and Roddy, vastly more important.

"I'm not different from other women," decided Cicely. "I was so sure I was. But I'm not. When it's her own man any woman will fight, in one way or another to keep him. This I-wouldn't-lift-my-finger stuff is all bunk. I thought it was so, but it isn't. And Roddy's just like other men too; no sense about women at all. Oh, well, maybe he can be educated—slowly."

Presently someone came walking up the drive, came toward her, and stood before her.

"I heard what you said today to Mrs. Blithe," remarked Roddy hangingly.

"Yeah—I know you did. You were behind the bush at the left, going out."

Roddy sighed. It was not easy for him to humble his pride, but he did it. "Well, you were right, Cicely. It's pretty poor to live on a man and talk about him—like she does. Pretty poor. I just hadn't seen it that way."

"No—I gathered as much."

Roddy hesitated, then came a little closer. He put his hand over Cicely's. "Oh, Cicely," he said earnestly, taking her own grotesque taunt to Mrs. Blithe and turning it into a beautiful singing tribute—"oh, Cicely, you make all the women, everywhere, look like a hunk of cheese."

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Is it fair to yourself—or fair to us—not to learn the reasons for this trend?

Facts to consider

Studebaker assets are $90,000,000—all staked on satisfying, better than others, buyers of high-grade cars.

Over 23,000 men have their future at stake on giving you maximum values.

$50,000,000 in modern plants and equipment. All but 30% built in the past seven years.

$10,000,000 in body plants to give you superlative beauty. To give that final touch for which Studebakers have been famous for decades

125 experts who devote their whole time to studying betterments. Who make 500,000 tests per year to maintain our supremacy.

* * *

Consider Studebaker history. For 72 years this concern has stood for high principles and policies.

For two generations, against all the world, it held first place in horse-drawn vehicles.

Now for years its name and fame have been committed to like attainments in fine motor cars.

If you only knew

There is no room here for details and comparisons. You will find them all in Studebaker showrooms. But let us cite some significant facts.

That lack of vibration, so conspicuous in Studebakers, costs us $600,000 yearly in extra machining of crank shafts.

That matchless strength in vital parts comes from the costliest steels. For some we add 15% to the quoted price to get exactness in them.

See the Studebakers

Studebaker builds more fine cars than any other plant in the world.

Last year, 145,000 wise motor car buyers paid over $200,000,000 for Studebakers.

The demand has almost trebled in the past three years. Studebaker now holds a leading place in the high-grade field.

Our modern plants and their equipment cost $50,000,000. All to give you the maximum value at the minimum of cost.

It is folly to buy a car in this class without knowing what we give.

Those real-leather cushions cost $25 more than imitation leather.

That Chase Mohair, used in our closed cars, is made from the soft fleece of Angora goats. A velour or worsted lining would save about two-thirds that cost—up to $100 per car.

Note the bumpers, the steel trunk, the extra cord tires, the courtesy light on some models. Figure what they would cost as extras.

The infinite care

We use 35 formulas for steel, each worked out to exactness for supreme service in its place.

We employ 1,200 inspectors to make 30,000 inspections of the material and workmanship in each Studebaker car—before it leaves the factory.

Consider how Studebaker has always led in the building of high-grade cars. We were first to use cord tires as standard equipment. We were the first quantity-manufacturers to build bodies of the highest grade.

If you want beauty, fine upholstery, rich finish and equipment, consider that Studebaker has had more experience in fine coach building than any other motor car maker.

Our place no accident

The pedestal place which Studebaker holds in the fine-car field is not the result of accident. It comes from principles as old as this business—the ceaseless and determined ambition to excel.

Learn the result of these efforts. Compare detail by detail, part by part, with any car you wish. When you foot the advantages, you will find that they number scores.

* * *

These are facts you should know. They are inducing 150,000 per year to choose Studebaker cars.

Some sell under $1,000. Some meet every requirement in size and power and luxury. But the chassis are all alike, save in size. The same steels, the same standards throughout. Every important Studebaker part represents the best we know.

* * *

People have learned these facts—hundreds of thousands of them. The demand for Studebakers has almost trebled in three years. It has become overwhelming, even for our facilities.

Investigate the reasons. You will find them by the scores. Then, if you choose a rival car, we shall have nothing more to say.

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All materials of the highest grade. Hand-buffed leather cushions. Body finished by 26 operations, including 15 coats of paint and varnish. Extra cordture. This car in the building passes 30,000 inspections.

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Coupe-Roadster (2-Pass.)	1195
Coupe (5-Pass.)	1395
Sedan	1485

SPECIAL-SIX	
5-Passenger 119-in. W. B. 50 H. P.	
Touring	$1350
Roadster (2-Pass.)	1325
Coupe (5-Pass.)	1895
Sedan	1985

BIG-SIX	
7-Passenger 126-in. W. B. 60 H. P.	
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The soft, fluffy, chemically-treated, unbreakable yarn of this Fuller Wonder Mop gathers and holds the dust *until shaken out*. No oil to spot, grease or explode. Never streaks light carpets, baseboards, or the edges of rugs. Fine for linoleum. Reversible, giving two wearing surfaces. Washing it will not destroy its dust-absorbing qualities. Removes all dirt from tops of windows and doors without showering it over you. Long handle reaches everywhere; holds firmly; no wiggling, no wabbling. Surely, it is *a Wonder Mop*.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

DANGEROUS GAME: B'AR FIGHTS AND SICH

(Continued from Page 25)

and tearing up people are enormous. The mere fact of these potentialities is sufficiently terrifying. Only he does not—at least in this country. I happen to know a good deal about timber wolves, for in my youth I spent much time in a timber-wolf country at a period when they were very numerous; and I saw and heard considerable of them both by day and by night, in seasons of plenty and seasons of short rations. Also, having an inquiring mind, I garnered information from many other men whose experience was even more extensive than my own. The sum of it all was that though I talked to or heard of many men who thought they had been in danger from these animals, I found not one who had either been injured or actually attacked. Nor, personally, do I believe any of them had been in danger.

Why do I think that? Because of many repeated experiences of my own. It happened that often I had to make a snowshoe journey of from two to eight miles at night from one camp to another. To see my way I wore a small bull's-eye lantern on a strap around my head. Rarely had I gone more than a mile before I had picked up a little band of timber wolves. They padded alongside, sometimes within eight or ten yards. By turning my head suddenly I could shine their eyes for a moment; but only for a moment. They would accompany me thus until I had nearly reached my destination, when they would withdraw. This almost always happened. What was their exact motive in so doing I do not know. They never showed the slightest indication of a desire to attack. It is possible that if I had fallen down or shown myself to be in distress they might have closed in. Probably they hadn't much to do, anyway, and went along in the remote hope that I'd fall dead, or something. Or perhaps they were merely curious. If it had not been for the jack light on my head I should never have known of their presence at all. An ordinary lantern, such as a man customarily carries to see his way, would but rarely have caught the gleam of their eyes.

Four-Footed Micawbers

But consider the tenderfoot or the man who was not in touch with what was practically common knowledge as to the habits of wolves, journeying along the road at night and becoming suddenly aware of the close proximity of these creatures. He did not pause for natural-history investigation. Promptly he climbed something, generally a skidway of logs as being easiest to surmount. There he roosted and yelled his head off, clamoring for assistance. As the winters in that part of the country were severe, his position was one of real hardship. He rarely dared come down before morning, and then he was lucky if he hadn't some important appendage, such as a nose or an ear or a finger or two, frozen white. We rescued at times quite a few of these fellows who had been "treed by wolves." It did no good to tell them they had really been in no danger. In fact, that just made them fighting mad. I think now it might have made me fighting mad too.

This curious habit of wolves is the basis of all these attacked-by-wolves yarns, I am convinced. Even in lean years, when for one cause or another deer were scarce and hard to come at, and we could read the signs of the woods to the effect that Br'er Wolf was having a hard time, I have never been able to learn of an authentic instance of attack on a human being. Prowl around at night—oh, yes; and even jump on the roof perhaps. But actual attack, no! The motive in this case was probably the same, intensified, that induced them to follow so close in our night journeys—a very generalized hope that something would turn up.

As for the fiction stuff of the hero barring the door with his strong right arm while the ravening beasts leap and tear with their fangs outside—*oo-là-là!*

There is one fatal error in that often-repeated story of the skillful skater turning and doubling so fast that the pursuing wolves are at length foiled. Wolves will not venture on smooth ice. So well do the deer know this that in event of pursuit, whenever they can possibly do so, they make for a frozen pond or river. Once out on smooth ice they feel safe. I have followed and read the signs of wolf-and-deer chases many, many times, and never have I seen an instance when this did not hold true. Indeed, on one occasion, not two hundred yards from camp, we captured a fine young buck alive as a sequel to such an incident. The deer, pursued by wolves, had run out onto exceptionally glary ice and fallen down. His sharp little hoofs slipped so that he was unable to regain his feet. In spite of the obvious fact that he was down and in distress, and therefore easy prey, the wolves had not dared venture the few yards necessary to take him. We could see where they had tramped back and forth on the shore, but could discover no attempt to go farther. By means of ropes we took the buck into camp, where he was assigned a corral and some hay.

The Two Kinds of American Bear

All in all, we shall have to rule out the timber wolf, at least in this country. They tell large tales of him but, flatly, I don't believe them. They also tell the same tales of his Russian cousin, and these may be true—Russia is a very long way off and full of Bolshevistic ideas. It is quite probable our American wolf is traveling on his relative's reputation, a sort of parlor pink among wolves, as it were.

There remains the bear. I have no desire to be an iconoclast, none whatever; and I want to leave the b'ar-fight legend as far as I can. So I will content myself by saying at the start-off that there are in America two kinds of bear. Ah, yes, says you; black bear and grizzlies. Ah, no, says I; good bear and bad bear. And I am forced to add that the latter are demi-semi-occasional. Mostly bears are humorous clowns, lazy, good-natured, whose general appearance is of one who would like not only to live at peace with life but who would love to sit fatly down and joke about it. But once in a blue moon there is a cattle-killing, swashbuckling, dare-devil outlaw among the lot, and he gives a reputation to the whole tribe.

Rare even in the case of the famous grizzly, this is especially so in the case of the black or brown bear. The latter is essentially a peace-loving citizen. His main desire is to get away. Even when encountered at such close quarters that most animals put up a panic fight, his mind is still focused on getting away. He is very fond of wild berries and may frequently be encountered in the berry patches. Becoming aware of the presence of humans—also after berries—he stands up on his hind legs the better to see what it is all about. With wild yells the humans decamp. If they had waited two seconds longer they would have seen the bear light out as vigorously in the opposite direction. Jim Laney, out in the berry patch looking for a stray horse, had a black bear rise up to look at him right in his face. The animal must have been asleep, or much preoccupied with the berries. Jim was carrying a bridle and with it he fetched the bear a clip across the nose.

"Get th' hell out of here!" Jim advised the bear.

And the bear promptly got th' hell out of there. Jim knew bears; the average tenderfoot would have had "a narrow escape."

A Luncheon Guest

One day, fishing on the McCloud River in Northern California, Mrs. White sat down on the edge of a slab rock perhaps twenty feet wide to eat her lunch. A black bear, totally unaware of her presence there, came out on the same rock. Anyone who did not know bears would have been justified in emitting a squawk and making the occasion one of flurry and stampede and desperate adventure. But Mrs. White did know bears, so she sat quite motionless and enjoyed this one. The wind was sucking briskly down river and she was on the downstream end of the flat rock. As long as she sat perfectly still she remained undiscovered. That bear had a good time. He sauntered into the water and took a bath; he dried himself off in the sun and manicured his nails carefully one after the other. He climbed a little tree and came down again, apparently just for the sake of the exercise. He deftly scooped in some berries that grew at one edge of the rock, and had lunch.

"Whenever," Mrs. White described it, "he looked away I took a bite of my sandwich. So we had lunch together quite sociably."

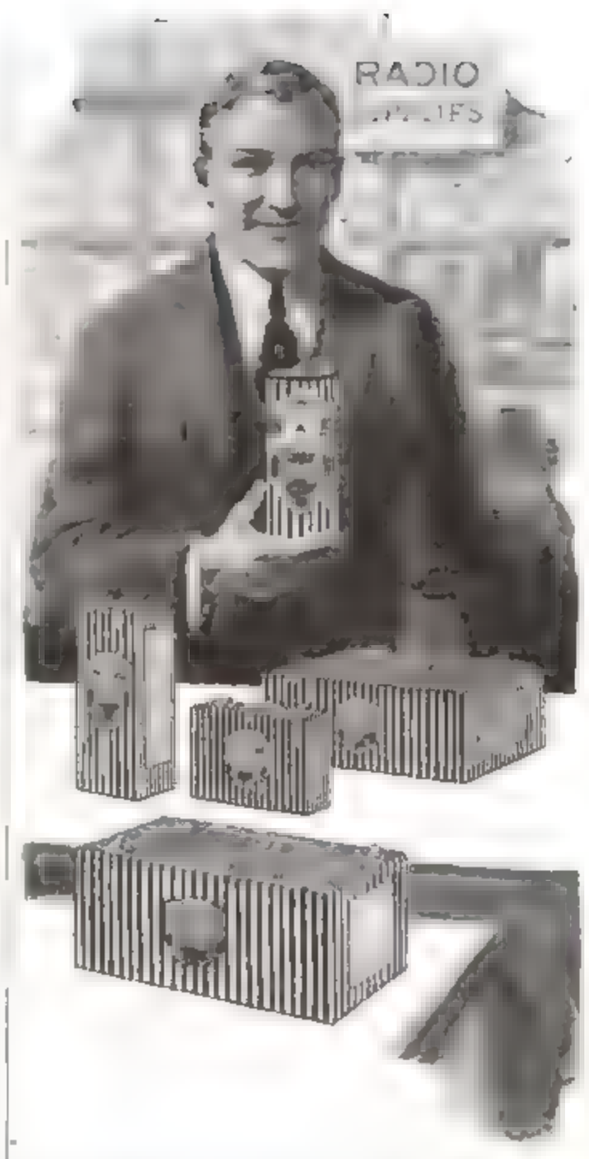
Like all bears off guard, this one had a droll and waggish eye and innumerable good-humored private jokes which apparently he constantly relished with an equable mind. By and by he shook himself and went away. His visit had lasted about twenty minutes. A pleasant time was had by all.

Now the point is this: If at any moment of that twenty minutes Mrs. White had made a sudden move or uttered a loud cry that bear would indubitably have got out of there just as fast as he could go. Even if discovered, she was in no danger. Surprised at such close quarters, almost any other species of the so-called dangerous game would very probably have attacked in a sheer spirit of panicky self-defense. I've even had a poor little wildcat turn on me for a moment in such circumstances. Of course he did not stay to put up a fight; but his first instinctive reaction was of what one might call aggressive defense. Not so the black bear. His first and only instinctive reaction is to go away from there, and it is astonishing how rapidly he gets up speed.

How about the b'ar fights of our ancestors then? And how about the modern yarns of desperate charges? Are they all lies? By no means.

Our ancestors were armed with single-shot muzzle-loading rifles, shooting a charge of powder and lead that rather closely approximates the semimodern .32-20. To kill as large an animal as a bear with this charge took pretty close and pretty lucky shooting.

African Guides With a Pair of Elephant Tusks



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A new—and economical—adventure in holidaying is before you this summer. Plan now to enjoy it! $300 to $400 and three or four weeks' time will give you a week or two in Hawaii and cover all the expenses of round-trip first-class passage on an ocean liner, hotel accommodations and sight-seeing.

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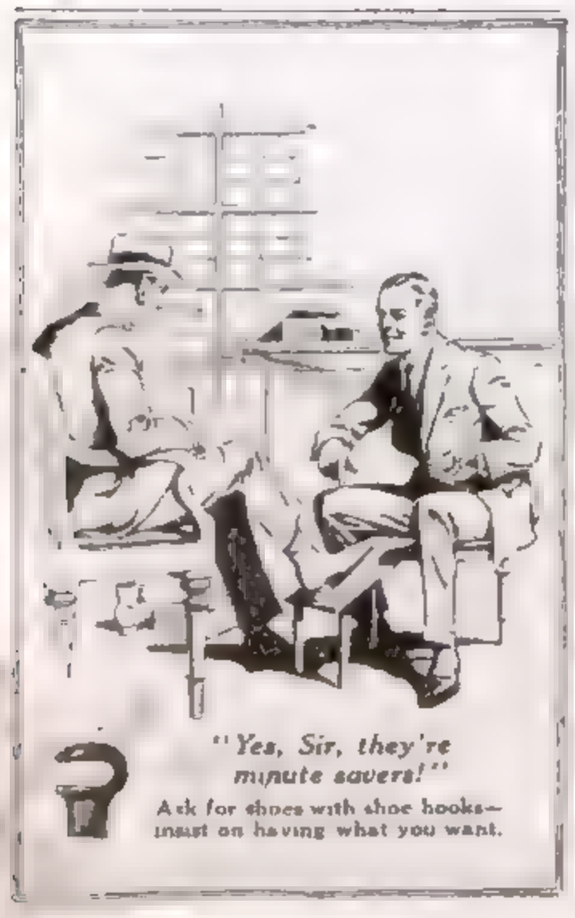

"Yes, Sir, they're minute savers!"

Ask for shoes with shoe hooks—insist on having what you want.

Nevertheless, they accounted for a great many thousands of the creatures. This they did by either searching them out in hibernation quarters, catching or driving them up a tree, still-hunting, or baying them with dogs. In the first three cases undoubtedly they tried for—and generally accomplished—a brain shot. If that missed—and they had no dogs—they generally failed to get the bear. Baying with dogs also meant in the vast majority of cases, as it does today, that the animal went up a tree, where he could be dispatched at leisure. Once in a while, however, it would happen that the bear would not find a good tree to climb, and that he would be forced to turn on his insistent pursuers while still on the ground. Then if the one shot from the pea rifle failed to do the trick, I imagine it not infrequently happened that these powerful, resolute men, eager to save their dogs from mutilation or death, confident both in their own strength and the assistance of their hounds, would prefer, rather than await the slow reloading, to attempt to slip in a nine-inch blade. They got away with it time after time. It seems to me extremely likely that this was the real origin of most b'ar fights. I doubt very much whether the proportion of these bears that deliberately broke through the hounds to attack the man was any greater then than it is now.

For that happens even in these degenerate modern times. A bear, chased over several miles of country, unable to find a good climbing tree, forced at length to turn on his nipping, yapping pursuers, loses his native good nature. And he is plenty clever enough to recognize that the man rather than the dogs is his chief enemy. Then we get a genuine bear charge. Then unless the man kills the bear he may have real trouble. This happens occasionally. It happened last week in Northern California. But modern man, armed with a repeating rifle, has no excuse for not stopping the beast. The latter is a big mark, and he cannot stand much hammering, and he is hampered by the dogs. All in all, though there is much interest and excitement in the pursuit of the black bear, the danger is negligible, or at least more or less accidental. In the tremendous aggregate of black bears captured all over the country for the past two or three hundred years, the actual instances of death or injury or even of close calls are so few as to be negligible.

Old Grizzlies and Modern Ones

The grizzly, however, is in a different category. Though ordinarily his natural food is ants, grubs, berries, nuts and fish, occasionally he becomes definitely and destructively carnivorous. Such an individual turns into a cattle killer, and he seems to kill for the fun of killing, far in excess of his needs. The corollary to this outlawry from the natural habits of his kind seems to be that, like other outlaws, he becomes a bad *hombre* in other respects. He is most definitely a dangerous citizen.

As to how nearly this attitude was typical of the grizzly of the past is a question. Discounting the effects of the mighty-hunter complex, there seems to be little doubt that in the days of the pea rifle the grizzly was a much more formidable beast than at present. That, like the ex-truculence of the German Junker, was a matter of education. The aboriginal Indian, armed with a very ineffective type of bow and arrow, customarily left him severely alone. Parenthetically, it should be noted that he as customarily tackled the black bear. The grizzly almost literally had nothing to fear, and he conducted himself accordingly. After one has for countless generations bossed everything in sight it is enraging to be shot at with a pea rifle. One is quite likely to retaliate at such lese majeste. And since the American pioneer was not in the least inclined to back down from anything afoot, we had for a considerable period a warfare that resulted in genuine b'ar fights.

But with the increase in power of modern weapons, the grizzly—unlike the Junker—learned his lesson. He quit his self-appointed job as boss of creation. No longer did he swagger scornfully in the presence of man. In these modern times he is as wary as any other wild animal, and must be stalked as carefully if one would even approach to within rifle range.

The beast we must deal with in our examination is, if we are to take old testimony at anything near its face value, quite a different animal. The word has passed about. How that word passes about is in itself an interesting speculation.

Over a large area of the Sacramento Valley in California ducks swarm by the tens of thousands. A very destructive poaching is actively carried on by men who sneak up on ponds at dead of night and turn loose the entire contents of automatic shotguns whose normal capacity is increased by a tube soldered onto the end of the magazine. So thickly do the ducks sit on the surface of the ponds that it is no unusual matter for these miscreants to gather in from a hundred to two hundred and fifty ducks at one raid. This is called dragging. Now on the pond so raided there had been perhaps five or six hundred ducks closely packed together; five or six hundred out of the unnumbered thousands with which the skies above the Sacramento Valley are darkened when they are in flight. In other words but a small fraction of 1 per cent have had actual experience of danger at that particular point. Nevertheless, it will be some weeks after such a raid before that pond will again afford shooting of a legitimate sort. Hardly a duck comes near it, while its neighbors will be crowded.

How is the news passed on? How does the fatal experience of the few become known to the many? By what mysterious sign is that one pond marked off from all others for a time, so that not only the local birds avoid it but also the swarms that come in from up and down the valley? One can speculate, but one does not know. The fact, however, remains.

Animal Wireless

In some similar fashion it is that the grizzly has learned the value of the modern rifle. It is as mysterious. Certainly the dead beast, being dead, cannot inform his friends. Ursine eyewitnesses of the catastrophe, with the utmost altruistic industry, could hardly spread the news among a whole race; and besides, there are rarely eyewitnesses. Heredity gets no chance, for the potential parent is dead and skinned. The acquisition of such knowledge and the development of defensive wile and stratagem by wild birds or animals, and the modification of a whole system of life in accordance, are always intriguing speculations. It would seem that those who could have learned by experience were gone, and that the remainder could be possessed neither of the knowledge nor the incentive. Quail, duck, deer, squirrel, dozens, hundreds of others, all exhibit this uncanny possession of telepathic power, or a flock mind, or a connection with their own little portion of a cosmic consciousness, or whatever you may be pleased to call it. The grizzly is no exception. His primary desire is now to get away. If you catch sight of him on his native heath you must stalk him—and carefully—in order to get within a decent range.

Furthermore, for his size and strength he is not difficult to kill. When hit, he does not, like the lion, react first to anger; his primary instinct is to be sorry for himself. Generally he bawls like a baby. And he carries no such weight of lead as most of the African stuff. The .30 Springfield rifle is amply heavy for the biggest and toughest of him; a great many of his tribe have been knocked out by the .30-40; and not a few old-timers have habitually pursued him with that overrated much-lied-about popgun, the .30-30.

But with all these allowances accorded their due weight, we must still acknowledge that the grizzly is a powerful beast, extraordinarily quick for one so large, and that his temper can be overstrained. Also that, like all first-class game animals, his individual temperament varies widely. A full-size grizzly, encountered, as occasionally happens, suddenly and at close quarters, is an uncertain proposition. And there are a few remote lost valleys—I know of one such—where the grizzlies have never been disturbed and are apparently cut off from grizzly wireless. There the big bear still swaggers, ruff erect, and looks you in the eye and "tells you what you can't do," as one old-timer expressed it to me. These bears could be made quite dangerous.

Ordinarily, as grizzlies are shot nowadays, there is little risk in the pursuit. They are espied through glasses from a distance on snow slides; they are stalked; and they are shot in the open at comfortable ranges. When wounded or alarmed they run downhill, both because it is easier and because the nearest good cover is in the valley bottoms. If the hunter is below, as he usually is—it may happen that the bear will come toward him. Then he gets a thrill. If the bear blunders near enough before it becomes aware of the hunter, then it may actually attack, not so much in anger as because it feels itself cornered. A wounded bear that is close enough will rarely attack from anger. I never heard of one that charged from any great distance. A single well-placed shot will kill. Even badly placed shots, in the numbers permitted by the modern magazine rifle, will kill. Casting up all the chances judicially, I should say that, considering the lion as bogey, the grizzly should be rated a considerable number of strokes behind.

I don't know that we have arrived much of anywhere with all this discussion, any more than the smoking-car shooters ever arrive much of anywhere. But perhaps we may have made a few points: Any animal large enough to inflict real damage is always potentially dangerous. The degree of danger depends on the amount of combativeness and the type of courage inherent in the species. It depends still more on the individual of that species. It depends somewhat also on the conditions of the chase selected by the hunter and on the inherent damfoolishness of that person. With modern weapons it depends on the occurrence of abnormal accidental circumstance. Most real hunting adventures are the relation of such abnormal accidental circumstance.

But accidental circumstance works both ways—in favor of the hunter as well as against him. Ordinarily we hear only the latter, and by it only we are asked to estimate the difficulty or danger of taking a given species. The same argument would work the other way about, and it would be no more just in one case than the other.

Moral—Wear Silk Pajamas

I knew of a young Englishman, in the country one week, who sauntered out to the bank of a river, saw three lions asleep on a sand bar across the stream, potted all three of them, and sauntered back again. *Ergo*, shooting lions is like shooting sheep. Not long ago three men went to Kadiak Island in pursuit of the huge bear to be found there. Two of them were skilled and mighty hunters. The third did not pretend to be a hunter. He went along for the ride and the scenery and for the sake of taking pictures. He included a rifle in his outfit because the other two insisted, and he went hunting one day because they made him. That one day was plenty. After climbing enough mountains to wear down his legs three inches he stated flatly that he had come for no such purpose; that he liked the country, he liked the mountains, but that he thought the latter looked best from below, and most emphatically he had not lost any bear. So day after day the two mighty hunters occupied all the daylight hours in toilsome climbing, while Perry stayed in camp and had his kind of a good time. I admire heartily his independence of character in refusing to be stampeded into doing what he didn't want to do just because it was the thing, you know.

In that latitude there were eighteen of these daylight hours, which was plenty. Our hunters worked themselves to frazzled exhaustion but they got no bear.

One morning about ten o'clock Perry was having breakfast served to him in bed. He was clad in lilac silk pajamas. I mention this item not because it seems to me intrinsically important, but because it appears to have some great significance to the mighty hunters.

"Think of it!" they howl when they tell the story. "There he was in bed, and wearing lilac silk pajamas, by gosh!" That one thing apparently was a sort of last straw.

To him entered the cook.

"Mr. Perry," said the cook, "there are two bears on the beach."

"Good Lord!" cried Perry disgustedly. "Couldn't they come at any other time? I'm having breakfast!"

That seemed to settle it in his mind. But under respectful persuasion he was at length induced to arise.

"He put on a pair of slippers—and they weren't even proper slippers, by gosh!" the mighty hunters tell it. "They were these Chinese things without any heels, that you just stick your toes into, and that go flop-flop! And he flopped outside the tent and shot them both—in lilac silk pajamas!"

And that can prove anything you please about grizzlies. I'm going to stop. I've made enough trouble for myself with mighty hunters.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles on dangerous game by Mr. White.

Suppose fire destroyed ten universities

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
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Suppose your newspaper tomorrow morning should tell you that by some strange coincidence ten of our leading colleges had been simultaneously reduced to ashes. How shocked the nation would be, even, if one after another of these institutions were destroyed—ten in a single year!

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Is your home then protected?
The police cannot be everywhere. Do what you can to protect yourself. Put a Yale Guard Lock on your entrance doors.
The Yale No. 92 Guard Lock with its two massive hooked-bolts wedged firmly into the door post, or the Yale No. 10, with its bar of cold steel thrown across the door, steadfastly resist the burglar's violence.
These locks are jimmy-proof.
Look for the name YALE on the key. Any type of key may be a Yale key. If the name YALE is on it, Yale made it. For sale by hardware dealers everywhere.
The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.
YALE
Yale Made is Yale Marked

BASS INGRATITUDE

(Continued from Page 19)

Before answering the invitation Kismet bestowed upon Willie a disdainful look. Then he turned his glance toward the eager members of the quartet.

"I assept," said he magniloquently. "It is a pleasure fo' the champeen cullud bass singer of the world to jine up with the best quartet. Le's practice."

Willie Dime wasted no breath or dignity in wild bewailings or futile protestations. He knew that he was finished, done and out; discarded as indifferently as a banana's kimono. He staggered out into the night. The sky was as overcast as his feelings. In a trice his cosmic scheme had gone flooey and he possessed an overpowering hunch that the end was not yet.

Mournfully he mooned down Eighteenth Street. Darktown's civic center was ablaze with light and urgent with activity. Before the portals of the Champion Theater lounged an exquisitely haberdashed figure; a slender figure, the very personification of grace and elegance. Willie Dime, dilapidated, soul-sore and weary, accosted his very best friend and together they moved off.

Into the attentive ears of Florian Slappey Mr. Dime poured the story of Kismet's perfidy, omitting no damning detail. Florian heard him through with much shaking of head and many sympathetic tchk's. Willie, he confessed, was strictly up against it; Kismet Brown had committed an act that justified homicide, and if Mr. Dime was considering such —— But Willie was entirely too miserable and too cautious to put his modest physique against the Herculean frame of the champion bass singer.

Florian was sympathetic, and Willie craved sympathy.

"N'r neither that bass singin' business ain't all the troubles which I has got, Florian. They's other ones too; an' bad as they was befo', they is fixin' to git wuss."

Florian inquired solicitously for details: he considered himself an adequate clearing house for the troubles of his friends.

"It's my barbecue stand," gloomed Willie.

"What about it?"

"It's libel to be took fum me."

"Who by?"

"Semore Mashby."

A grimace of intense distaste wreathed Mr. Slappey's classic physiognomy. In common with most persons of prominence in Darktown, he felt toward Mr. Mashby an intransigent antagonism. Mr. Mashby was by profession a money lender and by nature a usurer. There was much to be said against him and some little to his credit, but his stauncheet friends never accused him of failing to stand on the letter of his rights in a business deal.

"How come you to be skeered of Semore?" inquired Florian.

"Well"—Willie drew a long breath—"you know I bought offen him the lot which I has got my barbecue stand on."

"Yeh. Ain't you been meetin' yo' notes?"

"Ise met them notes all right—ten dollars ev'y month until I has paid six hund'ed dollars pu'chase money. 'Tain't them payments, Florian; it's this: That barbecue stand ain't mine!"

Florian shook his head.

"Whose is it?"

"Semore Mashby's."

"Shuh! You says words, Willie, but they don't mean nothin'. How come it that if you built that stand with yo' own money, an' ain't missed no payments, it belongs to Semore?"

"It's a terrible long story, Florian. Does you crave to heah it?"

"I don't crave nothin' else. Less'n it's a nice, sizzlin' barbecue sandwich."

Willie took the hint. They visited the Avenue F Barbecue Palace, where Willie prepared for his intimate friend a large portion of barbecue. This was donated to him along with a generous portion of butter, several slices of bread and a bottle of ginger ale. And while Florian munched contentedly Willie Dime poured forth the tale of his multitudinous worries.

Semore Mashby, it appeared, had been originally the possessor of a hundred-foot lot on Avenue F. The thing had been wished on him as forfeited collateral and for some months proved a white elephant. Then he had divided it up into four twenty-five-foot lots, one of which had been sold to Mr. Dime. A second now boasted a shoe shop and a third had been sold, but never tenanted. The lot next to Willie's remained vacant, that and Willie's being the two center lots.

Willie paid Semore six hundred dollars for the lot—sixty ten-dollar payments, interest at 8 per cent, and, as Willie expressed it, "Each note bearin' its own interest," which was the same as saying that interest for the entire period had been figured up in advance and prorated on the sixty notes so that there was no advantage in anticipating any payment.

The deal between Semore and Willie was a lease-sale contract. The property remained in Semore's name until the sixtieth payment was made; and, not unnaturally, Willie desired a deed to his property, no matter how heavily that title was encumbered by a mortgage. Wherefore he had consulted Lawyer Evans Chew, foremost legal light of the colored professional fraternity, and in the course of that erudite attorney's investigations the horrid discovery was made that Willie Dime had constructed his three-hundred-dollar barbecue stand on the wrong lot.

The error, it appeared, was not an unnatural one. Semore had sold to Willie "the west half of the east half of that certain lot on Avenue F known as ——" And Willie had proceeded to build upon the east half of the west half.

"There was just too many halfses an' easts an' wests an' all such as that," he proclaimed unhappily. "West half of the east half an' east half of the west half—di'n't none of it seem to make no sense to me."

"Does Semore know you built on the wrong lot?" asked Mr. Slappey.

"Nos-suh, he do not! An' you c'n figger fo' yo'se'f what happens does he find out."

Florian nodded; he knew well enough what the flinty-hearted Semore would do.

"An' Lawyer Chew says," pursued Willie, "that does you build a house on somebody's land, even if you thinks it's yourn—that house belongs to the other feller. So all I has done is to build Semore Mashby a good barbecue stan', an' it cost me th'ee hund'ed dollars cash money. Tha's how come this bass-singin' job meant so much. I was makin' good money singin' round, an' I was aimin' to git me enough to buy that other lot next to mine; then I could tell Semore Mashby where he could git off at. An' now—now Ise gwine be lucky does I pay espenses an' interest an' buy clothes; an' Ise skeered to death."

Mr. Slappey admitted that his friend had good cause for apprehension, which agreement did not in any way leaven the bread of Mr. Dime's abject misery. However, it had been a vast relief to chronicle his troubles and for that much he was sincerely grateful. He knew he could trust Florian, and realized that if there was any possible solution to his dilemma it would occur to Florian.

Until past midnight the two friends held a lodge of sorrow. Then Mr. Slappey, thoroughly gorged, rose and departed. For a long time after that Willie Dime sat staring at the walls of his modest little business establishment which stood upon terrain belonging to another man, and Mr. Dime knew a great and pervading sadness.

From that day on, however, as though to lighten his misery, the commercial gods smiled upon the barbecue venture and business picked up amazingly. The growing popularity of barbecue sandwiches for neighborhood suppers and joy-riding automobile parties became even more pronounced, and Willie devoted his sole and exclusive attention to the task of building the business. A friend chided him upon his sudden retirement from active social life, and Mr. Dime favored his inquisitor with a frigid stare.

"Ise a hermick," he announced.

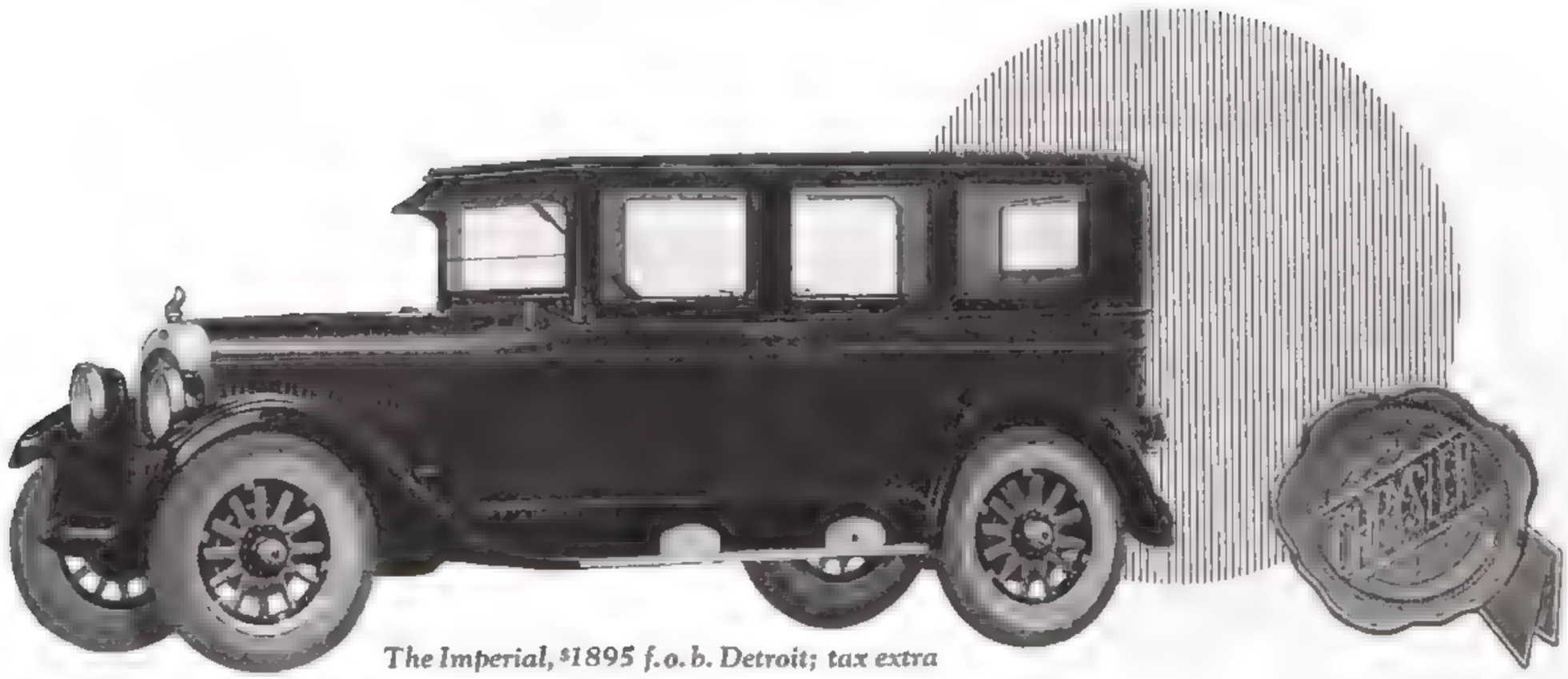
The friend grinned.

"You done became one sense Brother Brown took yo' bass-singin' job, huh?"

"I ain't intrusted in Kismet Brown n'r neither bass singin'. I ain't intrusted in nothin' no more. 'That is, nothin' 'cept makin' money."

But Willie Dime stretched fact when he made that statement. He was most keenly interested in the progress of the Heavenly Harmony Sweet Singers with their new basso profundo. Even as increasing success blessed his efforts at concocting luscious barbecue, just so greater triumphs perched

(Continued on Page 66)



The Imperial, $1895 f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra

How Smooth Performance Is Engineered Into The Chrysler

In the Chrysler Six, vibration is not smothered. It is eliminated.

That is a literal statement.

Archaic engineering (archaic in the fast moving science of motor car design) merely broke up the force of vibration.

Instead of the chug-chug-chugging vibration of ten or twenty years ago, it was ordinary to make it over into the ping-ping-ping type of recent years.

Adding cylinders, doing things to the crankshaft, speeding up motor operation, cutting the weight of moving parts 'way down, were the methods used.

They all belonged to the smothered school of engineering.

Chrysler engineers went to the fundamentals.

They were not content to smother vibration, or change one smashing blow into forty little taps—because that didn't eliminate.

They ordered vibration off the premises. Here's how they made the Chrysler a vibrationless car:

First, they cast the cylinder block and crankcase in a unit.

That gave a solid foundation to work on.

Then they built a crankshaft 1⅞ inches in diameter—big enough for a two-ton car. That made impossible crankshaft whip—which is the basis of vibration.

Still that wasn't going far enough to suit them.

So they mounted that big crankshaft on seven main bearings. (Most sixes have three or four.)

You see, they put in *all* the bearings you can possibly have in a six-cylinder motor.

They didn't do that because they liked to spend unnecessary money for bearings. They did it to make the least possible distance between crank supports, so that no explosive force can possibly whip the Chrysler crankshaft.

And they didn't use the old-time shimmed bearings, either. The Chrysler has shimless bearings, set up tight, with just 2/1000 of an inch between the bronze-backed bearing and the polished chrome nickel steel shaft.

In that tiny space is a film of oil, forced through the crankshaft by a constant pressure pump.

Of course you see the result. The Chrysler crankshaft is literally supported on a bed of oil. Friction is eliminated. Vibration is wiped out.

Then they made the connecting rod bearings just as big as the main bearings and floated them on the same kind of oil film to cut out metal-to-metal contact.

Next, the ten-inch connecting rods were drop forged in I-beam section of the finest steel to make them light but rigid, and then scientifically tapered so they could take—and enjoy—the stiff punches of the power strokes.

Finally, the three-inch pistons are of exceptional strength and lightness. Three rings are fitted above the heavy bronze-bushed wrist pins to prevent compression leaks.

These are the fundamentals, but not all.

In the Chrysler Six there is perfect balance of reciprocating parts, that starts with the crankshaft, every inch of which is machined—and goes right on up to the pistons.

The result is that vibration gets a permanent knock-out blow in the Chrysler.

Just test it for yourself.

Load your Chrysler up with five large adults. As you are spinning along, put on your 4-wheel brakes and pull your speed down to, say, two miles an hour. Then shove your accelerator to the floor.

Watch the rush of power—as smooth and velvety as water slipping over a falls.

Keep your accelerator right down while your speed climbs to 70 miles an hour, or better.

Notice that there is no "period," as the engineers say.

Notice that the Chrysler does its job smoothly and sweetly at 3 or 5, at 25 or 30 or 35, at 65 or more than 70.

That means *no* vibration, not vibration merely thinned down, or smothered, or covered up.

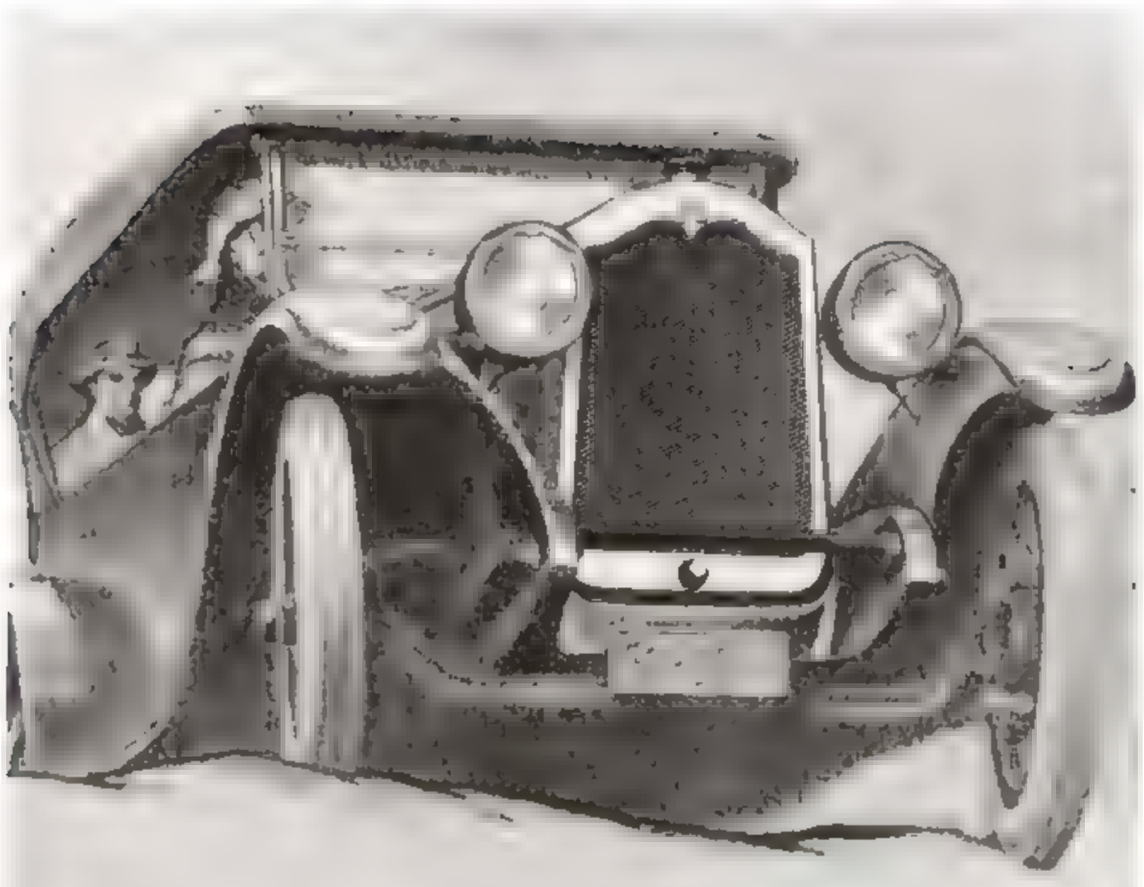
In every detail of its construction and materials, the Chrysler is of this same supreme quality. It couldn't be made better if it cost you twice as much. Try out the Chrysler for yourself, and learn what a really wonderful car it is.

Touring Car, $1335; Phaeton, $1395; Roadster, $1525; Sedan, $1625; Brougham, $1795; Imperial, $1895. All prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled, Cry'-sler



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where a motor *must* keep cool!

Harrison Radiators can *always* be depended upon to give perfect cooling service no matter how severe or trying the motoring conditions.

Years of manufacturing experience with continual research and experimentation have made possible the development of a remarkably efficient and dependable radiator.

In recognition of this fact the finer motor cars of the past fourteen years have been Harrison-cooled.

HARRISON RADIATOR CORPORATION
LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

HARRISON COOLED

The Mark of Radiator Satisfaction

HARRISON RADIATORS

(Continued from Page 64)

upon the standard of the Sweet Singers. Quintus Weefalls found it necessary to reject proffered engagements and he dared even to increase the ante, for which his patrons stood cheerfully. But Mr. Weefalls' bliss was not unalloyed, for success did not sit kindly upon the Cimmerian brow of his new bass singer. Mr. Brown proclaimed his greatness to all and sundry and he proclaimed it loudly and frequently, thereby dimming considerably the glory that Mr. Weefalls had accepted hitherto as one of the delicious perquisites of his profession. Yet the fact was undeniable that Kismet was an excellent singer.

Willie Dime mourned the loss of his art. Occasionally he gave melancholy voice to some bass ballad in the sanctuary of his fragrant shop, but there was a feeling of guilt in this practice, as though he were trespassing upon forbidden ground.

But while Willie was lamenting the loss of his avocation and Kismet Brown was informing the world that he was the supremest bass singer extant, other things were happening that bore directly upon the situation. It started when Semore Mashby dropped in at Willie Dime's place and consumed a tasty barbecue sandwich and a bowl of Brunswick stew. It so happened that the emporium was crowded at the time and both Willie and his cook were excruciatingly busy. The tiny cash register was tinkling gayly and there was an air of pervasive prosperity hovering about the establishment.

Semore was enormously impressed. He exhibited the same degree of interest in Willie's dollars that a lean and hungry bird dog does in the scent of quail on a chill December day. From the Avenue F Barbecue Palace Semore returned to his musty, dusty office on Eighteenth Street and summoned to his august presence the pompous Mr. Kismet Brown.

"As I un'erstan' it," commenced Semore, "you used to wuk fo' Brother Dime."

Kismet nodded; he was slightly offended that he should be reminded of his once menial station.

"What kind of a business has Mistuh Dime got?"

"Good," answered Kismet truthfully. "In fac' I might say that it is excellent."

"H'm! If they's money in a stan' like he's got, it seems to me there ought to be a fortune in a real swelegant place."

"You said it, Brother Mashby."

Semore inspected the other critically.

"You is an espert barbecue man, ain't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"An' you knows just how Willie wuks his trade?"

"I don't know nothin' else."

"H'm! Brother Brown, how would you appeal to an idea of makin' a heap of money?"

The Adam's apple of the visitor quivered. Affluence appealed irresistibly and he said so. Semore consulted a sheet of paper upon which appeared many figures.

"I owns the lot next to Willie Dime's," he vouchsafed at length. "An' I makes you this proposition: I sells you the lot fo' fifteen hund'ed dollars ——" Semore hesitated briefly; he recalled that six hundred was the price received from Willie for the adjoining lot. "An' I inwests fifteen hund'ed mo' in buildin' you a swell, white-tiled barbecue stand right next to hisn. That makes th'ee thousan' dollars which I inwests an' which you owes me. You pays me thutty dollars a month plus 8 per cent interest, each note bearing its own. An' fo' my inwestment, I gits a half interest in the profits of the business. What does you say?"

For a moment Kismet Brown said nothing. His none too agile brain was busy grappling with the problem in simple arithmetic. He immediately discarded the item of 8 per cent interest as being unimportant and drove to the essentials of the transaction. All he could see was that without the expenditure of a penny he assumed an obligation of thirty dollars a month in return for which he was to receive a sure-fire business which should net several times that amount. Too, the idea of combating Willie Dime and exterminating that gentleman as a business man was not without its appeal; quite unreasonably, Kismet felt a sense of antagonism toward Mr. Dime.

He envisioned a white-tiled barbecue stand, modern equipment—why, the thing seemed entirely too good to be true, and he wasted no further time in announcing his positive and definite acceptance.

Whereupon Semore himself drafted the contract and two one-dollar bills were solemnly exchanged by way of mutual consideration. When the conspirators shook hands it was with firm grip of mutual elation. Each felt that an excellent bargain had been driven, and each experienced an unworthy and unholy delight in contemplation of the discomfiture that was brewing for the inoffensive Willie Dime.

Precisely one week later there appeared on "the west half of the east half of a certain lot on Avenue F known as lot Number ——" several overalled workmen, a load of bricks and a truckload of lumber. The foreman planted tiny stakes, stretched a white string between them and work was started upon a new barbecue stand. And that afternoon came Kismet Brown, the proprietor to be. Mr. Brown was quite unable to withstand the temptation of gloating over his ex-employer and future business rival.

Willie met him outside. There was open hostility in the clash of eyes.

"Mawnin', Brother Dime." Kismet's geniality was positively insulting. "I hope you is well this fine day."

"An' I hope you ain't," snapped Willie. "Any time you happens to be hangin' round where a accident is at, I hope it happens to you."

Kismet smiled lightly and shrugged his hefty shoulders.

"Shuh! Willie, you suttinly do harbor ill feelin's. What you ought to do is learn to love yo' neighbor like yo'se'f."

"Ain't got no neighbor."

"Not yet!"

"What you mean—not yet?"

"You is soon gwine have."

"Says which?"

"Says you soon is gwine have a neighbor."

"Who?"

"Me."

"How come?"

With much display of gloating gusto Kismet explained that he was constructing the finest barbecue stand in the state of Alabama, if not in the entire world. It was, he informed Willie, to be an affair of brick and selected lumber and white tile, with equipment of the most modern, most expensive and most efficient model. Willie gave close ear to the recital of woes in store for him. His eyes opened wide, and when Kismet completed the tale Willie made a gesture of aghastment.

"You big mis'able bum, you! Not on'y you does me out of my bass-singin' job but also you fixes to ruin my business. Had you a tail, Kismet Brown, I suttinly would know you was a snake."

After which tirade Mr. Willie Dime turned and fairly ran into his barbecue stand, leaving Mr. Brown staring amusedly. Kismet felt a superior tolerance for his rival a sort of merciless pity.

But once safely within the confines of his shop, Willie Dime's entire demeanor altered. The expression of intense lugubriosity left his features and in its stead came a look of undiluted glee. He was beatitude personified. He clasped skinny hands on narrow hips and rocked with deep silent laughter.

"Hot dam!" he chortled. "What I does to that fat ol' buzzard an' ol' Semore Mashby now! Let 'm suffer—tha's me! I'll learn 'em to cheat me out of my bass-singin' job an' my barbecue stan'! I'll learn 'em! All they don't know is that they is buildin' that white-tile place on my lot. Soon as they gits same done, I swaps! Then just watch! Oh, Lawsy!"

Nor did anything occur during the process of construction to mar the rapture that permeated the soul of Mr. Dime. Occasionally Semore Mashby visited the scene of operations, and upon these occasions Willie Dime talked to him, protesting violently and loudly and wildly against this unfair competition. To each and all these protestations Semore turned a deaf ear and a malicious smile. He announced that he lived for the purpose of accumulating money and it didn't matter particularly to him how he did it.

"But you is gwine ruin me!" howled Willie sadly.

"Any man which cain't look after hisse'f deserves to be ruint," returned Semore.

Willie retreated. It was difficult long to maintain the camouflage of misery when his heart was rippling with thanksgiving. Yet he continued to play his rôle of sufferer; it seemed to afford Semore and Kismet such keen pleasure. And, to make quite certain of his position, Willie went

Continued on Page 68

Empties moving West

NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO, as railroading is computed, most of the freight cars going West were empties.

They came East by the thousands, bringing precious stores of food and raw material to the populous cities. But they took back little. For the West was new. The simple needs of a scattered people were easily supplied.

Then, as steam and steel broke open the treasuries of the plains and prairies, came the great westward flow of population. Towns sprang up and grew to cities. Newspapers made their appearance. Magazine circulation crept westward. Eastern manufacturers who formerly did business within the confines of a single city or state began to hear the call of the great West for their products. Pioneers in national merchandising saw visions of distribution limited only by desire created by the printed word. And so national advertising was born.

As advertising increased, people began to realize that they could depend on the printed statements of manufacturers whom they had never seen and whose plants might be hundreds of miles away. Each year there were fewer and fewer "empties moving West."

That advertising is a productive force, consistently increasing consumption in established markets and actively developing new markets, is attested by traffic records. The completed figures for 1923 will show a total of approximately 461,000,000,000 net ton-miles, an increase of 500 per cent in thirty years. In this period, growing national trade enabled the railroads to build 82,170 miles of new trackage—an increase of 46 per cent—and notably better their service.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CLEVELAND CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

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Concerning Your Visit

THE biggest disappointment of traveling is the stiff, uninviting formality of a large hotel instead of the comfortable "hominess" everyone enjoys so well.

Because we realize that disappointment, we have developed a McAlpin staff whose motto is "Serve every guest so faithfully and so well that he will look forward to his next visit." Your wants are fulfilled with quiet, respectful diligence. Courtesy and kindness mark every service

MR. Arthur L. Lee personally will be glad to greet any of his guests, and with the unequalled McAlpin equipment and cuisine at your disposal, your visit will be a most happy experience

As an indication of our good will, we will gladly send you, when making your reservation [illegible] colored [illegible] showing all subways, [illegible] stations in the City. Write for map. E. P.

Arthur L. Lee, Managing Director

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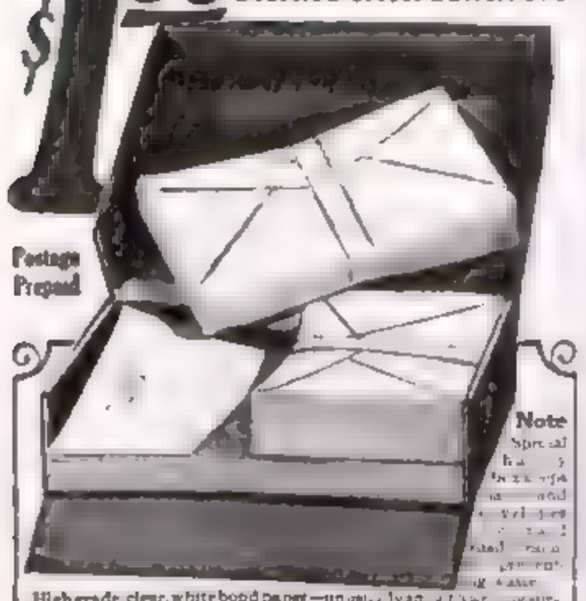

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PLAYS for Amateurs: Monologs, Recitations, Dialogs, Minstrels and Vaudeville Jokes and Sketches. Ideas for entertainments. Send for free catalog
DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO., 542 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 66

once again to Lawyer Chew and checked up on his idea that the white-tile stand was being constructed on his lot and would become his property whenever he chose to claim it. It was a sweet and noble revenge he planned in repayment of the persecution that had been heaped upon his meager head.

Construction work was pushed through at top speed. The new stand, a jewel of modernity and whiteness, took shape swiftly and beautifully. Willie gazed upon it with growing affection, and his contentment was not lessened by the knowledge that when the swap was effected, Kismet would still be tied up on a contract to pay Semore thirty dollars a month for one hundred months for the east half of the west half of the lot, upon the twenty-five-foot frontage of which reposed the drab and shabby shop now tenanted by Mr. Willie Dime.

Came the gala day when, with much silver-throated vocalizing by the Heavenly Harmony Sweet Singers, the new barbecue stand was opened. Early that morning a wagon had appeared carrying upon it the final touch of glory—a huge electric sign bearing the single and arresting word "Barbecue." Over the doorway was another sign:

WHITE TILE BARBECUE PARLOR
Neat Cheap Suckulent
We Serve Barbecue as is Barbecue
Sandwiches 10 cents. Barbecue 65 cents pound
Mr. Kismet Brown, Prop.

Darktown flocked to the new stand to wonder and to eat. Friends of Willie Dime reported that truly excellent barbecue was being dispensed by Mr. Brown.

"'Tain't no wonder," snapped Mr. Dime. "He went an' hired my cook offen me."

Nor did Mr. Dime bother to explain that he was very well pleased with the presence of his pet cook in the next-door establishment.

Kismet Brown was present in a body; and Semore Mashby was there, hawk-eyed and crustily genial, rubbing skinny dry palms together as he gave ear to the incessant rattle of cash receipts. Mr. Mashby believed that he had negotiated a highly attractive deal; not only had he sold a five-hundred-dollar piece of property for fifteen hundred, but in consideration of an additional loan of fifteen hundred he had secured for himself 8 per cent interest plus a 50 per cent share in the profits of what promised to be a healthy business.

The genuine test, however, did not come until that night when automobile parties commenced drawing up at the curb and ordering boxes of sandwiches. That trade always had been the mainstay of the business, and tonight it was evident that the dilapidated shack which housed Willie Dime's business was being distinctly passed up in favor of the new and glittering place of Mr. Brown. Somehow automobilists were unable to see Willie's establishment for the radiance of Kismet's.

One loyal customer did seek to patronize Willie. That gentleman shook a mournful head.

"Nex'-door stan' serves better barbecue," he confessed. "You-all white folks better buy yo' eatments there."

That was the beginning of a campaign Machiavellian in its cunning, sweeping in scope. For, quite deliberately, Willie Dime diverted from his place and toward that of his arch enemy such little business as might have remained. He did not do it crudely, nor all at once. Within a month it was generally known, however, that the best barbecue was to be obtained at the White Tile, and the gross receipts of the Palace were pitifully small. On the other hand, it became clear early in the game that Mr. Brown would reap a neat monthly harvest after deducting the payment to Semore Mashby and his inconsiderable overhead expenses.

Kismet was all puffed up with the overweening pride that immediately precedes a fall. The bass-singing business was going better than ever, and if his insufferable vanity had rubbed Quintus Weefalls the wrong way, he was yet too effective a master of low notes to warrant his dismissal from the quartet. And the White Tile built up a clientele that outstripped two for one anything the Palace had ever known in the halcyon days of its greatest prosperity.

Willie Dime waited just long enough; waited gleefully until the business of his own shop was completely and teetotally wrecked, until it was diverted *in toto* to the ornate establishment next door. And then one bright and sunny morning he called upon Kismet Brown. With him was the pompous and ponderous Lawyer Evans Chew. They found Kismet chatting comfortably with his partner, the emaciated Semore Mashby.

Willie greeted them cheerfully. He fairly bubbled with good humor. This was his hour of glory and he had no intention of sacrificing one iota of vengeance.

He and the attorney stopped just within the doorway. Willie cast a critically approving eye. The white polished walls reflected the joviality of his expression. He cocked his head judicially on one side, and ignoring the curious stares of Kismet and Semore, addressed a casual remark to his attorney.

"Lawyer Chew," he said lightly, "what does you think of this place I has got heah?"

Chew was no mean histrionic artist. He disliked Semore Mashby intensely and was not overly fond of the new bass singer.

"'Tain't so wuss, Brother Dime. In fact I might espostulate that you is seized and possessed of a most adequate an' representative establishment in fee simple, your heirs an' assigns forever."

"Ain't it the truth?" Willie didn't know just what Lawyer Chew had said, but he did recognize it as grand talking. "I sho'ly does own somethin' wuth while."

"Absotively, Brother Dime. I is proud to be the lawyer of the man which is possessed of such a place as this heah place is, an' ——"

Through all the colloquy Semore Mashby and Kismet Brown had remained motionless. Occasionally they glanced at each other, their expressions indicating utter bewilderment. That something was transpiring they were well aware, but they did not as yet suspect the nature of that something. Finally Kismet Brown could stand it no longer.

"Hey, you, big boy!" Lawyer Evans Chew writhed at the familiarity. "What you mean by all this seize an' possess assigns forever fumadiddles, anyway?"

Chew turned upon the other man a cold and fishy eye. Then he addressed Willie Dime.

"Will you kindly infohm me, Brother Dime, who this obtrusive pusson is?"

"Who?" Willie inspected the room. "Oh, him? He's the poor feller which owns that bum barbecue stan' nex' do'—provided he ever finishes payin' th'ee thousan' dollars fo' it."

Kismet Brown emitted a large howl. He swore largely and violently and threatened them with forcible ejectment. But Semore Mashby, knowing Lawyer Chew by bitter past experience, requested an explanation.

Lawyer Chew gave it. He gave it with grim and unswerving clarity of detail. A horrid error had been made, he explained. If Mr. Mashby would consult the records he would see that he had sold to Mr. Dime the west half of the east half of the original hundred-foot plot. Unfortunately Mr. Dime had built upon the east half of the west half; but since Mr. Mashby had been constructively aware that Mr. Dime was so doing, he—Mr. Mashby—was legally estopped from preventing Mr. Dime from now claiming the property which was rightfully his.

It so happened, Lawyer Chew further averred, that just recently Mr. Dime had made the ghastly discovery of that mistake; and now, as the rightful owner of the west half of the east half, he claimed it under the original lease-sale contract. Of course, Mr. Dime realized that any buildings erected upon this property became a part of the realty and passed with the land, and he therefore was regretfully reconciled to the fact that his building would revert to Mr. Mashby, or to any person to whom Mr. Mashby might have happened to deed that property. Lawyer Chew understood that the east half of the west half had been conveyed to one Kismet Brown, in which case Mr Brown automatically became possessed of the lot and of the buildings thereon erected.

The sonorous voice droned on and on, dripping legal phrases and oozing vitriol disguised as balm. But Semore Mashby had heard enough. It was his expression of consternation which informed Kismet Brown that a dream was ended. They were too crushed to comprehend immediately the extent of the disaster. They sought legal aid, only to make the appalling discovery that Lawyer Chew was on solid ground. And so, after being allowed a reasonable time, the tenancy of the two lots was exchanged, and Willie Dime moved into the White Tile.

"An' b'lieve me," he promised himself, "the behindest I ever gits with my payments to Semore is five months in advance."

Desperately Semore struggled to save something from the wreckage. The personalty which had been rescued from the White Tile was installed in Willie's ex-stand. But it was no go. Mr. Dime had worked with too great efficiency to permit a rebuilding of trade by his old establishment. Besides, under his expert guidance, the White Tile was supplying tastier barbecue and better service than ever before.

Kismet Brown was not yet quite clear what had occurred, but he suddenly realized that Birmingham was not so attractive a place as he had fancied. Nor was it made more attractive by the thought that he was obligated under a personal contract to pay Semore Mashby three thousand dollars for a lot and building worth less than eight hundred, and a business which was notable chiefly for its lack of vitality.

He omitted a payment to Semore—then another and another. And finally Mr. Mashby garnisheed certain moneys which were due Kismet as a member of the Heavenly Harmony Sweet Singers. That was the final straw that gave the camel neuritis. It was readily apparent to Kismet that he could support Semore in luxury by remaining in Birmingham, and himself not at all. Logic helped him out of his dilemma and out of the city.

He slid out of Birmingham one dank and drippy night; passed unobserved through the Terminal Station, bound for parts unknown; and the following morning several things happened.

For one thing, Quintus Weefalls found himself booked for the night at a flat price of twenty-five dollars—and extremely minus a bass singer. He called upon Willie Dime and masticated a large slice of humble pie, as the result of which Willie magnanimously consented to resume the practice of his bass-singing art where he had left off.

And then, while Willie gazed upon the cloudless sky and found it blue, a lean and melancholy figure appeared on the lot which was down on the records as the east half of the west half. Semore reeked of misery. His unhappiness was of a quality that satisfied even Willie Dime. But even at that Mr. Dime was human; he could not forgo the rapture of a conversation with one who only recently had sought his ruin.

"Mawnin', Mistuh Mashby."

"Humph!"

"Swell day, ain't it?"

"Pff!"

"I has heard rumors, Semore, that Mistuh Kismet Brown has depahted elsewhere."

Mention of Kismet's name excited Semore to profanity. Willie gazed with simulated friendship upon the emaciated figure of the ebony-hued usurer.

"Seems like to me Brother Brown kind of done you dirt, Semore. Like you said to me once, though, a feller which cain't look after hisse'f deserves what he gits. Ain't it so?"

"Shut yo' mouf!"

"My breff is as good as anybody's, I reckon. As I was sayin', you made a writin' with Kismet which must of seemed awful good to you—once. It give you a half interest in a goin' business. I was thinkin' this mawnin', Brother Mashby, that what you has got a half interest in now ain't a goin' business but a went business."

Willie's good humor was not shared even in part by the dour Semore.

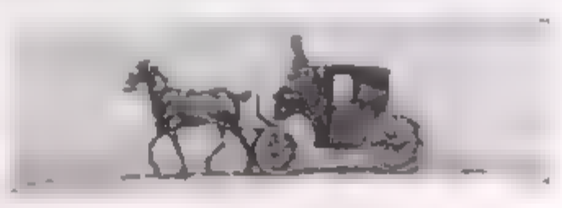
"How come you ever to think about gittin' in the barbecue business anyway, Semore?"

Mr. Mashby raised wrathful eyes.

"Florian Slappey suggested it to me," he snapped. "If I ever lays my eyes on that wuthless, good-fo'-nothin', no-'count ——"

Willie Dime clasped his hands rapturously.

"Florian Slappey, eh? Now what does you know 'bout that? I never thought you would pay no 'tention to Florian, Brother Mashby. But in this case it worked out real nice, because I was the man who suggested to Florian that he should git suggestive with you!"



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THE EYE OF GOD

(Continued from Page 17)

"Clear out of here!" said the gardener. "Get back to your mountain! Make tracks quick! Do you think this town'll stand for you or your talk?"

It was not until firm hands were laid upon him that Shambaugh ceased. He found himself in an instant outside the gate.

"The mountain or jail," said the chauffeur.

"Jail" was the only word in the language that could frighten Shambaugh. Wrenching himself free, he turned back toward the east. As he went along the hard bright road he scattered his delicate and lovely wares, tearing them apart as he strewed them. He passed the nursery of young pines and walked along the brown stream, treading upon white violets, brushing the foliage of rhododendrons. On the first rise he paused and looked back and shook his fist, not alone at the little woman but at the whole city. He saw again in imagination the flames leaping from house to house; he heard men shouting and women screaming. They represented civilization, espionage, government, and again destruction of some sort should be their portion. The sun was now above his head and he was in full view, but he gave it no thought; it was not a sentient eye, but a fiery ball, rolling on in its mechanical daily round.

Shambaugh woke at five o'clock and rose slowly from his pallet bed. Philena had been worse; and as she was filled continually with pain, so she was also filled with anxiety. Shambaugh's incessant muttering terrified her. He threatened a hundred evil deeds, wrought for the most part with fire—the hunting lodges destroyed, the whole mountain burned off, Chambersburg annihilated.

The supplies in the cabin were almost exhausted, and it was necessary for him to get money for flour and coffee at least. The arbutus was gone and the moccasin flowers not yet open; but the hillsides were covered with wild azalea, ranging in color from white to a deep rose, and for this there was sometimes a good sale. He determined to go to Gettysburg, which he had not visited since the autumn, and he would gather the azalea, which he called wild honeysuckle, on his way; or, better still, he would gather it on the battlefield, a small part of which was virgin woods. No road led to the south side of Round Top; and there, he was certain, azalea might still be found. It was doubtful whether even the guard explored that secluded section. Once, walking about idly, he had come upon a den of foxes; they would not linger in a spot which was visited.

At first he would not answer Philena's question about his destination; then, remembering that he could worry her, he said that he was going to Gettysburg.

"To sell what?" asked Philena. Shambaugh would not answer. "Honeysuckle flowers?" asked Philena, longing for a whiff as she had longed for a whiff of arbutus. "But you ain't picked any overnight."

Shambaugh knew how to frighten her almost out of her wits.

He was standing before the stove waiting for the coffee to boil, and he looked back over his shoulder.

"I'll pick 'em on the battlefield."

"They'll arrest you," moaned Philena. "You're not allowed to pick nothing there. You know you're not allowed to pick nothing there!"

Shambaugh went stamping round the cabin, gathering his breakfast together.

"You'll never get back," wailed Philena. "They'll kill you."

Shambaugh crossed the room with a swagger and buttoned his pistol into his belt.

"If any killing's to be done, I'm the one to do it," he boasted. "I could kill all them guards and get away and nobody would ever see me."

Philena was panic-stricken. The state nurse, who was her only visitor, came only once a month, and if Shambaugh did not return she would starve to death. But it was for his soul she feared, and not for herself.

"The eye of God'll see you!"

Shambaugh cursed the eye of God.

"Do you want to put a hex on me so I don't get anything?" he demanded. "When I'm finished eatin' there'll be enough for you for one day, an' no more. Then you'll see how much good the eye of God'll do you!"

Presently, without a farewell, he stepped out into the clearing, and, standing still, looked up at the sky. The sun was touching only the very tips of the high branches; it gilded tassels of delicate green and tan and rose and seed pods of golden brown and scarlet, which, lifted by a little breeze, danced against the pale, clear morning sky. Birds sang on every hand, and Shambaugh idly distinguished the deep bell-like notes of a wood thrush, the clear call of the catbird and the ecstatic courting note of a cardinal.

He had no names for many of the birds, but he saw each in imagination when he heard it sing.

The full tide of spring had risen even to his door. The earliest low-growing flowers were past, but tiny wild irises and crow's-foot violets had taken their places. The wintergreen pushed up tender rosy leaves, and he stooped and gathered a handful. His appetite was still unsatisfied, and it might militate for him on the judgment day that he had left a part of what he hungered for for Philena.

It was so early that he decided to travel on the road, and he turned downward toward the southeast; and after following a long diagonal on the rough side of the hill, he came out on the concrete. He would not acknowledge that it was more comfortable to the foot than a rock-sprinkled slope. He plodded on, his head down, until he reached the height above Cashtown, where the wide prospect lifted his head almost against his own will. He stood on the last steep slope of the Alleghanies, and below him to the Atlantic stretched two hundred miles of fertile plains, broken only by a few low hills. Two villages besides Cashtown lay along the road, and, far beyond, the town of Gettysburg shining in the sun. It was the same view, at the same hour, which on a July morning sixty years before had opened to the eyes of Lee's soldiers, for many of whom it was the last clear expanse seen on earth.

As he descended, Shambaugh looked at the azalea critically. He was not sure of the quantity on the battlefield, and he decided that he would take some with him, offer it at the edge of town and then get a new supply at Round Top. He climbed a fence, and, walking to the last stretch of woodland, took out his sharp knife and began to cut. Profiting by his recent experience, he left on each cluster a few green leaves. Taking the road again, he passed through Cashtown and McKnightstown and Seven-stars, and reached Gettysburg and Seminary Ridge at nine o'clock.

The women at whose doors he knocked glanced at him sharply, then pityingly. He was getting to look like an old man. They bought his flowers without reproving him, and one offered him a heavy coat, which he promised to call for on his way home. Another gave him a heartening cup of coffee and a thick sandwich.

Having sold all his flowers, he walked across the fields toward Round Top, looking curiously at the monuments as he passed. All were wonderful and beautiful to him, though to other eyes many were homely and a few were hideous. One of the last class was a shaft of white marble, from the side of which projected, at a height greater than a man's head, an arm, holding an iron cutlass curved like a scimitar. Near by, where a new culvert had been built, lay a short, heavy hammer, left there by a workman. This Shambaugh picked up quickly and put into his pocket. He passed scores of monuments, figures of soldiers, upright in defiance or prone in death, mounted generals, cannon cut from marble, reproductions of stands of guns it seemed that all monumental designs had been used many times. But in the panorama of smooth, open fields, gentle heights and acres of pleasant woods even the most homely seemed negligible.

Crossing the Valley of Death, Shambaugh took precautions against being seen. The tourist season had opened and there were cars in every direction. He was not afraid of strangers, or of the guides in the automobiles; but for the guards who patrolled the avenues, took the numbers of automobiles which exceeded the snail's pace allowed, and prevented mischief of all kinds, he had a certain amount of respect. The guard in this section, a sturdy old man named Eccles, was especially active and suspicious; but slipping from one clump of bushes to another, and then finding ample shelter among great rocks, Shambaugh reached the south side of Round Top unobserved, and there found, as he expected, a number of fine azalea plants, the survivors of a widely extended growth.

He set to work at once, not to cull the blooming branches and twigs, but to cut the stalks themselves close to the ground. Collecting them, he sat down comfortably; and having trimmed them into short lengths, he tied them into bunches with pliable twigs. He had intended to start back to Gettysburg at once; but feeling drowsy, he stretched out for a nap. He had walked not far from twenty miles and the ground felt deliciously soft. Yawning, he closed his eyes.

Waking hours later with a start, he leaped up. The aspect of the light had changed; afternoon must be far advanced He saw that instantly, even before he observed irate Eccles beside him. Eccles was a lover of beauty, and many times in the spring he secretly extended the patrol required of him in order to satisfy himself that this secluded patch of loveliness remained undiscovered and undespoiled. Outraged at the sight of Shambaugh and his plunder, he began to denounce him, calling him thief and miscreant and scoundrel. Bewildered and not wholly awake, Shambaugh began to make excuses.

"They're mine as much as yours."

"They're neither mine nor yours. Clear out as fast as you can! The next time you come into the borough the police'll be waiting for you." He moved threateningly toward Shambaugh. He was a smaller man, and he had no weapon but a heavy cane; but he knew no fear. "Pack off!"

Recovering himself, Shambaugh began to swear.

"Cut it out!" cried the old guard, still moving him on. "Pack off or you'll land in jail! Faster!"

He stepped briskly on, motioning Shambaugh ahead of him and now and then stepping on his heels. They came out in a few minutes on the avenue to the west of the hill.

"Let me see you beat it!" commanded Eccles. "Beat it! At four o'clock the truck's coming to pick me up. They'll be here any minute, and if you don't get out you may spend the night in prison."

Shambaugh heard the sound of a heavy car and scrambled over the fence. He crossed a field and looked back from the shelter of a clump of trees. Far to the left lay the town, before him was the battlefield, with Round Top rising like a pyramid of springtime green. The truck arrived and Eccles stepped in and drove away. Shambaugh suddenly laid his hand on his thigh. He believed he had been kicked awake, and the sum of all the hatred he had ever felt was weak beside that which filled his heart. He looked toward Gettysburg with a hotter rage than that with which he had looked at Chambersburg. He shook his fists, trembling like a palsied man; he cursed aloud. There was no revenge which was great enough; even killing the guard would not assuage his anger.

Then suddenly he had an inspiration. The heavy hammer still weighed down his pocket, and upon it he laid his hand. He knew suddenly what he could do, and his joy weakened him so that he sank on the ground. He leaned his back against a tree and folded his arms; he would have to wait, he supposed, till after dark. He took the hammer and brought it down, merely letting it drop without adding weight to the stroke, and the stone upon which it fell split in two; he tried it upon a larger stone, adding force to the blow, and it shivered to small fragments.

At midnight Shambaugh took the road back toward South Mountain. It was not exactly the same road he had traveled in the morning, but a parallel course a little to the north, along the tree-grown edges of streams and fence rows where treasured fruit trees still furnished a slight shelter. The moon was shining brightly and there was a constant gleam of automobile lights, now on the level, now far up on the hill where Confederate camp fires had long ago revealed to Gettysburg the presence of the enemy.

Shambaugh kept well out of the long beams from the lamps. He had left ruin behind him, but he did not intend to suffer

(Continued on Page 72)

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Continued from Page 70

punishment. The arm which had protruded so menacingly from the marble shaft now lay upon the ground, here a horse had lost his leg, here a general his head, here a corner was gone from the heavy base of a fine monument, here a peak from an obelisk whose summit was within smiting distance. The heavy hammer, now lying in the little run in the Valley of Death, had proved equally effective on copper, and from fine reliefs heads and arms and hands had been knocked off. After he had thrown the hammer away, he had seen the carved figure of a sharpshooter sighting along his gun and he had broken off the gun with a heavy stone. Remembering how easily it had cracked, he smiled. He had not been so happy for years.

His pleasant work had taken longer than he expected. It was astonishing how many cars went round the field at night, filled with young people shrieking with silly laughter, or closely curtained and possibly bound on some errand which good people would call wrong. The avenues turned short curves and there was no telling when a dark and shadowed spot would be as bright as day. It was necessary to pass carefully from one monument to the other, prepared to lie down or to leap behind a clump of trees. Now he expected to walk until dawn, heading for Jim King's cabin. Jim would cheerfully swear that he had spent the night with him, he had once sworn for Jim in the far more serious matter of killing a fire warden

He was not acquainted with these fields, and his progress was necessarily slow. He followed first the line of the railroad until it crossed the concrete road at the first village: then he kept close to the adjacent creek. He did not walk steadily; occasionally he stopped to lay his hand across his heart. At first it was because thus he could deepen the pleasant feeling of satisfied revenge, but presently he had another reason. His heart seemed to flutter irregularly and to send a queer aching impulse to his throat. For a moment he was frightened; then he diagnosed his case with a laugh—he was hungry. He remembered the kind woman who had given him coffee and thought with regret of the coat he had been compelled to leave behind, which he would not dare to fetch

Marsh Creek was an admirable guide, flowing as it did from exactly the direction in which he wished to go, and at a safe distance from the villages he must pass. Several miles above Cashtown the main stream led back to the road, but from that point he was safe in the woods; and leaving Graefenburg Hill and his cabin to his left, he would make his way over Piney Mountain and down across the Conococheague to Wildcat Hill and Jim King's cabin. Having talked with him, he would go home, stopping at the store at Caledonia Park to spend the dollar in his pocket. Philena would have eaten the last food in the house for supper, but it hurt no one to go without food for a day.

He plodded on, his shoulders bent, his eyes upon the ground, oblivious of the beauty of the spring night. Much of the time his mind was a blank, but now and then emotion stirred him, like a little gust of wind ruffling the surface of water. He thought of Gettysburg and old Eccles with joy, and of Philena and her eye of God with scorn. By and by another feeling disturbed him, at first in a vague fashion, then clearly defined. Sharpening hunger made him irritable, and he remembered Chambersburg upon which he was not yet revenged. He began to mutter, thinking of the little dark woman who had insulted him and had him driven from her door.

Reaching an elevated point, he took his bearings with satisfaction and turned into the woods. The leaves were still too tiny to obstruct the light, and he walked on with assurance. He could hear the stirrings of wild creatures; a ground hog sped before him with a queer gallop, and he heard deer moving in the thickets. Their natural food was not yet grown and they stole down to the young wheat.

Suddenly at a change in the light Shambaugh stood still. He had forgotten that the moon advanced with him and that its motion and his ascending route would soon put the mountain between them. He glanced round quickly, before the last gleam of light disappeared, and pressing into a thick growth which he sighted, sat down to wait until dawn, which could not be far away. The sun rose soon after five, and it must be at least four. He intended to keep watch, but he was very tired and he lay down, propping his head on his hand. In an instant sleep overcame him.

Waking with a start he again sprang up quickly. The sun had roused him and he would be on his way at once. Then he grew pale. The sun was not shining from the horizon with a level gleam; it was already four or five hours high. It looked into his hiding place but for an instant and then vanished, as from Jim King's cabin a monstrous glaring eye had seemed to open, then to close. Muttering angrily, Shambaugh stepped out from the thicket and looked about.

Before him lay the bright plain, but it was not until he had studied for a long moment that he orientated himself. He had somehow taken a wrong turn, and instead of being on the lower slope of Piney Mountain, he was on the slope of Big Hill, at least three miles farther from his destination than he expected, and with Big Hill and the Buchanan Valley between. He was suddenly frightened; it was important for his safety that he reach Jim King's cabin early in the day and get his promise. Down at Gettysburg there were members of the constabulary who traveled on motorcycles with the speed of demons. If the guards suspected him it would not take them long to get into the hills. He turned at once and went up the steep slope. His hunger had sharpened, and he gathered a handful of young wintergreen leaves, and, chewing them, he went on. The sun seemed to go with him, mocking him. When, dropping down on the other side, he passed for a while out of its sight he felt a sharp relief.

In Buchanan Valley, which was cultivated, and where he was afraid to let himself be seen, the sun spied him again, and on the steep slope of Piney Mountain seemed to scorch his body. Here the woodland had been burned, and he had helped to destroy what might have been a shield between him and the light and heat. The hillside was rough, and at times dangerous as a loose stone turned under his increasingly uncertain tread. Huckleberry and laurel bushes and other low shrubs were showing tiny green buds; but the general aspect of the mountain wall was gray, except for the yellowish green of a sprinkling of poor pines. It suddenly seemed possible that he might fall exhausted and be unable to rise, and a terror of death weakened him further. The sun seemed now to laugh at him. It was just above his head as he crossed the narrow plateau at the summit of the mountain and descended on the other side. From here there was an extended view backward into Buchanan Valley, and forward into the narrow green valley of the Conococheague. But Shambaugh did not stop; he had now but one thought—to escape the sun.

For another hour the sun would not be escaped. It shone full upon him as he plunged down the hill; it watched him fall and rise; it watched him pluck new supplies of wintergreen; it watched him press his hands to the aching emptiness within him. At last, at almost five o'clock, it let him go. He slipped into the thick growth of the valley with fierce delight, as into a cool bath. Before him, and between him and King's cabin, there were shade and a smoother path.

There was another benison. A road ran along the Conococheague and on this picnic parties sometimes penetrated a little way. He saw a box tossed by the roadside, and, stooping for it, fell upon it literally and figuratively. It contained bread and meat and hard-boiled eggs. He heard the sound of a car and crept into a thicket; then, rising a new man, he observed the landscape and took counsel with himself.

A short distance to his left he could see the gleaming water of the little dam; before him, and a half mile away up the steep slope of Wildcat Hill, was Jim King's cabin. His business with Jim would not take long; in less than an hour he would stand here again on his way home. He thought of Philena with contempt which was for once fairly good-natured. She would be hungry, and before he gave her food he would taunt her with her nonsense about the eye of God and would hint at a crime he had committed. Safe here in his own place, he forgot that he was on his way to ask King to swear to an alibi, and he walked on slowly, looking up now and then with a grin. The sun had gone; it was nearing its setting far beneath the next hill and it could not shine upon him any more today. It was not a free creature as he was; it was a captive led on a chain. In his triumph he even addressed it.

(Continued on Page 74)

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this heat! this wasted fuel! this wasted money! Apply Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel Insulation to every pipe you can get at in your house. It comes in three-foot sections ready to apply. If you are building, see that it is used on all pipes including those within the walls.

You can save fuel with Improved Asbestocel on any heating system—steam, hot water, hot air. It saves more fuel per dollar of cost than any other pipe covering you can buy.

See a heating man now

Ask him about prices, installation, and about the special improvements of this pipe covering. He can tell you just how Improved Asbestocel should be applied so that you can get more heat from less fuel for the rest of this winter —and for all the winters to come.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
294 Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 61 Large Cities
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Where to buy Improved Asbestocel

The same people who repair your furnace—plumbers, steam-fitters and ventilating concerns—will supply you with Improved Asbestocel. It is marked with a red band on the inside of both ends so you may identify it.

Mail the coupon below to your heating man, or to us.

Johns-Manville Inc
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I want to know how Improved Asbestocel can help my heating plant do a better job.

Send me the booklet, "Bare Pipes Waste Fuel."

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S. E. P.—3-1

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Improved Asbestocel
— saves coal

Asbestos

Ready folded for use

The Health Towel *of a hundred uses!*

In the home—office—factory—garage—wherever there is need for clean, safe, comfortable towels that *really dry*—ScotTissue Towels do just that because of their soft, white Thirsty Fibres.

Scot Tissue Towels

—have changed the towel habits of the nation.

—have made it easy to have clean hands.

—have made it possible for everybody to afford a fresh, clean, individual towel every time.

—are the only towels that contain these marvelously soft Thirsty Fibres.

—are daily being used in many new ways, because of their extraordinary drying, cleaning and absorbing powers.

150 towels in a dust-proof carton 40c
Canada and Rocky Mountain Zone . 50c
Case of 3750 towels 25 cartons . $6.25
F. O. B. Chester, Pa. (Factory)
Weight 60 lbs per case
Even lower prices in 5, 10 and 25 case orders.
If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your order
SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa.

Try the Handy Pack of 25 towels for 10c

For Kitchen Bathroom Automobile Office Factory

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(Continued from Page 72)

"You're gone," he said. "You can't come back."

He approached King's cabin whistling, but suddenly he ceased. It was not fear that silenced him; he remembered the day of his last visit here and his journey to Chambersburg. The desire for revenge was not satisfied; his hatred for Chambersburg was of longer standing than his hatred for Gettysburg, and he still wished to see it destroyed. A passion of hatred racked him and he stood still, his teeth bared like a wolf's.

Increasing darkness warned him to go on, and he proceeded straight ahead, separating the low branches of trees with his hands. He was tempted to call King and warn him of his coming, but it would be better to be wary. He thrust out his arms and parted the close-grown branches of the hemlocks and stepped into the little clearing, upon which a fairly bright light shone from the eastern sky. The clearing was empty, the door of the cabin stood open. He reached the doorstone in three long strides.

"Jim!" he said sharply.

He saw Jim lying on his bed.

"Jim!" he said again.

He stood for a moment hesitating, and then he entered. He looked down at Jim and swore softly; then, seeing a half-empty bottle on the table beside the bed, he seized it and carried it to the door. He sniffed it and lifted it to his lips and the strong liquor ran burning down his throat, making him choke, accustomed to strong liquor as he was. Slightly dizzy, he sank to the doorstep, holding the bottle in both hands. It still contained a tablespoonful; when the conduits of his throat were empty he would swallow this also.

The liquor went to his head almost directly and his spirits rose. He was Jacob Shambaugh, of whom people were afraid; he had the strongest arm, the surest aim on the mountain. He looked back into the cabin. What a poor and harmless thing lay within there! The only thing to do with it was to bury it, or better still to burn it up. Friendliness to Jim bade him to burn it up. He felt in his pocket for a match; but found none, and rose to his feet. He drank the last of the whisky, and aiming the bottle well sent it crashing against the nearest tree at exactly the point he meant to strike. He looked up at the small space of high eastern sky and shook his fist.

"The eye of God—nothing!" he said aloud. "You can't see me!"

Suddenly, straightening his shoulders, he stood with arms akimbo. It was as though by his defiance he had opened the door of his heart for the devil himself to enter in. His mind was queerly confused. He believed crazily that he had destroyed Gettysburg, and now he conceived a plan, as smart as it was fiendish, for the punishment of Chambersburg. Within on the low bed lay a dreadful thing; in the woods only a few yards away was a spring, one of the sources of a stream which flowed into the Conococheague. He would punish Chambersburg, which had flouted him; he would have an amusing revenge upon the nurse who went about thrusting her foolish and impertinent instructions upon the mountain people. If what she said was true, then let her look out.

He turned and entered the cabin and reappeared, in his arms a bundle of what looked like bedclothing. Poor Jim was light. Shifting the burden a little, he looked up at the eastern sky.

"You can't wink at me now," he said. "Can you?" In his pride he shouted it—"You can't, can you?"

Then suddenly he stood aghast. Like a great eye the sun could and did shine upon him. For hours he had believed it traveling to the west; he had grown more and more secure; but all that time it had been coming back to seek him out. While he stared the great eye shut, and he believed it gone, and thought he had been dreaming, and clutched his burden firmly; but it opened again, and again dazzled him and closed, and he let his burden slip from one arm. It opened a third time and the clasp of his other arm loosened. The bundle fell heavily on the step and a poor stiff hand protruded. Leaning slowly back against the door frame, he hid his face, a great confusion of terror in his mind. He seemed to see Philena and to call to her to help him, but she only cried out shrilly, "The eye of God will see you! The eye of God will see you!" He separated his fingers to be sure that the eye was gone, and it shone upon him again, more brightly than before. He was not deluded; the eye was not the creation of fear; it was real. It pierced his eyeballs and his brain and his heart and his vitals, and plunging forward with a scream he lay as motionless as Jim. The eye opened again and shone steadily into the clearing and closed finally, and the clearing, which was a double grave, was almost as dark as though it had been filled with earth.

Philena lay on her bed. Jacob had left on Wednesday morning at five o'clock, and it was now Thursday evening at about eight. She had had no food since Wednesday evening, and since noon today she had had nothing to drink. Late in the afternoon she had dragged herself to the door and opened it. There was no probability that any human creature would come within sound of her weak voice, but she must try to call. She had meant on her way back to bed to get a drink from the pail, which had not been filled since yesterday morning, and to transfer the clock and a candle and matches to the chair beside her bed. But she had not been equal to the task, and now she could not move. The clock was her only company; its tick had been her solace through hundreds of weary days and soon it would tick no more.

She had not yet cried out; Jacob, if he heard her, would be furious; but she had decided to begin to cry out when the clock ceased to tick. It was really stupid for her to waste her failing breath, especially as it was not hope that moved her but merely a conviction that it was the right thing to do. She did not fear death, but she believed that it was a Christian's duty to cling to life. She was so weak that she could no longer worry about Jacob, or speculate whether he was dead or arrested or whether he had abandoned her. She had only one thought—when the clock ceased to tick she would begin to call for help.

As the light faded, the chirp of the birds would grow louder and she would not be able to make any noise against them. But they would quiet down about the time the clock stopped. She closed her eyes and in a second was almost asleep.

Then she opened them wide and lifted herself with a great effort on her elbow. Silence had startled her awake; the clock had stopped and the birds had grown quiet. Closing her eyes as though thus she could make her cry louder, she screamed shrilly and listened a long time, and screamed again and listened. Everything was still. Then the love of life took strong hold on her and gave strength to her lungs, and she screamed again and again, as a whippoorwill might cry. She would scream ten times, she would scream twenty. She succeeded in screaming only eight times, and fell back on her pillow. She seemed to hear footsteps, but she knew them to be an illusion, and she screamed once more. But the footsteps were unmistakable; there were voices and a crashing in the bushes, and then a voice at hand saying loudly, "Is anybody here? What's the matter?" The faint light of the door was darkened.

"I'm here," answered Philena faintly. "I'm sick and alone and hungry."

There was a pause of amazement; then in the flickering light of a match Philena saw a young face on a tall body in khaki.

"There is a candle," she said.

The young man lit the candle and held it up. He saw Philena pale as death on her bed, and she saw two forest rangers. Each carried slung on his back a leather case, and one slipped his off quickly and laid it on the kitchen table within Philena's view.

"Hungry?" he said. "There's plenty here. We even have coffee." He saw another candle and lit it and began to unstrap his box. "We'll fix you up in a jiffy."

Philena's eyes, patient yet eager, rested upon the fingers working with the straps; then she looked at the other box, which its bearer was laying on the table. He handled it carefully; perhaps it held the coffee.

The young man saw her hungry smile and opened his case.

"This isn't lunch," he explained good-naturedly. "But there's plenty in that box for seven sick ladies. My box has a heliograph in it. See?"—he held up a shining disk—"a sun mirror. We've been up on the fire tower reflecting the sun and signaling clear to the new tower, thirty miles away, and we're taking a short cut home."

"Oh, yes," said Philena.

Neither heliograph nor sun mirror meant anything to her, and she forgot even Jacob in the sight of a brown liquid pouring into a cup. The young man had bread in his hand, also, and he came toward her smiling.

Fame is the by-product of work well done. The sturdy leadership that Phoenix hosiery has earned in world sales is based upon the solid foundation of quality. Quality always! The hosiery we build for men, women and children must everywhere withstand the severest test of outstanding elegance and long-mileage endurance, or that leadership can not be maintained. Such is the responsibility of fame.

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THE U. S. S. B. S. S. SUSPICION

Continued from Page 8

When the war stopped the nightmare began. It opened with a fantastic illusion. Postwar freight rates were for a little while fabulous and every ship was a Jason's Argo, laden with the golden fleece. The Shipping Board wanted no advice from anyone. It forgot to ask the Department of Commerce what kind of service American trade required. It asked nothing from the American railroads, whose power to originate traffic is alone enough to make a merchant marine pay. It suspected all established American shipowners, thinking what they wanted was not to build up a merchant marine but to filch some golden fleece. It had a magnificent vision. From the profits of government ships it would pay off the cost of the war. It called in a lot of inexperienced men, named them operating agents and gave into their hands the Government's ships to be sent all over the world, into every trade path there was, under an agreement to pay all the expenses with government money and share the profits.

Suddenly that rainbow vanished away. The shipping business fell headlong into a frightful abyss. A ship that had been worth $3,000,000 became unsalable at $300,000. Freight rates fell in a corresponding manner. Millions of tons of ships were tied up all over the world for want of cargo. The Shipping Board's boats came home in ballast with very sore feet. Many were abandoned in far-off places.

At just this time Congress passed the Merchant Marine Act, saying the Shipping Board should not own or operate boats unless it could not sell them to private persons or hire private persons to run them. The theory was that the American merchant marine should ultimately be owned and operated by American citizens. The law said further that the Shipping Board itself should operate them, if it had to do so, only until they began to pay. Then they were to be sold to private persons.

The Right to Pile Up Deficits

From that time onward the Shipping Board has been in this position: It may stay in the shipping business only so long as it is a losing business; it shall make it pay if it can, only in order to be able to sell it; it is obliged to sell any part of it if, when and as that part begins to pay and any private citizen wishes to buy it.

A fair analogy would be a department store conducted under a mandate like this: If it loses money, keep it; if it pays, sell it; if any department pays, sell it immediately; and, if not, conduct it until it does.

All that is reserved to the Government is the privilege of doing business at a loss.

Now how did the Shipping Board go about building a merchant marine only in order to be able to sell it as fast as it began to pay?

Well, as if the dilemma were not already a frustration of common sense, it made it much worse by deciding to do this not under its own name. The Shipping Board said to its managing operators:

"The Government will furnish the ships, all perfectly conditioned. The Government will give you the money to run them, pay all expenses, absolve you from all risk and damage. The Government will give you 5 per cent commission on all the business you do, whether it pays or not. You operate the ships on these essential trade routes which we name. Operate them in your own names. Thus you will be building up goodwill and prestige for yourselves, all at the Government's expense; and then when the ships begin to pay, if they ever do, maybe you will wish to buy them. And if you do the Government will sell them to you on very easy terms."

In the shipping business, name, goodwill, prestige and experience are worth much more than ships. You may have 1000 ships, yet without name, goodwill, prestige and experience you will have no business; but if you have these imponderable assets you need not worry about ships. You can hire them, buy them or build them on credit. And here was the Shipping Board spending hundreds of millions of government money to create assets of name, goodwill, prestige and experience, not for the Government but for its operators, thinking in the end they would be grateful. They might be; you couldn't count on it. But in any case they would not be stupid.

Suppose that after five years an operating agent who has been running Shipping Board boats to South America in his own name, entirely at the Government's expense and risk, finds the trade is beginning to pay. There is a profit in it. He goes to the Shipping Board, saying, "What will you take for those old boats of yours?"

The Shipping Board says, "Old boats, indeed! If they are a little old, remember they grew old building up from nothing a trade which now is worth buying."

He says, "I'm talking about ships. I don't have to buy the trade. That's mine already. The name and good will belong to me. These boats of yours are half worn out. If you will sell them at a bargain I'll consider a proposition. If not, I'll turn them back to you as they are and buy or charter new boats to run in that trade."

The Shipping Board says, "Speak softly please. What if we should give those boats to someone else on the same route and compete with you?"

He says, "Huh! You can't. I'm there and I'm going to stay there, and the law says you can't use government boats to compete with a private citizen. Now what will you take for those old ships? I'm in a hurry."

So that after an enormous expenditure for the assets of name, goodwill and experience, to establish American ships on essential trade routes, the Government has no business to sell; only a lot of old ships. All those imponderable other assets, worth much more than ships, it has simply thrown away.

Everybody saw this. Common business sense protested, yet the Shipping Board went on pouring out money under that MO4 contract with its managing operators, saying there was no other way, since under the law it was forbidden to operate ships if anyone could be hired to operate them. That had nothing to do with it, outside of dreamland. Operators could be hired as well to operate ships under trade names belonging to the Government as under their own. It was not until November 30, 1923, that the Shipping Board came awake to this simple absurdity. Then, with no change in the law, it adopted a resolution, saying, "The trade name under which a line or route is operated with vessels of this board shall be the property of the Shipping Board."

Meanwhile and always the previous dilemma. How to fill the ships! Hundreds of ships running everywhere at enormous cost, and no perceptible headway toward a merchant marine. The goal is slowly receding in fact, since the ships by all this costly motion are wearing out.

Walking the deck in this nightmare, the Shipping Board thought of the railroads. Why, of course! The railroads originate millions of tons of export freight. If they would only put it in American ships instead of routing it away by foreign ships the sun might rise in the right place again. The Shipping Board sent for the railroads.

Now, as everybody knew, it had been unsafe for a long time to mention the subject of ships in any way of polite discourse with a railroad man. Before the war the Government forcibly parted the railroads from ships. They had been operating or controlling ships in the coastwise trades, in the river trades, in the Great Lakes trades, and all this the Government stopped on the ground that it was monopolistic for rail carriers to own or control competitive water carriers. Two transcontinental railroads had spent a great deal of money trying to operate American ships on the Pacific in competition with the Japanese, and these the Government barred from the Panama Canal, whereupon in anger and disgust the railroads came ashore. There were other reasons, as will appear. They came, of course, and sat in a rigid row, waiting to hear what the Shipping Board wanted.

Complications and Difficulties

The Shipping Board said, "Why don't you do something for American ships? Why don't you fill them? You have agreements whereby you make a preferential exchange of traffic with foreign steamship lines. Such agreements are prejudicial to the interests of the American merchant marine. We forbear to say all that we think about them. But we wish you to cancel them. If you refuse we shall make you do it. This is the United States Government you are talking to."

The railroads said, "We are not talking to you at all. If you want to talk to us do it through the Interstate Commerce Commission. That is where we get on and off."

The Shipping Board said, "But why can't you do business with us?"

The railroads said, "We cannot do business with you for the reason that you are not business-minded. You don't know what business is like. You run your boats on one theory today and by another tomorrow, change without notice. In four years your operating department has had six heads. There is no stability here. For all we know, you may have a new chairman tomorrow who will decide to haul out half your boats; maybe all of them. We can't break up old and tried arrangements to tie up with a thing like the Emergency Fleet Corporation, which under the law is bound to go out of business as soon as it can. Are we hostile? No; but we are sore. You are shooting us up with a blunderbuss. With government money and no idea of what it costs, you are running a line of Mississippi barges from St. Louis to New Orleans, pulling freight out of the railroads.

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An Inside View of the Sheds, Showing How Cotton is Still Weighed on the Old-Style Beam Scales in Great Britain. Above—The Shipping Board's Method of Handling Bags of Flour, Showing the Board Slings Which Relieve the Pressure on the Bags, Obviating the Risk of Bursting Them

A black night—no warmer ally 'gainst the weather than the friendly cup of hot coffee. Men who are exposed to all kinds of weather say it is then that Maxwell House Coffee tastes best.

"Good to the last Drop"

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED TIN CANS-CONVENIENT TO OPEN AND USE

THERE'S far more than warmth to recommend the cup of hot Maxwell House Coffee.

Warmth can be added in a few moments—but for many long years we have been learning the secret of creating that *taste* that is "Good to the Last Drop."

To you who drink Maxwell House the phrase "Good to the Last Drop" is a promise—but to the skilled craftsmen who produce the coffee it is an inspiration—an injunction and an ambition.

That's why every cup of Maxwell House is a perfect example of how delicious coffee can become.

Also Maxwell House Tea

Cheek-Neal Coffee Co., Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

PALM

What's Become of the "Homely" Girl?

Artists and beauty authorities say she is disappearing

Everywhere women and girls are learning to make the most of their looks.

Evidence of this is all about you. Adorable complexions, fresh and enticing, wherever your eyes turn. The homely girl is of a passing day. Artists and beauty authorities agree to this.

The modern woman knows how easy it is to have the charm of lovely skin. And no one can be "homely" who has it.

The simple secret

Skin gently but thoroughly cleansed—once every day—keeps its glowing youthfulness, its prettiness.

But pay attention to *gently*. Harsh cleansing hurts your skin, mars it, just as surely as the dirt it removes.

Palm and olive oils are the gentlest skin cleansers science knows. They have been used by beautiful women since the dawn of history.

Today women who keep complexion beauty, women who are admired, use these rare oils, perfectly blended, in their modern form—Palmolive Soap.

Wash thoroughly with Palmolive—massage the skin thoroughly with its gentle, soothing lather. Rinse the face. Then, finally, rinse thoroughly in cold water. If your skin is dry, apply a bit of good cold cream. Do this regularly and particularly at night before retiring.

Simple as it is, it is the most effective beauty treatment you can use.

Use it for the bath. Let it do for your body what it does for your face.

Beauty remains

Skin thus cared for is not injured by dirt and grime, nor by the use of powders or rouge.

And that soft, clear beauty of schoolgirl days does not disappear with passing years.

Start with Palmolive today—it costs but 10c a cake. You will not wait long to see results that astonish and delight.

OLIVE

Palm and olive oils —nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only 10c

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

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Out of the Crowd—*the Man!*

SOMETIME to-day or to-morrow or next month, in practically every commercial office and manufacturing plant in the United States, an important executive will sit back in his chair and study a list of names on the sheet of paper before him.

A position of responsibility is open and he is face to face with the old, old problem—*"Where can I find the man?"*

The faces, the words, the deeds, the impressions, the possibilities of various employees pass through his mind in quick review, and he realizes once again how little an employer really knows about his men. How little he knows about their hopes! Their ambitions! Their particular ability to handle more important work!

It is no easy task—this business of choosing men—yet it is worth all the care and study and worry it demands. For there can be no greater tribute to the foresight and judgment of an executive than to have it said of him—"He knows how to pick men."

TO-MORROW morning, in New York and Philadelphia, in Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon—in Savannah, Georgia, Chicago, and in San Francisco—in hundreds of offices throughout the country, an important executive will find in his mail a brief note that will help him in this important business of choosing men.

The service of the International Correspondence Schools in helping executives to locate ambitious men among their employees—in helping them to find "the man in the crowd" is one of their most important contributions to the efficiency of modern business.

It will be a letter from the International Correspondence Schools telling of the progress of someone in his organization who is preparing himself through spare-time study for greater usefulness in his work.

The name of the student may or may not be familiar to the employer, but mentally, or in more definite form, he makes a memorandum to "keep that man in mind"—to encourage him—to give him, as opportunity offers, more responsibility and more money.

For the very fact that a man cares enough about his future to study his work in spare-time marks him as a man of ambition and steadfast purpose. He is the man who of his own volition is striving to make his services more valuable to his employer and to himself. He is, accordingly, a preferred man in every organization—he is the kind of man that every executive is seeking to find.

More than 175,000 letters or Progress Reports were sent by the International Correspondence Schools to employers in 1923—a truly remarkable number when you consider that each one represented a definite achievement in training by some student.

In addition to helping the employer to keep in touch with ambitious men, these reports have also served to encourage the student himself. The records show that students who request that such reports be sent to their employers progress much more rapidly than those who do not.

Briefly then the International Correspondence Schools render a twofold service. They provide the individual student with special training to enable him *to deserve* promotion, and they keep his employer advised regarding his increasing qualifications for advancement in his work. This service is an important contribution to the efficiency of modern business.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Scranton, Pennsylvania

Offices in leading cities of the United States and Canada, and throughout the world

(Continued from Page 76)

You are responsible to no rate-regulating authority. You take the business at any rate just to be doing something—just to get it away from us. You don't care what you lose and you can't go bankrupt. We can. Do you expect us to fill those boats or to fight them? That isn't all. For a dollar down and a dollar some other time you give government boats to raw operators who jam them into coastwise trade. They have nothing to lose. They take transcontinental freight away from the railroads and pump it through the Panama Canal until the sheriff stops them. Then you get your damaged ships back, all plastered with creditors' libels, and we get denounced for not embracing American ships. Railroads are American, too and we are trying to keep them going."

The Shipping Board said, "We are talking about foreign trade. If you were properly interested in the American merchant marine you would prefer American ships and they would begin to pay, and then there would be fewer competing for business in the coastwise trade. You might even buy American ships and extend your railroad systems by steamship lines all over the world. The law does forbid you to own competing water lines; it permits you to own and operate ships in the foreign trade—that is, between American and foreign ports."

The railroads said, "Maybe it does. We are not so sure. The law seems somewhat ambiguous to us. In any case, it forbids us to use the Panama Canal. That's clear. We were put out of ships and we are out."

The railroads went away. The Shipping Board solemnly entered an order, which it had no power to enforce, directing the railroads to cancel their agreements with foreign steamship lines; and the dilemma was as before. Government ships running everywhere, wearing themselves out, and no headway toward a merchant marine.

Curious Proceedings

The Shipping Board then thought of the American shipowners. Take this collective noun to mean not the Shipping Board's pupils, who learned all they knew at the Government's expense, but those wise old dolphins who had existed before and represented among them the highest ability we had in the shipping business. Many of them were in the protected coastwise trade. Others knew the offshore trade, for they had been operating American-owned ships under foreign flags, such fleets as those of the Standard Oil Company, the United Fruit Company, the United States Steel Corporation and the International Mercantile Marine. Some were in partnership with foreign steamship lines. A few had contrived against all odds for many years to keep American ships going in certain foreign trades. The Shipping Board had distrusted these men as a lot. Yet their knowledge, if only the Government could command it in a disinterested spirit, would be invaluable. So the Shipping Board sent for them, to ask what should be done for the American merchant marine.

They loved the U. S. Shipping Board about as much as the railroads did. Their experiences with it had been extremely profane. It will be enough to summarize two. The first was in relation to requisitioned ship tonnage. In 1917, when the United States got into the war, all these old shipowners had new ships building in American shipyards at about eighty-five dollars a ton, on a lump-sum contract basis, which means that much and no more.

The Shipping Board took over these private shipyards, together with all the ships under construction, and said to the shipowners, "We will assume your contracts and finish the ships. Later, if you want the ships, you can buy them from the Government at what it cost the Government to finish them." Then it said to the shipbuilders, "Speed the work at any cost; and as to these lump-sum contracts at eighty-five dollars a ton, we now change them to cost-plus-fee contracts. Finish the ships in haste and whatever the cost is, the Government will pay it, plus a commission to you in lieu of a contractor's profit."

The cost of completing the ships on the cost-plus-fee plan increased so that a ship which otherwise would have been completed and delivered to the private shipowners at eighty-five dollars a ton, cost the Government $225 a ton, and in many cases very much more.

Afterward, agreeably to its undertaking, the Shipping Board called in the dolphin shipowners and said, "Here are those ships we requisitioned and finished. They cost the Government $225 a ton. If you want them pay us $225 a ton and take them."

The dolphin shipowners said, "The figure is preposterous. We had those ships under contract to be built at eighty-five dollars a ton."

The Shipping Board said, "We changed those contracts to a cost-plus-fee basis because we were in a hurry, and here is the statement of cost. See for yourselves."

The shipowners looked at the statement of cost. "But here," they said, "we see among items of cost some very strange charges, such as charges for glee clubs, banjo clubs, baseball clubs, Liberty Loan clubs, Liberty Loan drives, social service, bedtime stories. Is that how the cost went up from eighty-five to $225 a ton? We won't pay it."

The Shipping Board replied, "Those were necessary expenditures. Anyhow there's the cost. It is $225 a ton. If you want your ships pay it."

They did want their ships and they paid it -paid the Government $2,500,000 each for ships they had originally contracted for at $1,000,000.

Then there was the experience that grew out of what is called the pioneer buying of Shipping Board ships after the war. The price was $225 a ton. There were two kinds of buyers. First were those solvent old dolphins who knew what they were doing and that the price was too high, and yet agreed to pay it because they wanted new ships very badly for the tail of a golden harvest. Secondly came a lot of speculative buyers who did not know what they were doing and had nothing of their own to lose. They paid a little down, gave their notes for the balance and went forth on their luck. Then all at once the shipping business went hard aground. A ship was worth hardly one-tenth of what all these pioneer buyers had obligated themselves to pay for their Shipping Board ships.

The speculative buyers said, "We won't pay."

The Shipping Board said, "But we have your notes."

They said, "Tear our notes up. Frame them. Sue us. We don't care what you do. Put us into bankruptcy if you like and see what you get. We cannot pay and we will not pay."

The Shipping Board said, "Well, if that's the case, since you are insolvent and cannot pay, and since we don't want the ships back on our hands on account of already having more than we can sell, let's do this: The world price for ships, say, is thirty dollars a ton. You default on your notes. We will go through the motion of putting them up for sale with the understanding that you will buy them in—your own notes—at a discount of 86⅔ per cent. That will make the ships cost you thirty dollars a ton."

That was to say, all a speculative buyer of Shipping Board ships had to say was that he would sooner go bankrupt than pay $225 a ton and the Shipping Board would let him down to thirty dollars. When this began the troublesome old dolphins were heard from.

Solvency at a Discount

They said, "What's this? You're letting these other people down to thirty dollars a ton from $225 by putting their notes up for sale. What about us? Here are our notes. Put them up for sale. We shall be very pleased to buy them in at a discount of 86⅔ per cent."

The Shipping Board said, "You are solvent. You can pay. These others are insolvent. They cannot pay. We don't want to force them into bankruptcy. It would discredit the merchant marine."

The dolphin shipowners said, "So, because we are solvent and can't afford to go bankrupt we must pay. Is that it?" The Shipping Board said that was it. The shipowners said, "And now these speculative operators you've been wet-nursing have ships at thirty dollars a ton to run against ships that cost us $225. Is that decent?"

The Shipping Board said "decent" was an offensive word. The dolphin shipowners improved upon it and went away.

Yet the time came when the Shipping Board could think of nothing better to do than to send for them and ask what should be done to save the American merchant marine. That was when the Shipping Board thought it was lost because the Congress had refused to pass the subsidy bill. What occurred need not be paraphrased. It may be lifted from the record.

First the American Steamship Owners' Association, having been asked for its advice, wrote a letter, saying:

The association regards the following procedure as fundamental:

(1) The Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation should retire from the business of operating ships and place the operations hereinafter referred to in the hands of private owners.

(2) The Shipping Board should immediately scrap such vessels as are inferior in design, equipment or condition.

(3) The Shipping Board should offer its remaining vessels for sale to American citizens without any restrictions, and without discrimination between buyers.

(4) After the lapse of a reasonable time, all of the vessels not sold under the foregoing plan, and having no immediately prospective sale value, should be scrapped.

(5) There are a few freight and passenger and mail services maintained by Shipping Board vessels the continuance of which may be regarded as essential to national interests. If the Shipping Board is unable to find buyers for the vessels in such service, they should be placed in the hands of private owners under an operating agreement until buyers can be found or developed or the impossibility of profitable operation be definitely established.

The association regards as demonstrated by experience that an American merchant marine in foreign trade cannot be built up through government operation. Without national aid or a radical revision of existing laws, a privately owned merchant marine cannot be maintained, let alone created or developed. Competition, or the menace of competition by government ownership, makes the success more certainly impossible.

Talking it Over

For several days the members of the Shipping Board passed this letter around with tongs. Then a committee of the American Steamship Owners' Association was invited down to Washington. The committee was composed of Alfred Gilbert Smith, president of the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Co.; Gale Carter, president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.; R. H. M. Robinson, president of the United American Lines, Inc.; Chester B. Kellogg, vice president of the Munson Steamship Line; Emmet J. McCormack, treasurer of the Moore & McCormack Co.; and Winthrop L. Marvin, vice president and general manager of the American Steamship Owners' Association.

The Shipping Board confessed its total frustration and asked what suggestions the gentlemen of the American Steamship Owners' Association could offer. The gentlemen of the American Steamship Owners' Association said they had put their total wisdom in the letter. They stood upon it. The following exchanges then occurred:

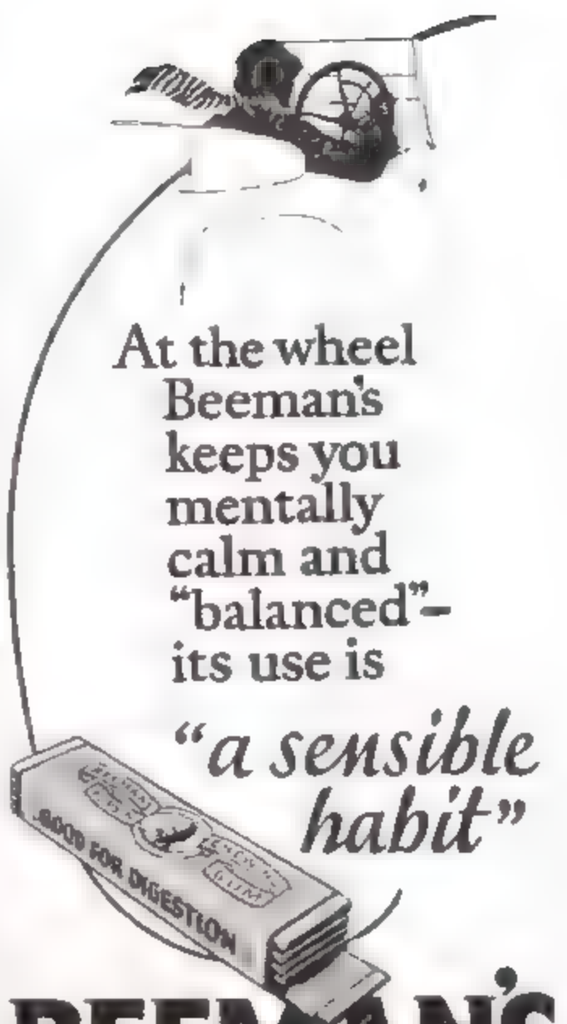
COMMISSIONER THOMPSON: Mr. Smith, you say here in your letter, "Without national aid or a radical revision of existing laws, a privately owned merchant marine cannot be maintained." We didn't get national aid—referring to the failure of the subsidy bill—and there is no indication we can get a revision of existing laws. Therefore it is a fixed statement that in the present state of things a privately owned merchant marine cannot be successfully accomplished. In the first part of your letter you say, "The association regards the following procedure as fundamental: The Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation should retire from the business of operating ships." The conclusion of your association is settled in the paragraph that private operation cannot be successfully maintained, and then the proposal of the association is that the Government withdraw from its operations; and the net effect of that is a surrendering or a turning over of what commerce we carry to foreign-flag ships. Isn't that a logical conclusion from your statement?

MR. SMITH: In paragraph five of our letter it is stated, "There are a few freight and passenger and mail services maintained by Shipping Board vessels the continuance of which may be regarded as essential to national interests."

COMMISSIONER CHAMBERLAIN: From your letter it seems we are going to abandon the sea.

MR. ROBINSON: I don't think we suggest the abandonment of the seas.

COMMISSIONER CHAMBERLAIN: As Commissioner Thompson has said, that is the only logical conclusion to be reached from your letter. You say in effect, Mr. Robinson, in the concluding part of that letter, that unless some aid is given or the laws amended it will be impossible to maintain a privately owned merchant marine. Well,



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they have refused to give aid—referring to the failure of the subsidy bill—and they have refused to modify the laws. Therefore it is inevitable, if your statement is correct, that America must get off the sea.

MR. ROBINSON: I think that is probably a practical fact. But I don't think we recommend it.

COMMISSIONER CHAMBERLAIN: Suppose we disposed of our whole fleet to private owners and operators and the Government stepped out from under it. Wouldn't that undoubtedly increase the competition that you now have with foreign countries?

MR. SMITH: Undoubtedly.

COMMISSIONER CHAMBERLAIN: Take our South American business not long ago. The Holt line entered into strong competition with our line. It cut rates. We met the cut. It was understood that the Government of the United States was ready to meet the loss. Suppose that line to South America had been privately owned. No one could have stood the competition.

MR. SMITH: You come back to the original proposition.

COMMISSIONER CHAMBERLAIN: You gentlemen are practically suggesting that the Government go out of the shipping business; and yet it will follow that you leave the sea in the hands of foreigners instead of meeting the loss. . . . I would like to ask Mr. Marvin a question. The British press has said the great American attempt has failed. What do you think about it?

MR. MARVIN: That is true. A great portion of the British press thought the defeat of the subsidy bill a great success.

COMMISSIONER THOMPSON: For deep and underlying reasons known only to a few persons and to the members of this board we did certain things. Immediately a proclamation, or a statement, was issued by the American Steamship Owners' Association saying it was a foolish action. It was to the effect that the service we were trying to operate in the North Atlantic was doomed to failure, that the ships were inadequate and untrustworthy.

MR. MARVIN: The association issued no statement of that kind. The statement that got into the newspapers represented the views of certain individual members of the association.

COMMISSIONER THOMPSON: I was under the impression that you gave the statement out. You are an executive of the association.

MR. MARVIN: That statement was given out as the opinion of some individual members.

COMMISSIONER THOMPSON: But names not mentioned?

MR. MARVIN: Names not mentioned.

COMMISSIONER THOMPSON: Did you give the statement out?

MR. MARVIN: Not directly and officially.

COMMISSIONER THOMPSON: I don't mean that. I am a newspaper publisher and know how men pass the alibi. Was it given out by you?

MR MARVIN: I was asked by the newspapers for that.

COMMISSIONER THOMPSON: To be the intermediary?

MR. MARVIN: No, not to be the intermediary. Through my office pass two kinds of communications: One, statements given out by the association, generally in the name of the president or myself as manager; two, individual statements of all kinds; statements that represent the views of individual members.

COMMISSIONER THOMPSON: It is very vicious for men to strike down an effort of their Government and lack the courage to identify themselves with the statement.

MR. MARVIN: Statements are printed every day to the effect that a prominent man, or So-and-So, makes a statement. That statement not only objected to a certain course but suggested in certain terms and with vigor another course.

COMMISSIONER THOMPSON: That was mere subterfuge, that suggestion. It would have had this effect: It could not have been done until the next Congress met and the ships could not have been built for the next twenty-four months. So it meant failure of American-flag ships to expand in the North Atlantic for the next three years. No committee of the association, nor any individual member of it, thought enough of the suggestion to come to this board or to any executive of this board and say, "We think it is a mistake and we make this suggestion." But they gave that statement to the press without the names or the identity of the men who uttered it; they gave it out through the agency of the American Steamship Owners' Association. The net effect of this was to advertise to the citizens of the United States, whom we hoped to induce to travel on these boats, that the ships were not adequate and could not be made adequate.

MR. ROBINSON: What is the statement to which you refer?

COMMISSIONER THOMPSON: On the reconditioning of the Agamemnon and the Mount Vernon.

Construe it freely. This is the U. S. S. B. S. S. Suspicion. Anything may be both true and untrue. You see how the railroads say "Bah!" and vanish; and how the dolphin shipowners go over the side into the sea. Yet they might be helping.

There are still the solitaire players to be explained. They are the merchants, the shippers, the people who buy and sell in foreign trade. The Government has continually sought to sell them the idea of a merchant marine; it has exhorted them; it has furnished them with argument. They have responded by exhorting each other; they have restated all the arguments in formal resolutions; they have not filled the ships; they have only the idea of a merchant marine. It has entered their minds without moving their bodies. The fact is not yet. They continue to buy c. i. f. and to sell f. o. b. and to leave the routing of their exports to the railroads.

Business runs in old grooves. It has habits. Besides, in business each man is for himself because everyone else is. The Government may have spent a great deal of money to provide a certain kind of service—for example, a regular and continuous cotton and grain service from the Gulf ports instead of the seasonal service provided by foreign ships, and the rates also

(Continued on Page 84)

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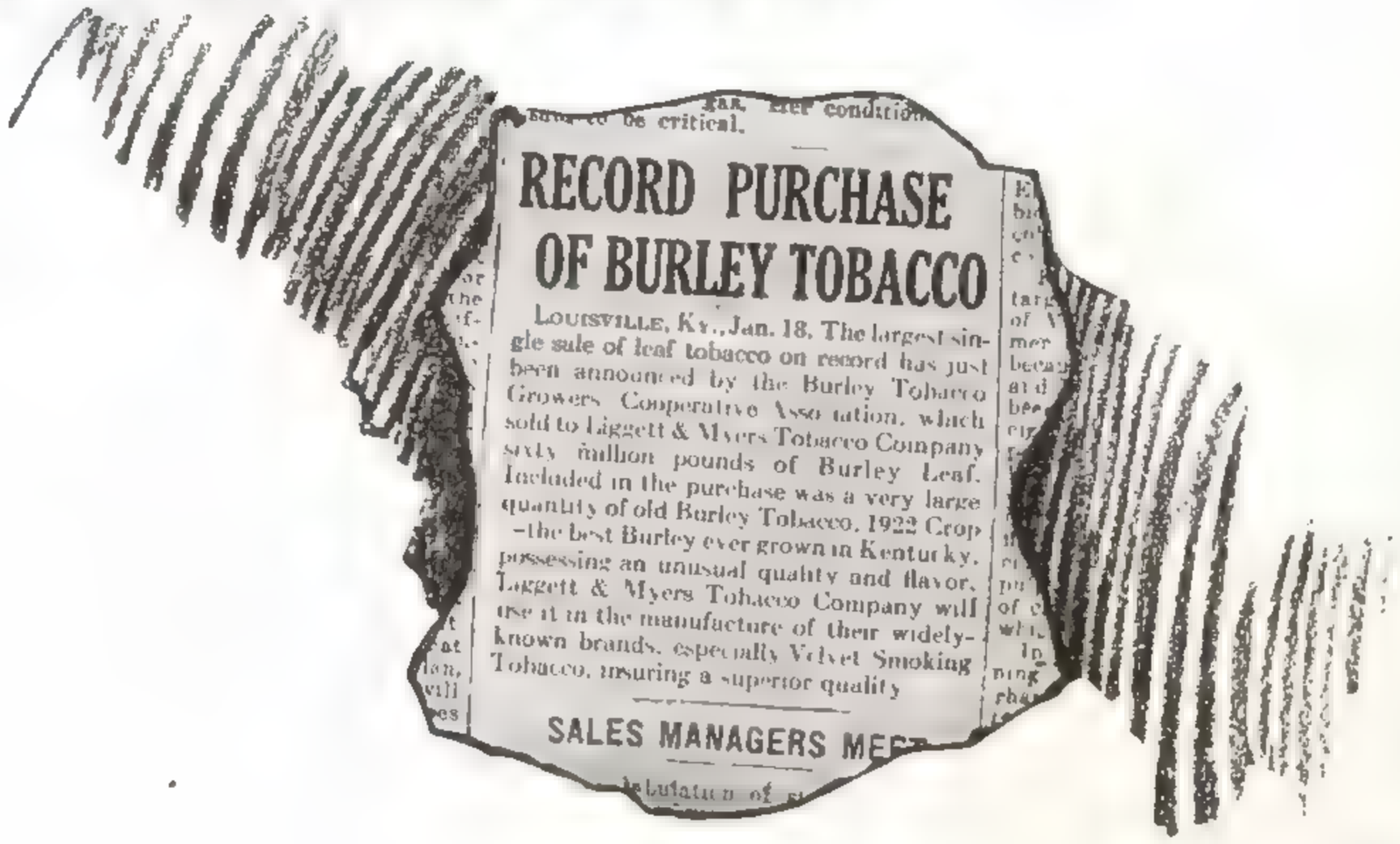
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(Continued from Page 82)

may be very much lower by reason of what the Government has done; and yet if a foreign ship offers to do it for a penny a hundredweight less than a Shipping Board vessel, shall the shipper forget that the bird of profit comes once to the hand? Moreover, thinks the shipper, to excuse himself, the Shipping Board may decide tomorrow to provide another kind of service; maybe none at all.

Or shall the members of the American Bar Association, going abroad in a body next summer to have a party with members of the English bar, put themselves out to patronize American ships when the British Cunard Line is so accommodating as to change the Berengaria's sailing date to meet their wishes, and make them a very special price?

There was much criticism of the American Bar Association for this, and while it was current an editorial appeared in the New York Times, saying:

> The American Bar Association has been called to the bar of the House, so to speak. A number of its members are going to England next summer. They have taken the liberty of choosing the steamer they wish to go on. It happens to be a British steamer. As soon as this sinister fact became known to some ardent friends in Congress of the American merchant marine their grief and rage found passionate voice. . . . The Shipping Board vessels mustn't meet the rudeness of ordinary competition. You must take 'em whether you want to or not. The House heat was even more incandescent than the Senate's. Mr. Davis, of Tennessee, sobbed over the profound discouragement of the friends of the American merchant marine at these dastardly absentees from American ships.
>
> What sort of people do these preposterous congressmen think the American people are? The American merchant marine must stand on its own merits in the absence of a constitutional amendment forbidding Americans to travel on foreign ships. American ships have a multitude of friends and frequenters and we know no sound objection to traveling on them except that they are patronized by congressmen. The American lines may well pray to be saved from their ridiculous touters at Washington.

However, members of Congress are not the only "preposterous touters" of the American merchant marine. James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation and chairman of the National Foreign Trade Council, commenting on the preference of the American Bar Association, said:

"The greatest subsidy our ships could have in the overseas trade would be the support of the American people. The greatest hardship under which they are laboring at present is the lack of such support. We shall not have a successful American merchant marine unless its ships are more largely used by American shippers. That does not mean that American exports should be confined entirely to American vessels. Such a proposition is impractical, since shipping is an international problem and we require inward as well as outward cargoes. It does mean that Americans should always have a favoring spirit toward the use of their own vessels on equal consideration. Other nations have developed this spirit of cooperation in high degree and much of their success is attributable thereto."

When Suspicion Reigns

There seems to be a kind of nightmare in which the victim is aware of the nature of the experience. None the less, he is helpless. The faculties of memory and imagination are morbidly acute; the faculty of judgment is bound. This is that kind of nightmare.

A few weeks ago the President had the members of the Shipping Board in. Something radical had to be done, he said. They agreed. The Emergency Fleet Corporation had to be put on a business footing, he said. Yes, yes; nothing less. In order to bring this about the board would have to delegate power to someone competent to put it on a business footing. Aye, aye. Would the board so resolve? The board would. Then it was announced that Leigh C. Palmer had been blessed with power and appointed president of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. Mr. Palmer is a very distinguished naval officer, recently retired, with a liking for business but little training in it. After having been appointed to the largest and most complex business task in the world he was asked by the newspaper correspondents if the resolution adopted by the board gave him all the powers necessary for full and free operation of the merchant fleet.

He replied, "No, it does not."

At this point the taxpayer is dropped over the side. The allegory is expounded.

Now imagine we stop dreaming in the first person plural; that we leave this nightmare ship and come awake.

There is first a fact to be discovered and then a question to be answered. The fact is one we already know. It is this: That we agree and disagree together as Americans. We do it doggedly, selfishly, emotionally, patriotically, sometimes rationally but always as Americans. If business does not trust the Government and if the Government does not trust business, that is only because they don't, not because at the last point they cannot. For otherwise we must conclude that we cannot trust ourselves, and in such case we had better hire outsiders, not only to carry our foreign trade on the seas but to manage it as well.

In this light, disagreeing as we may, yet trusting ourselves, we come to the question. And the question is, Shall we have an American merchant marine?

If the answer is yes, then either private enterprise shall do it or the Government shall do it.

Assuming that the mandate is yes—not merely a declaration of policy by the Congress but a clear and final mandate from the people that the United States shall have a merchant marine—what argument have we with which to sell it to private enterprise?

What the Department Says

One may suppose that the Government takes counsel of its own wisdom. It calls in the Department of Commerce, the Navy Department, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Shipping Board. It lays a map on the table. It draws on the map a line from Maine, around Porto Rico, through the Panama Canal, to the Philippines and back to Alaska, saying, "Gentlemen, there is our outline. Within that outline certain industrial phenomena are taking place. Having in mind these phenomena, their tendencies, their projections in world trade, their future necessities, what kind of merchant marine do we need? Does the Department of Commerce know?"

The Department of Commerce says:

"All that has been surveyed. We divide ships into three classes and discuss each class separately. At the top is the great passenger liner, of the so-called monster class—for example, the Leviathan. Commerce is not much interested in that class of ship. It carries no cargo to speak of; it does not promote directly that kind of foreign trade in which our necessities lie. It does bring some prestige to us, no doubt; we might not think the prestige worth what it costs, purely from a business point of view. But that kind of ship, we understand, is essential to the Navy, and we need more than we have. If that is true, then the cost of building and running that kind of ship, above its true economic use and value, ought to be charged to the Navy under the head of national defense, by something like the British Admiralty subsidy to ships that in peace are passenger liners and in war cruisers, scouts and transports. Then we know where we are.

"At the bottom," continues the Department of Commerce, "you have the slow cargo carrier, the tramp, the drudge of the sea, carrying generally raw materials at very low rates. We have not the ramifications of trade properly to support that kind of ship. Besides, it must be operated at very low cost, in competition with nations that have certain natural advantages, one of which is cheap labor. It is a field in which we should be badly handicapped to begin with. Moreover, it is not the kind of business we prefer, nor is it essential to the extension of our trade. Put that type of ship aside or let it take care of itself.

"Between these two extremes—between the monster ship and the slow cargo carrier—is the cargo liner, which may be also, and very often is, a combination cargo and passenger ship. This character of ship is displacing the tramp. It keeps a regular schedule; it arrives and departs like an express train, whether it is full or not. It produces that kind of transportation in which service is the first consideration, and for service it may charge high rates. It serves that manner of trade in which we are increasingly interested—namely, trade in manufactured goods such as can afford to pay high rates in order to be delivered swiftly and by regular means. This is the ship with which we can undertake to meet anybody's competition and excel."

The Government asks, "Have you any thought as to how that kind of merchant marine may be developed?"

The Department of Commerce answers: "It may require at first some aid, but not a great deal, nor for very long. It may be rested on the pride and self-interest of the ports it serves. Determine the liner route and the port on which it should base; then assemble the business men of that city and say to them: 'A liner service from this port to South Africa can be made to pay. We have surveyed the field. Here is the report on it. Examine it. If you wish to develop that opportunity form a corporation or a committee to operate the ships. Then send men to the other end of the route to develop the market, and keep them there. The expense of this you can share among you. The Government will provide the ships. This shall be the home port of that route. There shall be no other ships on it. The Government will stand under and share the loss with you for a time, and when the route is self-supporting then you shall buy the Government out.'"

The Government asks, "Have you broached this idea?"

The Department of Commerce answers: "We have. We can name at least one great port where the business men are ready under such a plan to assess themselves up to the whole of the operating loss, the Government contributing only the ships. The Department of Commerce does not hold for this plan exclusively, nor for any plan dogmatically. Its province is not transportation. It is interested in transportation only as means to commerce. It has thought an ideal way would be to treat railroads and ships as two aspects of one great transportation machine. If we were able at once to bring about those regional railroad consolidations which have been imagined, then it would seem feasible for the railroads to take over ships, each region considered in relation to its power of originating export traffic, so that ships might become the direct oversea extension of our railroad lines."

The Government asks the Interstate Commerce Commission if the regional consolidation of railroads can be brought about at once. It shakes its head. No looking further in that direction. The ship problem is immediate.

Now the Government addresses the Navy, saying, "That outline on the map is also our line of defense. What do you need in the way of auxiliary ships to defend it under any circumstances?"

The Government Viewpoint

In addition to the ships already existing, the Navy Department needs for purposes of defense a number of large fast vessels. Some of these in time of peace would run as passenger liners, sisters to the Leviathan. Others would run as combination cargo and passenger liners, of which, according to the Department of Commerce, we need more for the uses of trade. Fortunately it happens that the very ships the Navy needs are such ships as are commercially needed to round out, or balance, the Government's existing fleet, which has an awkward preponderance of slow cargo boats.

With all these data laid down, the Government is able to determine what kind of merchant marine the country shall have. Then it has a conference with private enterprise. There is a committee to represent finance and one to represent railroads and one to represent all that industry which has a direct future in foreign trade.

The Government says:

"Gentlemen, the picture. There is the merchant marine the country needs for the reasons given. Here is what we already have in the way of ships; here is what must be added. In what follows we shall understand that we are talking about what we have. For if we do wisely with what we have, and make it pay, what else we need will come naturally to exist. Now the argument.

"The people of the United States are resolved to have a merchant marine. The Government of the United States has decided that this shall be its character and these its dimensions. The matter in debate is only this: Shall private enterprise do it, or shall the Government do it? You do not want government ownership and operation of ships. The Government does not wish to be in the shipping business. Yet here is the thing to be done, in one of two ways. In either case the ships must pay. Private enterprise can make them pay by the simple expedient of putting American cargoes on American ships. It can do this in a voluntary manner, merely by intending it. The Government also can make them pay. It can put American cargoes on American ships. But there is a very important difference between the way you should do it and the way the Government should do it. If finance, industry and railroads, acting together privately, make arrangements among themselves whereby American ships are favored with American cargoes, that is as other nations do with their own ships and it is nobody's business. If, on the other hand, it is left for the Government to fill American ships it will be necessary no doubt to decree preferential railroad rates to and from seaboard for goods transported in American ships, and to charge lower rates of duty on goods imported in American ships than on like goods imported in foreign-flag ships. Other nations would call such measures flag discrimination. We should become involved in a lot of unnecessary and disagreeable controversy with them; we should have to cancel a number of commercial treaties, much to the chagrin of the State Department."

Too Little Business

"It is wiser and more expedient for private enterprise to fill American ships. It is altogether better for the American merchant marine to be privately owned and operated. Therefore the Government will ask you to take it, to own it, to operate it for private profit and yet in the character of a national trust. Before coming to that point, let us consider what it is you are asked to buy. Just as immediately after the war there was a delirious, irrational notion that there would perhaps never again be ships enough, so now, in consequence of the collapse of that notion, there is a fixed idea that the world has too many ships. This is not true. The increase in the ship tonnage of the world in the ten years immediately preceding the war was a little more than 39 per cent. The increase in the last ten years, from the beginning of 1914 to the beginning of 1924, has been a little less than 39 per cent. This means that if the world's business had increased in the last ten years at the same rate as during the ten years last preceding the war, the relation of ship tonnage to the world's business would now be the same as it was at the end of 1913.

"So it is not that the world has too many ships. It is only that the world has too little business. Ship tonnage is normal; business is subnormal. But by reason of the fallacious idea fixed in everybody's mind that there are too many ships, the market price of ships all over the world is less than the cost of production. You can buy them anywhere, good ships, at less than it would cost to reproduce them as they are.

"There is one axiom that all you gentlemen of finance swear by deeply. It is this: When a staple thing, be it a bale of cotton, a bushel of grain, a ton of pig iron or a locomotive, is selling below the cost of production, that is all you need to know about it. You buy it. You buy it with your eyes shut. Why? Because something is bound to happen to increase its value. At any rate, the supply will not increase; the demand will. As to ships, one of two things is bound to happen. Either the business of the world will come back, in which case ships will be worth more and more, or there will be new wars, in which case a ship will go to a great premium again.

"So now the Government puts it to you: Private enterprise, will you take the American merchant marine? Wall Street, will you finance it? A very small matter, really. The Government's entire fleet, the second largest fleet of merchant ships in the world, is priced on the books at less than $230,000,000. Railroads, will you fill American ships? Industry, will you prefer them? If you say yes, all together, the thing is done. How it shall be divided among you, how new building shall be immediately provided for, how much the Government will contribute toward such ships as the Navy calls for—these details may be worked out at our leisure. If you say no, then the Government will proceed in its own way; and it shall be announced publicly that the merchant marine has been offered on these terms to private enterprise as a national trust and that private enterprise has declined it."

(Continued on Page 89)

Decorated by Arthur Vale for the Arts in Trade Exhibit held at the Waldorf Astoria, New York City. Photograph by Martin Edwards Hewitt

Such distinctive charm *at so little cost!* —with a Klearflax linen rug

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All-over carpeting is enjoying a great vogue in fine homes. It gives a very rich appearance and, with the suction sweeper to get all the dirt, makes clean floors more easy to maintain. The wide loom widths of Klearflax, joined with the practically invisible seam (that never wears white) make a handsome background—so livable and artistically correct!

In no other floor covering do you find such a combination—lovely linen and the distinctive Klearflax weave! When once you see Klearflax you cannot possibly confuse it with other floor coverings, for there is no other like it.

You should have no difficulty in seeing this thoroughly satisfactory floor covering. Most reputable dealers carry Klearflax. In case of any difficulty, however, in procuring what you want, write to us and we will gladly direct you.

Send for this booklet—FREE

"Choosing the Rug for your Interior Scheme" is the name of a booklet of interesting information on floor coverings. Simply fill in coupon below. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.

For year round use in all rooms

You know that "feel" of roughness that all new linen has. And you know how it softens with use. Klearflax too has a certain roughness of texture because the tougher flax fibres are woven in with the silky ones. These same fibres give Klearflax a thick, flat-lying body that does not curl.

Klearflax has set a new standard of cleanliness for woven floor coverings—an advantage every woman will appreciate. The Klearflax principle of weaving gives such a compact body that dirt does not become embedded. The surface dirt is the *only* dirt and when you remove it by vacuum and occasional brushing, your rug is perfectly clean and sanitary; bright and fresh, like new linen.

Not a thread of anything but linen, in either warp or woof, is used in Klearflax rugs and carpets. It is the only floor covering made *entirely of linen*—pure virgin flax.

Another thing—Klearflax is woven reversible so may be turned repeatedly for more uniform and longer service. And, being linen, it is mothproof. It is practically burn-proof, too.

Klearflax

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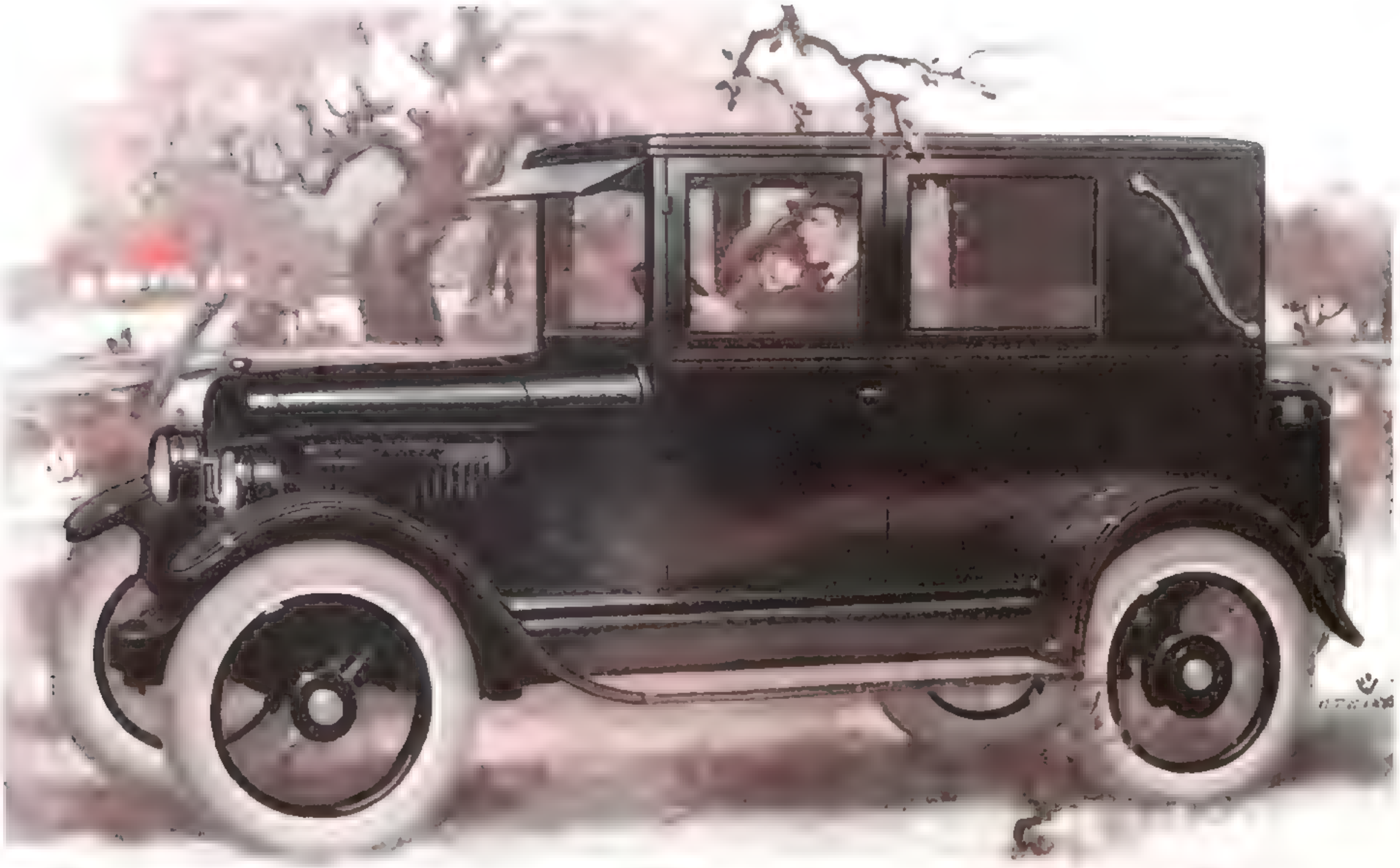
S. E. P.—Mar. 1

World's

Tens of thousands of folks are a lot happier and more contented since the new Overland Champion came into their lives. Theirs is the rare satisfaction of owning three cars all in one—probably the most useful closed car ever built!



Champion Economy Car

YOUR ownership of an Overland Champion begins with an immediate saving in the price. You get a quality closed car—with complete equipment—with unparalleled utilities, reliabilities and benefits—with doors *both front and rear*—at a marvel of a price!

You get a Champion in all-purpose usefulness as well as in name. A great car for salesmen, merchants and farmers to use in their work. Removable rear seat and upholstery give 50 cubic feet of carrying space for anything and everything. Both seats adjust backward and forward for tall and short people. Seats and upholstery make into a full-size bed in the car—your own hotel on trips. Trunk at rear at small extra cost. A business car, family car and camping car in one!

After the purchase price come all the proverbial Overland economies in gasoline and oil, in tires, in upkeep, in dependability—in everything. The bigger Overland engine is a revelation in power. The big Overland rear axle is a brute in strength. The *patented* Triplex Springs cradle you over the miles and prolong the life of the car.

Where on earth can you buy so much quality and satisfaction for so little money? No wonder happy owners call the Champion *the most automobile in the world for the money!*

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Other Overland Models: Chassis $395, Touring $495, Roadster $495, Red Bird $695, Coupe $750, Sedan $795, Spad Commercial Car, $525; all prices f.o.b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

Overland CHAMPION $695 f.o.b. Toledo

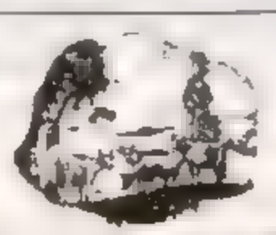
"Remember to take off your overshoes"

HOW we hated overshoes! In stormy, sloppy weather mother used to insist that we wear them. But her final caution was always to remember to take them off. She knew that if we sat all day in school with them on, our feet would become too warm—that this heat could not escape and our feet would become "drawn" and damp and uncomfortable—that unhealthy feet and colds would result.

Feet must breathe to be healthy

That is why we wear leather soles and heels. *Leather is really a second skin to our feet.* The natural pores of the animal's hide are retained in good leather. Through them our feet actually *breathe*.

Ask your doctor and he will tell you that this "breathing" of the feet in leather soles and heels is one reason why there is nothing like leather for health. He will tell you that a leather sole "gives" with every movement of your foot, yet it is so sturdy that it supports the arch. That is why the men and women who have worn leather soles and heels in properly fitted all leather shoes all their lives rarely have fallen arches and flat feet.



The tanning industry is dependent upon the hides of cattle for its supply of hides. Tanners are not taxed for their hides alone. If they were, prices of leather would be prohibitive. The entire world complex in its equal feud cup for the American business. When you buy good leather you get greater value for your money than you do when you buy almost any other known product.

Heat can escape from a leather sole. Your feet are cool and comfortable in summer. Your feet do not perspire and become damp. That is why leather keeps them warm in winter, too.

The economy of honest leather

Leather is tough, strong and long wearing. Nature made it so. The tanning processes add to this strength. Look at a piece of leather through a microscope and you will see that it is composed of thousands of tiny fibres—elastic, strong and resilient. These fibres make a material that is far more tough, far more strong than a solid, non-porous mass.

Leather soles and heels will hold your shoes in shape—keep them style fresh. Then, too, leather soles and heels are *safe*. Even in wet weather they do not slide on slippery sidewalks.

Ask for the all-leather shoe

When you buy new shoes, ask to see the all-leather shoe. It has all the style, the comfort, the economy of long wear and lasting good-looks you are after. Insist upon shoes that let your feet breathe.

AMERICAN SOLE *and* BELTING LEATHER TANNERS
17 Battery Place, New York City

Nothing takes the place of

LEATHER

(Continued from Page 84)

Clearly, if private enterprise considered in these three great aspects cannot habilitate a merchant marine, individuals acting as such cannot be expected to do it unless heavily subsidized by grants of public money; probably not even then. Anyhow, cash subsidies are apparently taboo. That way has been too often proposed and rejected.

So if private enterprise in those three great aspects says no, it becomes a government job, and in that case the choice lies between two ways—namely, a method of straight, unlimited government ownership and operation, which almost nobody wants; or a method of operating government-owned ships by separately organized commercial units which ultimately may be sold as units, with name, experience, goodwill, prestige and personnel intact, along with the ships.

The intention, whatever it is, must be permanent. This is the imponderable asset that gives value to all physical means. Without it all other assets are so much costly junk. Wanting it, you cannot attach a personnel to the job; wanting it, you cannot incline business to your sign.

Uncertainty of Tenure

Hog Island was the greatest, costliest shipyard ever built in the world. It was put on the block for sale and nobody would bid on it. Why? Because after the war it had no fixed intention. The same is true of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. It has more physical assets, more ships than any other corporation, public or private, on earth. If it were put on the auction block in the whole—ships, properties, personnel and all—nobody would buy it. It has no permanent intention. Imagine in contrast putting the Cunard Line up at auction. It would bring much more than the market value of its physical assets. Its personnel alone might well be thought worth more than its tangible properties.

Personnel is more valuable than ships. It is personnel that does it with ships. Without a permanent intention, with the word "emergency" on your door, with the thought of impermanence in everyone's mind, you cannot build a personnel. You have to pay much more for mediocrity than mediocrity is worth, and you cannot keep first-rate talent at any price.

Abroad, in London perhaps, at a luncheon where the lords and sirs of British shipping meet the representatives of the Shipping Board on the occasion of a new chairman's visit, one aches with disappointment. But if it were a meeting of the American Navy with the British Navy, or of American steel men with British steel men, or even a meeting of those dolphin American shipowners with British shipowners, one would not be disappointed. Simply, in the service of the Government's shipping business we have not got the men. No wonder.

Representatives of the United States Shipping Board abroad, all the way to the top, must live in hotels and furnished rooms, temporarily. There is no security of tenure as the thing goes, and there is no telling when the thing as a whole will shut up. After the failure of the ship subsidy bill in 1923 it almost did shut up. The order was actually written at Washington to call in all Shipping Board boats and haul them out of the sea.

The functions and status of the Shipping Board's representatives abroad are enigmatic. Originally they were put abroad to be the eye of the Shipping Board over the foreign agents of the Shipping Board's inexperienced managing operators. They were to be generally helpful toward introducing in foreign countries this new American commodity called ocean transportation. Sometimes it was understood that they were to sell it themselves if they could; sometimes they understood they were not to sell it themselves, only to see that it was sold. They never knew what the next chairman would want.

One might say, "Sell it softly. Don't wave the flag."

Another might say, "Don't sell it at all. Let the foreign agents do that."

Generally the policy was—and is—to let the foreign agents sell it, on the theory that we cannot sell it for ourselves. In France French agents sell it; in Great Britain English agents sell it; in Germany the North German Lloyd sells it; over nearly the whole of Central Europe the North German Lloyd sells it. On the same ground the Shipping Board has American port representatives, American directors of traffic, American directors of operation, American general managers, American managers, American assistant managers, and the like; but they sell nothing. They represent the interests of the shipowner—that is, the United States Government. The selling of the commodity and the control of the business are in the hands of native foreign agents over whom the Shipping Board's representatives have no direct authority.

One may wonder at this, saying, "How can you expect this American commodity called ocean transportation to be sold effectively in Germany by Germans who at the same time are passionately engaged in restoring their own merchant marine, or in Great Britain by the English who deeply resent our competition with their merchant marine? Why should we not open shipping offices of our own and sell our own merchandise?"

The answer is, "Because, for one reason, we don't know how. We haven't got the men. Another is that in foreign countries you must have foreign representation."

One says, "Foreign representation, yes; but not foreign control of the business such as this. For example, the business you get in Germany is not got for American ships; it is business got by the North German Lloyd people and turned over to American ships for a commission. They control it. In the same way, the business you get in London is got by an English firm in its own name and delivered by it to American ships for a commission. The English firm controls it."

The answer is that recently in Central Europe the Shipping Board did try opening some business offices of its own and the result was unfortunate. It began to lose business at once.

The Australian Example

One says, "Naturally. But what does it mean that when you try to move two or three offices away from the North German Lloyd you lose business? It means that the North German Lloyd controls the business. It is the North German Lloyd's business you are building up; not American business. What will happen when the German merchant marine is restored and the North German Lloyd people kiss the Shipping Board good-by?"

At this point it occurs to one to inquire how the Australians do it. They are operating a government-owned fleet and the English shipowners are very mad about it. In Australia House, London, one finds it—the Commonwealth Line. At the head of it sits a shrewd Australian, swinging his feet.

One asks him, "What do you sell at home? You charge the same rates as the English lines. You don't pretend to give better service. What is the idea you sell to the Australians?"

"The idea of insurance," he answers.

"Insurance against what?"

"Against getting strung up by the English ship combine."

"Very good. But what are you doing here in Great Britain? What do you sell at this end?"

"The same thing," he answers. "Some English shippers want that kind of insurance too."

One takes this back to the Shipping Board people, saying, "Here is what the Australians are selling. Is that what you are selling?"

They answer, "Yes; we've never thought to say it just that way; but that's it."

One says, "Then knowing as you do how Englishmen feel about the competition of an American merchant marine, how can you expect a British shipping firm properly to sell a commodity of that character?"

This does not shake the point of view. It is the official point of view. There are Shipping Board representatives abroad who want to sell the commodity themselves, who know they can, who say it is better to sell it even badly for ourselves than to sell it through foreign agents who are in a position at any time to walk off with the business in their pockets. But they have never been able to sell that idea to the Shipping Board at Washington.

We come back to the incubuses.

What we must do to have a merchant marine is already known. The Government knows; the Shipping Board knows; the Congress knows. In principle there is no disagreement.

Do We Want Ships?

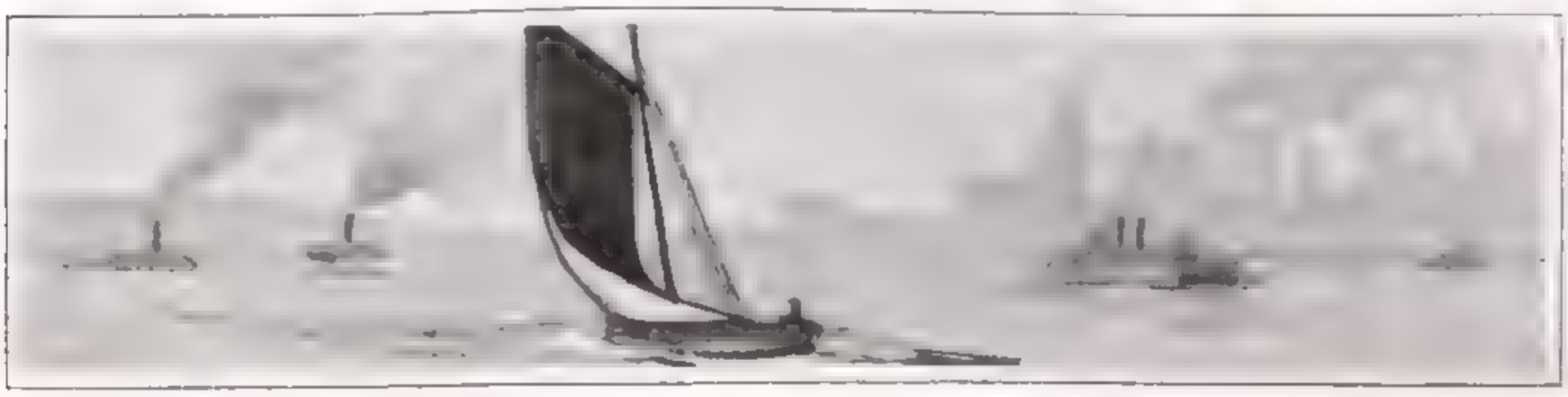
We must have a conviction to begin with. We must have a clear idea of what we want. There must be a fixed purpose. The word "emergency" must be erased from the name of whatever organization does operate ships; the suggestion of impermanence must be put out of mind entirely. The seven-headed Shipping Board must function in a judicial manner; it must be related to ships as the Interstate Commerce Commission is related to railroads. The La Follette Act, which now is the pretext for saying no on the part of those whose minds are already for other reasons made up that way—it must be capitalized. We must accept the fact that American sailors shall be the highest paid in the world, as they always were when we had them at all, as they were when we were a maritime power seventy-five years ago; and that American ships, not in spite of this but because of it, shall be the best manned, the best operated, the most desirable ships on the seas. If it is necessary in the last resort for the Government to operate ships it must find the man who can find the men, and it must give them the power of yes and no; if they fail, cut off their heads; otherwise, no interference.

It is absurd to say we haven't the men, the skill or whatever else is needed to conduct a merchant marine either by private or public enterprise, and make it pay. We have all these requisites for anything we really mean to do. Everything necessary is self-evident and easily within our power. Not now for the first time; for a long time this has been true. And yet every act intended to establish an American merchant marine appears to take place under a sign of defeat.

One would think, as concerning ships, that we were a people fascinated by the orb of futility.

One shall wonder. Do we want ships? Is it the one and only delusion that we do? Or is it that 110,000,000 people have too many minds; that they cannot imagine their own future either to prepare for a destiny that is inevitable or to alter one that is not; that as Alcibiades said of the Greeks when they needed ships, to move their bodies you had to make their blood run cold?

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett.



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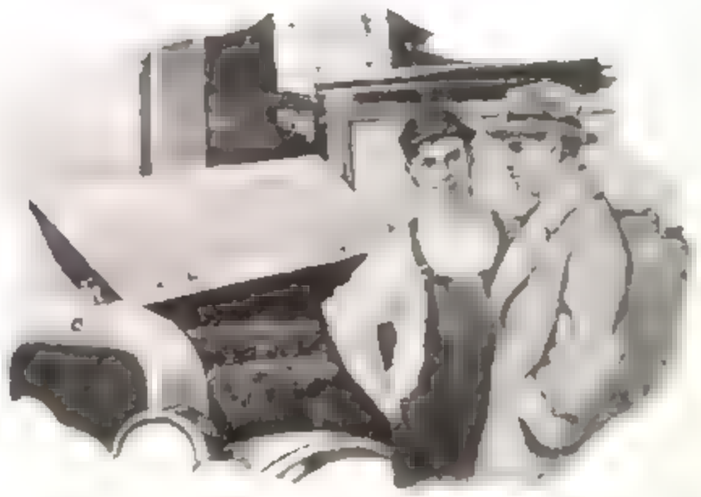
17 Battery Place, New York City



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ANCIENT FIRES

(Continued from Page 36)

I thought of some huge tomb in which the dead had come to life and beat upon the closed doors with their piteous hands. And my guide turned and gaped past me with distended animal-brown eyes as though in fact specters were crowding at my heels

A door opened. The room was like a prison cell, almost empty save for a table and a chair. A woman rose and came to meet me—a little old woman.

But I had known. I believe all through those weeks I had known and counted on her. Rarely does one shake off the first deep beliefs of childhood, and Aunt Geraldine and Miss Cornelius had been my Providence, benign, devoted and often miraculous. That Miss Cornelius should come to the rescue, beating her way through every obstacle, was what my boy's egotism would have expected of her. And to her I was still a boy.

But at first we did not speak or touch each other. It was only a few months since I had left them both in their shabby, peaceful home, and too much had happened to us. I knew that I shocked her. And she looked very sad and quaint. A tired, heartbroken old woman, you would have said, gathering up her last strength—because someone needed her—and arrayed as any Englishwoman set on adventure, in tweeds and brogues and a felt hat from which the short gray hair hung in stiff wisps. Very gallant, all the same.

And then suddenly some thought moved her and she made a motherly, protecting sound, very odd and touching in her, and we were in each other's arms.

We had always been good comrades, rather painstakingly bluff with each other, but now we were both near crying. We murmured absurd, childish tendernesses. In the old days I had been just Euan. Now I was a part of the dead—Aunt Geraldine's flesh and blood.

Presently she drew away from me and sat down weakly and we took stock of each other.

"I knew you'd come, Corny."

"My dear, I was glad. I didn't think anyone would want me again. I came as soon as I could get a boat. I left the house just as it was. I expect burglars have got in by now and taken your aunt's silver. But I know she doesn't mind."

"How did you find me?"

She looked grim at that.

"I didn't find you—not at first. I've been here three weeks. The hotel people didn't know. I tried to find that—that man they call general. He wouldn't see me. I went to every official in this wicked city. I went to the palace and threatened them with the whole British Empire. Fortunately the British consul is a man of spirit, and I'm sure there's a gunboat somewhere already."

That was like her. She was as good as her stories anyway. In her stories geography had never mattered much.

"And then I ran across someone who knew you—a very large, unpleasant German creature who was quite extraordinarily kind and nice, if you know what I mean, and he told me. He told me where and how I could find Lisbeth." She looked carefully away from me. "My dear, I knew everything. And I went to her. I lied and schemed and bluffed my way through all those elaborate defenses of his, and when I got to her I told her the whole truth."

"Corny, you shouldn't. She was too ill."

"Euan, you are a rotten doctor if you don't know better than that. The uncertainty was breaking her heart. She went straight to that man. I don't know what she said to him. But she came back with the order for your release."

"Did she send a message to me?"

"I have a letter which I am to give you when we are in England."

"She expects me to leave without seeing her?"

"My dear, she begs you to go. All that matters to her now is your safety. If anything happens to you—and he is bad and reckless enough ——"

"Is that the only reason?"

She laid a withered old hand on my arm.

"Euan, people don't change. Of course he's a murderer, and he tricked her into that second marriage. She was only half conscious. But she's his wife all the same. She's given him her word. You know how she is built. If I were in her place I'd run away with you. But, you know, there are things Lisbeth can't do, even though they may be sensible and right things."

"He bargained with her?" I said.

"Maybe he did. Yes, I think that is what happened. She wouldn't tell me."

"He didn't reckon with me. I've no bargain with him."

"He will rely on her, and he is dangerous. She warned me ——"

"Where are they now?"

"Outside the city—at the President's villa at Las Palmas. You know, he has made himself dictator."

"How can we get there?"

"I have a sort of carriage waiting—unless the man has run away. They seem a queer, cowardly lot—afraid of thunderstorms."

"Will you go with me, or shall I go alone?"

"Euan, must you go?"

"Wouldn't you?"

She gave a grim one-sided little smile.

"I'm old—I'm tired of life ——" Then suddenly she flared up. "Nonsense! If I had fifty years to live, and wanted to live them all, of course I'd go!"

"Then we'll go together."

The door was unguarded. The gates stood open. The sentries of that dreaded prison did not even seem to see me pass. They stood there like men turned to effigies by a spell, and down the length of empty street before us I saw what they saw—Fuego blotted out the distance. It blocked the vision like a crested, stupendous figure of evil, crouched and waiting. From its nearer horn the ascending wraith had become a great cloud that spread farther and farther over the city like a hand opening out slowly to grasp its quarry. To the east Agua waited, gray and silent as death.

A leaden gloom hung over us. The coachman of our ramshackle carriage threw a glance skywards, gathered up the reins, lashing his pitiful animal to the semblance of a gallop.

But though I saw all this, it scarcely touched my consciousness. My thoughts were fixed ahead on this last move in our struggle. I could foresee nothing, and yet the sense of an impending event which should make an end, one way or another, was strong on me, and all my strength of mind and body concentrated involuntarily to meet it. The face of my surroundings told me nothing that could matter.

And yet after a while I became more and more aware of them, as a man lost in his own thoughts will become aware of strange eyes fixed on him. I became aware of the many people in the streets, and of their silence. They stood in groups at the corners, neither moving nor speaking. They might have been overwhelmed, transfixed by a terrific, half-realized fear. There was no traffic. Our carriage seemed the only moving thing, and it made a sinister break in that silence, rattling over the cobbles like a hearse through a death-stricken city. The air tasted and smelled strangely sulphuric and suffocating, and the light was fantastic, like the light of a black London fog. It seemed to have no source, and there was a gathering darkness overhead, and yet one saw things with a startling clearness. There was a pulsation, too, as though behind that colorless gray vaulting a fire glowed and died down again.

Miss Cornelius touched my arm.

"Rain," she said. "There's a storm coming."

But it was not rain. I awoke suddenly and completely to the knowledge of a gray falling dust. It was soft and feathery and horrible. Already it had covered the street with a pall, and the sound of our wheels had become muffled like the rumble of funeral drums. The cathedral by which we were passing loomed up through its gray gloom like a gigantic malformed human figure, the great crucifix held aloft in warning and exhortation, the mouth agape, frozen like the vague faces of the people, in an exclamation of horrible foreboding. I could see the altar lights, like the lights of a distant harbor over a black tossing sea, and even as I looked away the cataclysm was upon us. It came down the wide avenue with an incredible swiftness, yet with an appalling deliberation. It was a wave—of the very earth on which we stood. I could see its monstrous undulations before which the houses on either hand wavered and went down. The great crucifix

(Continued on Page 92

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THERE are various colored numerals on the season mileage dials of this Stewart Speedometer, which automatically turn up at regular intervals. For each colored numeral that turns up there are full lubrication directions on the metal chart, which is hinged below the speedometer, as illustrated above.

For instance, a red numeral turns up every one thousand miles. By referring to the metal chart you will note that opposite the red dot are instructions to "drain oil from crank case" and "add grease to differential."

Burned out or worn out parts, causing expensive repairs, are almost always due to lack of lubrication. Save money, avoid trouble and lengthen your car's life by using this Stewart lubrication chart.

Nothing to remember. Nothing to write down. It's absolutely automatic. An exclusive feature with the special model Stewart Speedometer for Ford cars.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, U.S.A.

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80% of repairs are due to lack of lubrication. Avoid unnecessary trouble. Keep your car on the road and out of the repair shop by lubricating it regularly. Why not get the most out of your car while you have it?

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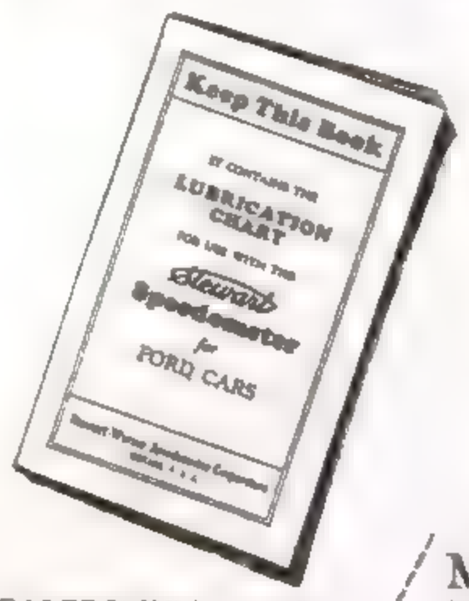

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Advertising Department

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Stewart Lubrication Booklets with lubrication information and expense pages.

Name _____

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(Continued from Page 90)

overhead bowed forward slowly in a kind of awful blessing. It fell with the sound of thunder, and at the same instant the wave caught us. Our wretched carriage rocked helplessly like a small ill-built boat in a typhoon—righted itself by a desperate chance. We could scarcely see each other for the dust that was rising up in suffocating clouds to meet the steady downpour of gray ash. The wave had passed on, sweeping the city before it. But the invisible force beneath us began to pound upwards with the blows of a giant sledge hammer. A cleft several feet wide, sinisterly deep, already cut across the chief avenue and men seeking escape turned back from it with frantic gestures. It was as though, after all, the earth had been a mere barrier between us and an inferno, and now it was giving way.

I looked at Miss Cornelius. Her face was gray as the air. She pressed my arm. Her voice had a harsh breathlessness that was not of fear.

"It is nothing—only my heart—it's an old heart. Don't bother with me."

We pressed close to each other, like shipwrecked people in the midst of a mad sea. Men and women, vague as phantoms, broke on either side of our carriage and fled wailing into the obscurity. But there is no escape when the earth fails. They eddied back. They fell where they stood, groveled or knelt, praying frantically, or whirled about with a horrible resemblance to rabbits wounded in the brain, which turn and turn upon themselves in senseless agony. From out of the ruined débris of the cathedral a few black specks, like ants out of a disturbed ant heap, crawled feebly and lay still. All human dignity, all human pretensions to spiritual supremacy seemed to have foundered as utterly as the city walls. So the figure that appeared suddenly in the shattered cathedral doorway seemed more than human. He was in full vestments and carried aloft the sacrament, as though it had been a banner around which all men must rally. It was a stupendous elevation of the host, in the very moment of catastrophe, and the sense of the supernatural, of the miracle of his own escape, sent out a wave of emotion stronger than fear. Even I, partial believer and great doubter as I am, felt how the tide turned, how that frantic, bestial panic was swept into a new channel. He was a symbol, the resurrected triumphal spirit, and men flung themselves at his feet, held out adoring and beseeching arms to him as though he carried not only their material safety but the very dignity of their souls in his uplifted hand. He passed on, exalted and magnified, making the sign of the cross over them and over the ruins to right and left, with their dead and dying. He became the leader of a procession of ghosts escaping from a veritable and actual hell.

The earth shook incessantly. Men in full flight staggered and fell, torn by a frightful physical nausea. Above the bewildering and shifting dusk a voice lifted itself. It silenced even the cries of those pinioned under the ruins whose dust rose up steadily like the smoke of a hundred funeral pyres. It was Fuego, speaking at last. It was the voice of destruction itself whose titanic whip cracked overhead, lashing the air into blinding streaks of light. We cowered under it. The fire that glowed behind the veil of falling ash came and went in red angry spasms. Its heat scorched our faces, stiffened into masks of dust and sweat. Its fumes suffocated us. As a last strange touch of horror, the great buzzards, hovering hungrily in wait, began to fall about us, pitching heavily, with spread, lifeless wings, as though they had been shot in midair.

We had left our carriage. The coachman had disappeared. The horse lay between broken shafts, its skull shattered by a piece of fallen masonry. Miss Cornelius gently drew herself free from my arm.

"We must keep together if we can. If not—you mustn't mind. You must go on."

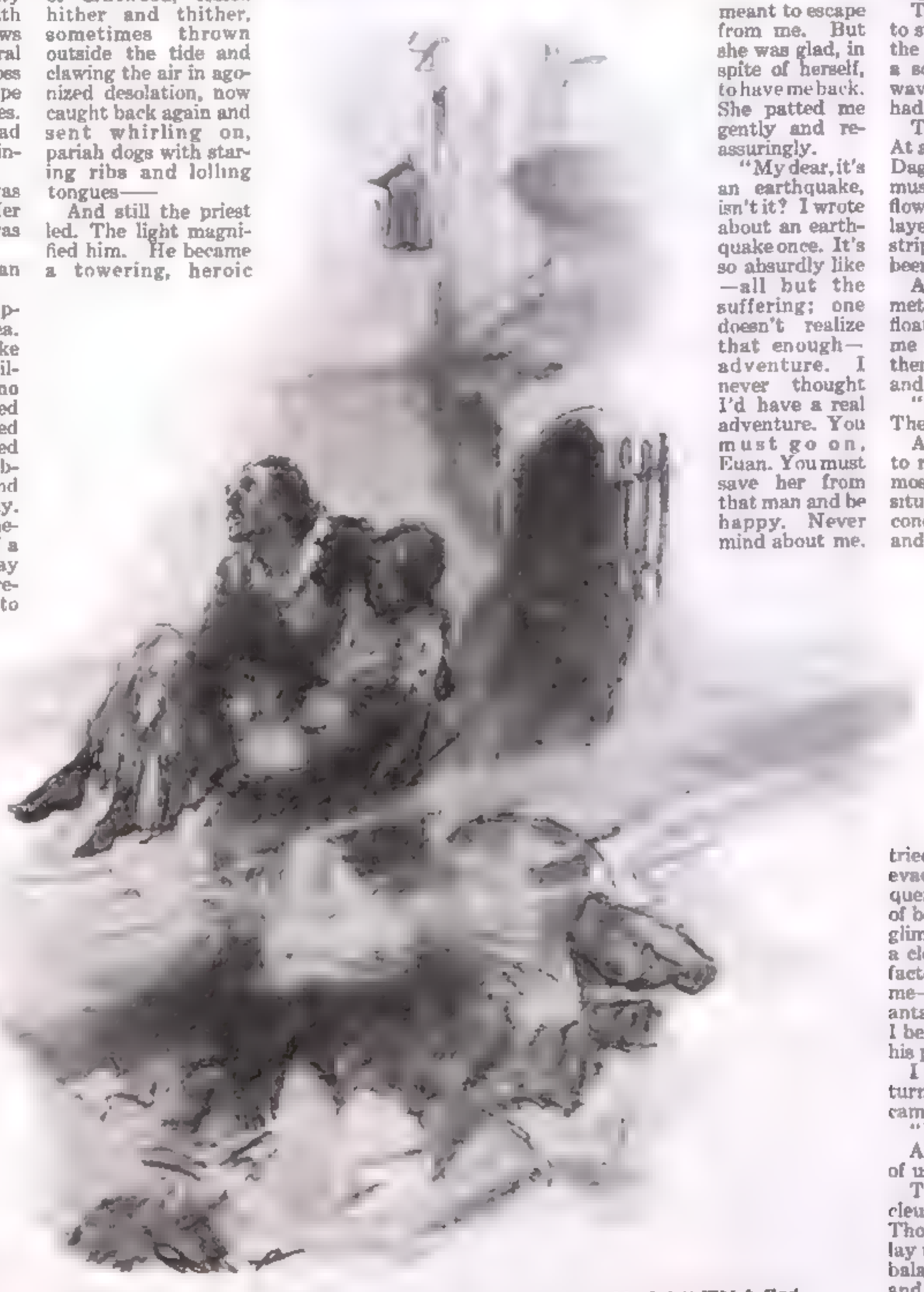
A legionary, half drunk, with the aghast, stupid look of someone aroused violently from a heavy sleep, lurched past us with the more and more swiftly flowing stream of fugitives. I caught hold of him and he turned to curse me.

"Las Palmas—that's where we're heading for. The general's there, and you bet he's safe, curse him!"

And he shook me off, laughing malevolently.

The stream took us. Through the gray, floating haze I saw our companions—women with children locked against their breasts, soldiers who had flung away their arms, men clinging tenaciously to strange and trivial things that they had rescued from their crumbled homes, thieves laden with senseless loot, blind beggars like scraps of driftwood, tossed hither and thither, sometimes thrown outside the tide and clawing the air in agonized desolation, now caught back again and sent whirling on, pariah dogs with staring ribs and lolling tongues——

And still the priest led. The light magnified him. He became a towering, heroic figure. His vestments spread about him like great bright wings.



If He Could Only Have Brought One Life to Her, That Inexplicable Spirit Which Had Opposed and Beaten Him Would Have Been Appeased

From Fuego's invisible crest came the voice and the light. The earth was disintegrating under our feet. At any moment a new crater might form, swallowing the whole city into its flaming bowels. It was for us the last day of the world. There was only one thing for which destruction waited—I had to reach Lisbeth before the end. Until then, in my crazy omnipotence, I believed that I could hold all hell in check.

And then suddenly I became aware that I was alone. Miss Cornelius was no longer with me, and, sick with fear and remorse, I ran back, fighting the tide. I shouted her name, peering into every ghostly face that drifted past me. And at last I found her. She had dropped out and was lying by the roadside on a heap of stones. I don't know why, but she made the whole scene seem crazily unreal. How had she come there—this little old Englishwoman, this quaint fragment of peaceful Stoneborough life? What storm had cast her up into this mad, reeling world? And how unchanged and unchangeable she was. The disorderliness was so much herself—the hat that had fallen off, the tousled hair—so odd, eccentric looking, but so unconsciously and utterly a gentlewoman to the last. Fuego might turn mountains into valleys. It couldn't make Miss Cornelius less than that.

I remembered how I had met her running that night, in the little lane, her gray hair flying, her fists clenched, her elbows tucked to her side. Now the race was over. She was very small and tired and breathless, like a bird beaten to the ground by a great wind; but she had won.

She had meant to escape from me. But she was glad, in spite of herself, to have me back. She patted me gently and reassuringly.

"My dear, it's an earthquake, isn't it? I wrote about an earthquake once. It's so absurdly like—all but the suffering; one doesn't realize that enough—adventure. I never thought I'd have a real adventure. You must go on, Euan. You must save her from that man and be happy. Never mind about me. It's just my heart—always a little shaky—your dear aunt used to worry so. But it doesn't matter now. I'm glad—so very glad ——"

She nestled against my shoulder, and in that movement, unconscious and wistful, all the hidden lovableness of her was made manifest—the lovableness of a child that had grown gray and withered, but had never grown old.

She would never grow old now.

XLIII

FOR a little while we might be safe. We had slipped from under the claws of the destroyer, intent on a bigger victim, and from the heights whither we had fled as instinctively as drowning rats turn landwards we could look back over the gray carcass of the city to Fuego, looming, pale and distorted, through its own clouds. They broke with a terribly increasing frequency from the mountain's disrupted flanks and, laden with a black burden of molten rock, rushed skywards and then spread, seeming to reach out at us cowering on the hills opposite. But at the last moment, as though all the forces of ruin were destined for the city itself, the direction of the blow changed, and only the fringe of ash-laden twilight reached us.

To the west Agua stood out in clear, dark outline, a watching partner, spectral and sinister in its appalling quietude.

Men and women dropped where they stood, annihilated by exhaustion. Without exception their faces were turned towards the eruption, and their expression was like that of small helpless animals, hypnotized into an agonized inertia by an uncoiling snake. No sound came from them. The very children were silent and tearless.

There had been one half-hearted effort to storm the high white walls that guarded the president's villa, which seemed to offer a sort of sanctuary, but it was a spent wave. A handful of legionaries at the gates had only needed to fire over their heads.

They let me pass. I wore their uniform. At any rate, I was not one of those despised Dagoes. I found myself in a garden which must have been very lovely. Now the flowers lay broken and gray hued under a layer of poisonous ash. The trees had been stripped to skeletons, as though they had been dead a hundred years.

A sentry saluted me at the open door. I met the baron himself in the suffocating, floating dusk of the corridor. He stared at me as though I had risen from my grave, then shrugged his shoulders, making a wide and reckless gesture.

"Go on, Herr Graf. Do your worst. There is ruin, I think, everywhere."

And so I came to that last meeting. I try to relive it, to recapture its emotional atmosphere, to see it as I saw it then—as a situation beyond tears, beyond hatred or condemnation. I remember all that he was and all that he had done, and yet I should fail utterly if I could not make others realize as I did—and I had cause enough to hate and condemn him—that somehow and above all else he was tragic and alone.

I can see the big bare room and the table set at right angles to the open balcony overlooking the city. I can see him sitting there, in front of a litter of maps and documents, as though the earth were not giving way under his feet, his profile sharp drawn against the unholy light, his arms stretched out in front of him, the hands clenched as though he had tried to lay hold of something that had evaded him. The whole gesture was eloquent of a culminating effort and of a sort of bewilderment. I know that even at that glimpse of him my temper changed. I had a clear and final vision of one outstanding factor in our relationship. He might kill me—or I him—but somewhere beyond this antagonism—on some other plane—he and I belonged to each other. And the sight of his pain hurt me as though I had loved him.

I must have made some sound. He turned slowly towards me and his face became an empty shadow.

"You see, I keep my word, Lisbeth."

And then he laughed a little, at all three of us, bitterly enough, but without malice.

The city that was to have been the nucleus of his fabulous empire was gone. Thousands who would have been his tools lay under its ruins. His power hung in the balance. But he was thinking of Lisbeth and of her judgment of him. She was the symbol, the very talisman of his existence, and he could not hold her.

After that one involuntary glance I did not look at him. She had been standing against the outline of the wide low window, almost merged in the darkness, and as she moved I saw the expression of her face. It had been one of peace and resignation such as men wear who have done with all demands on life. She had believed me dead, and death was mercifully inevitable and close at hand.

Now she was transfigured. In the terrible and splendid egotism of love we were both caught up by an ecstasy of happiness. We believed that the end was reaching out for us in those increasing blasts of flame and darkness. But we were together and we were free. That stern, half-fanatical rectitude of hers that knew no compromise, even with the forms of honor, recognized the sanction of death. Death itself was nothing. Life had been the unendurable disaster. It was nearly over. And so without a word or gesture we gave ourselves to each other.

In that strange half light he must have read our faces. He stood up sharply.

"I am still alive, Fitzroy," he reminded me. "And she is my wife."

I answered without looking at him, and in my utter peace I believe I smiled.

(Continued on Page 96)

We guaranteed it for one year- *they used it for thirty-one*

IT'S often said that manufacturers promise too much for their products. For 36 years all our products have been made to bring satisfaction to you and honor to us. We promise little, believing that long service and satisfaction are far better than guarantees or boasts.

Our curiosity was aroused

One day last summer a customer sent us a binder for repair. He said it had seen hard use and needed a new lock. That binder was *24 years old!*

We knew our binders would last years and years—but 24 years! Right away we wondered who had the oldest, so we asked, in our advertising, to hear from those who thought they had the oldest Baker-Vawter binders.

What it led to

Baker-Vawter Company, Sept. 18, 1923
Benton Harbor, Mich.

Gentlemen:

We have a binder—in current, not transfer, use—which we wish to enter in your "Old Binder Contest." It is marked "Size C, patented 1891."

This binder has been in daily use since January 1, 1892, as an order binder. It has never been repaired and apparently is in as good condition as the day it was bought.

We use your new ledger binders for machine bookkeeping and find them very satisfactory, also a battery of your steel filing sections that are giving us the best sort of service.

Very truly yours,
Saginaw Manufacturing Co.
(Signed) M. B. McLellan.

A remarkable record

From nearly two hundred contestants the youngest of the ten oldest had seen 24 years' service. Several were 28 years young, but the Methuselah of them all was thirty-one years old. 31 years in constant use and still quite capable of going on.

What it means

Our binders today are built better than any of these old ones. We've learned a great deal since 1891. We have better materials to work with, better designs, better methods. You ought to use these binders in *your* office. There's one for every use.

Real economy

Figure price against service—so many dollars, so many years' service. Figuring cost per year, you will probably find Baker-Vawter binders are the least expensive you can buy. Let us tell you about them. Send the coupon.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Filing Equipment

General Offices: BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

Manufacturing Plants at Holyoke, Mass. · Benton Harbor, Mich.
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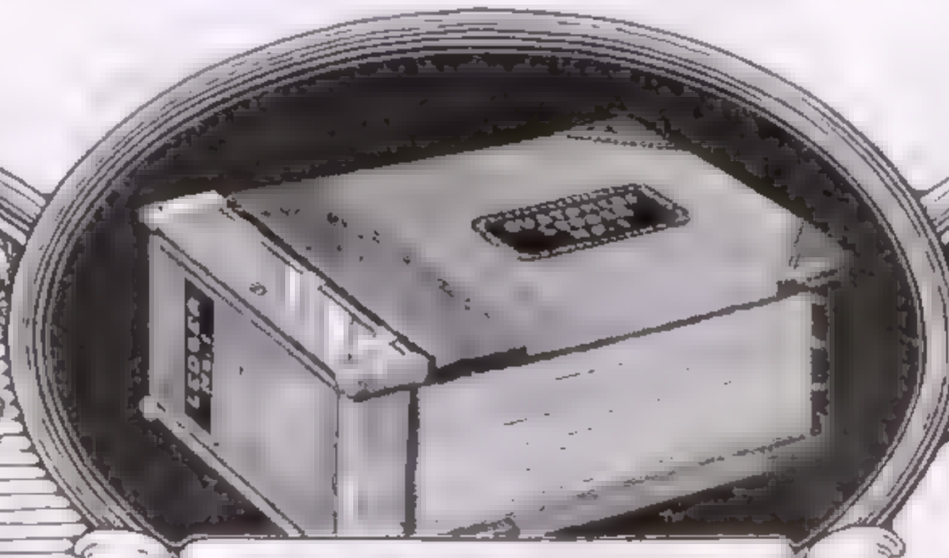
Our products are sold direct from factory to you. Service is rendered through our own offices in 55 cities. One is near you.



We've been making binders and steel files since binders and steel files have been made. In fact, we invented the first loose-leaf ledger-binder, and now make the only 5-drawer letter-file.

ATTACH TO YOUR LETTERHEAD & MAIL

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY,
Benton Harbor, Mich.

GENTLEMEN:

Please send me your booklet on Loose-Leaf Binders.

Mr

P 3

Since 1861
—a name that has stood for utmost service and satisfaction in ready-to-serve foods

Van

Van Camp's Vegetable Soup

Van Camp's Clam Chowder

Camp's

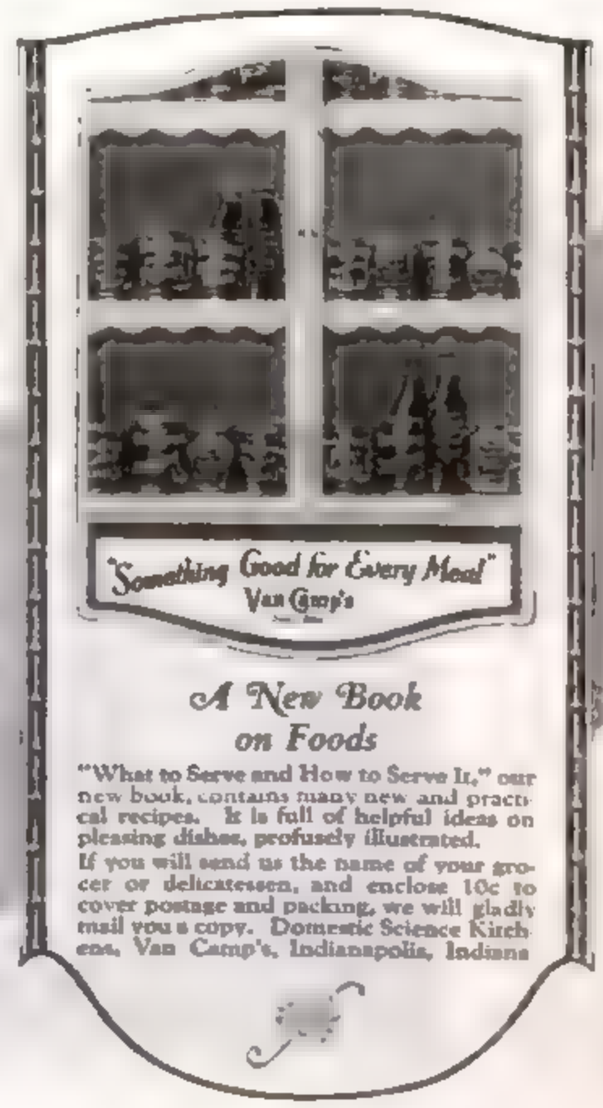
THE pungent, spicy fragrance of Van Camp's Tomato Soup is a pleasing forecast of a perfect meal. There's a refreshing difference in the full flavor and glorious natural color of this rich, bracing, appetizing soup.

Luscious, vine-ripened Indiana tomatoes—the season's choicest!—pure, rich, creamery butter!—rare piquant spices!—are skillfully blended in Van Camp's fascinating, immaculate kitchens.

You'll be delighted with all Van Camp's delicious Soups—Tomato, Ox Tail, Vegetable, Mock Turtle, Clam Chowder, Consommé.

The appealing taste comes from tender, succulent vegetables, savory meat stock, pungent spices and other good things—skillfully blended to retain all the natural freshness of flavor.

"Something Good for Every Meal"
Van Camp's



A New Book on Foods

"What to Serve and How to Serve It," our new book, contains many new and practical recipes. It is full of helpful ideas on pleasing dishes, profusely illustrated.

If you will send us the name of your grocer or delicatessen, and enclose 10c to cover postage and packing, we will gladly mail you a copy. Domestic Science Kitchens, Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana

Van Camp's Evaporated MILK

CREAM your tomato soup with Van Camp's Evaporated Milk. It is so rich and creamy—so pure and full flavored that your soup will have a delicacy and savor never achieved with ordinary milk.

The same qualities that make it so good for creaming soups and gravies will make it your favorite for all cooking and baking purposes. Van Camp's is pure, whole milk, evaporated to the consistency and food value of rich cream. Its sanitary sealed container keeps it fresh.

Continued from Page 92

"Where we are going marriage won't matter any more to any of us."

"Don't count on that. We're safe enough here. The city has been destroyed three times within the last two hundred years. Las Palmas has survived and will survive again." He turned his head towards the blazing mountain with an indifference that was real. There at least he seemed to believe himself invulnerable. He added quietly: "I'm glad you've got through. Lisbeth would not believe that I had ordered your release. But when all this is over you must go right away. That was my condition. Your little friend, Miss Cornelius, must have told you."

"I never accepted it. Nor did she. She was bringing me here."

"Where have you left her?"

"By the roadside. She is dead."

He heard Lisbeth's exclamation of grief and it drove him to a defense that was like a first uncertain gesture

"I'm sorry, for she had courage. But I did not kill her."

"You invoke misery and death," I answered bitterly.

"No, you force these things on me—yes, you two between you you drive me. But it is not my fault if mad people thrust their hands into my wheels and get hurt. I warned you all. I warned her."

The clouds rising out of Fuego's crest had become blood red. They flowed towards us, filling the room with flickering, fantastic shadows. I would have reached Lisbeth's side but that suddenly he strode between us.

"My condition was made to you, Lisbeth. Tell this crazy, stubborn fellow."

"He knows already."

"I know this," I said: "That if I had died you would be free, but because I am alive you are tied to a man who has done murder to keep you."

She did not answer. But I read her tired and pitiful eyes. It was as though she had said aloud, "It will not be for long."

He spoke to us both then, with dignity and a sort of wry wistfulness.

"That's what she called me, Fitzroy—a murderer. But I was a murderer when they carried me shoulder high through Stoneborough—and when you both loved me. And I killed that man for a lesser cause. You both knew what I was, and what I was, I am. It is you who make new demands that I don't understand. You, Lisbeth—you set such store on little things. Well, I had to give them you. I had to hold you on your own terms. You were my wife, but you had to be my wife according to some trumpery earthly law, and so I had no choice—I would have saved Paula. You two condemned her."

That would have been despicable if it had not been for his deadly sincerity. It was the truth as he saw it and it took him beyond the reach of ordinary judgment.

"We shall not survive her," Lisbeth said.

"Please God, we shall," he answered. "And I have your word."

"I shall keep it. Euan knows that. So long as you want me I will remain with you."

"Remain—remain? What will remain of you? Your body? Is that all you think I want? Ah, my dear"—he mocked her with a sort of tragic and passionate gayety—"you're trying to frighten me. But I'll never let you go. I'll have none of that play-acting nobility. You belong to me. You loved me as madly as I loved you. I shall make you remember."

She turned to meet his eyes. She could not help herself. There was the old magic. But across its music there must have sounded one discord upon another, for I know that when he touched her she shrank back from him. And for the first time her self-control broke down and she cried out to me, fiercely and piteously, "Oh, Euan, I wish that just you and I could be destroyed!"

It was from the heart—convincing, overwhelming. He staggered. I saw his hand go up as though to ward off a blow.

"Lisbeth!"

Even then she pitied him. She made an involuntary gesture of helpless regret.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that—not before you. Forgive me. Let us be at peace with each other."

"I have given you everything that makes life worth living," he said confusedly.

"You have been pitiless," she answered.

"Pitiless? I don't understand. I have had to fight. What else should I have done?"

"What has it brought? There are dead people everywhere, all round us. And now it is all over."

He laughed like a man released from a nightmare. It was as though suddenly he had reached the real barrier between them and found that after all it was a trivial thing. He went to the window. He wrung my heart. He was showing her the world—offering it to her.

Everything is to begin. Why, God himself does for me in an hour what might have taken years! That ramshackle, absurd city is swept away for me. I shall build again—here—in safety the great heart of Central America. Nicaragua is ready, San Salvador. They will join up with me at the signal. You think I am overwhelmed by this outbreak. But I knew that it must come.

"There were warnings enough. I have withdrawn everything and every human being that matters into safety."

"Then," I said, "you left those men down there purposely—to die."

He turned to confront me, perplexed, uncertain, attacked from an unexpected quarter and aware of danger.

"They are my worst enemies."

"You would have been merciful to shoot them."

And now Lisbeth came close to me, looking into my face. I think that she saw me as I was for the first time. I knew that he was afraid of her and of that sternness in her. But he held himself finely, sure of himself and his final justification.

"Where have you come from, Euan?"

"From the prison."

"Did they torture you there?" And as I did not answer, she went on quietly, "How many others were there with you?"

"I don't know. I never saw them. It was too dark."

"Were they there when you were released?"

"Yes."

Her eyes were on him. Their fiery blue must have been hard to meet.

"Are they there now—down in that place?"

He assented proudly.

"They were condemned. They were traitors. They were responsible for the death of some of my best men. If I had wanted to release them I should have had a mutiny on my hands. But I did not mean to release them."

"You must release them now."

He shook his head, smiling faintly as though she had been a child.

"I cannot and I would not. It is unreasonable to ask for such a thing."

"It is no time for reason." For now I had remembered my faceless companions, and I pleaded for them—not with him, but with her, as though their lives were in her hands. And he turned to her, too, fighting me step by step, torn by a conflict of emotions that gave him a look of gaunt suffering.

"You must not ask what is impossible."

"I do ask it," she answered.

"If I gave the order for their release no one would obey me."

"You know that is not true. Or if it is true, then go yourself."

"You are asking for my death. You wish me dead."

"I am asking you to save yourself."

"I am never safe whilst they are alive."

"Since when have you thought of safety?"

"I took my dangers when they were inevitable," he answered. "I never sought them—but once, and that was for your sake."

"Then for my sake now."

He put up his hand and I saw that he was trembling.

"You think so much of life. You talk of its sanctity. And now you are prepared to sacrifice me. What does it mean? Is there a meaning anywhere?"

"My life and yours don't matter," she answered. "But other men's lives—they matter always."

He stared at her as at an enigma.

"You want me to set free a pack of traitors who would have spared you as little ——"

She persisted steadily.

"You must."

"Lisbeth, sweetheart, you don't understand. The little things confuse and blind you. If I set these men free they would never rest till they had me down. The struggle would have to begin again I should be sacrificing my friends to my enemies."

"You can't leave men to die like that."

I could see his bewilderment. To him it was simple and obvious that they should die like that. It solved his problems. Her opposition baffled him, her appeal shook him to the heart. And yet he knew that it was a vital opposition—the whole of her pitted against the whole of him—and that her appeal was the last she would ever make. And as they stood there, confronting each other in that unearthly light of destruction, I remembered them as I had seen them that night in her father's house—how even then I had recognized that fierce and elemental attraction which drove them into each other's arms, and which in its essence was an uncompromising, implacable hostility.

"I beg of you, for pity's sake, for all our sakes, if there is to be any peace for us ——"

"I can't, Lisbeth."

He took a step towards her. I think he meant to take her in his arms, then and there to overwhelm that enemy spirit by the sheer force of his passion. But she shrank away from him.

"You horrify me."

At that he stood quite still. It was the end—the ruin of his world. I pitied him with the intensity of an inexplicable understanding. He did not know what it was he fought. He only knew that he was beaten. He made a little movement of the hand.

"You break my heart—between you," he said.

So I also had mattered to him.

He turned away from us both towards the window. A great column of black smoke rose from Fuego's new crater and spread out overhead like the foliage of a terrible tree. It was growing darker, with only now and then a streak of fire to reveal us to one another. And as he stood there I believe that he foresaw the end and knew its inevitableness.

"Will you come with me, Fitzroy?"

I nodded. I knew that he was looking at her. I knew what was in his eyes, and even for her sake I could not have failed him.

My poor companions must have been dead long since. But the issue was not any longer that of their life or death. He called for volunteers. Half a dozen responded, among them the baron, who, I think, had lost faith in his gods and no longer cared to live.

But halfway down the road back to the city I saw the whole summit of Fuego lift like the lid of some appalling caldron and the ghastly contents of fire and lava pour down its wrecked sides upon the ruins of the condemned city. Then after that one horrific explosion a night descended upon us, so absolute that it was like a sudden blindness.

I thought I heard his voice calling to me challengingly, with the old laughing friendliness, "Fitzroy! A Fitzroy to the rescue!" But that must have been an illusion. For the thunder of Fuego beat down every other sound.

For hours I groped my way through those black, suffocating folds, not knowing what remained. Then gradually a faint and evil light returned. Through the yellow haze a strange rayless sun stared down on us and on a world that was like a face ravaged by a terrible disease. Only Agua remained unchanged, standing aloof and spectral in its cynical passivity.

It was I who found General John Smith. He had evidently tried to reach the prison, and failing that had fought his way into the ruins of an unknown house. The inmates must have all been dead long before he reached them, but he had dragged their bodies out, one after another, with a blind persistency. I think he must have felt that if he could only have brought one life to her, that inexplicable spirit which had opposed and beaten him would have been appeased.

But at last a piece of falling masonry had crushed him between the shoulders.

He was not dead, but speechless, and with all the power gone from him.

We brought him back to her. He lay stretched out on the rough litter, his slender limbs composed and straight, his face smoothed out into an expression of a lofty and inscrutable serenity. He might have been a knight brought back from an honorable field of battle.

We set him down by the wide window where he had left her, and where there was most light and air. And for three days he suffered as few men are called upon to suffer, and made no sign. A priest was brought to him and the last sacraments administered. He surrounded himself at that end with an extraordinary dignity. It was not possible to believe that he had sinned. To him murder had never been murder, but an inevitable part of the great and only adventure. In his own heart there had never been any doubt or question. It was the doubts and questioning of others that had overthrown him.

Neither did we think of him as guilty. Lisbeth sat by him with her hand on his, and though her presence seemed to comfort and please him, I think that he had given her up—that he had passed on to wider considerations. I know he smiled at both of us, wistfully, wryly, like a strong man who has been made game of by children.

But after that his eyes fixed themselves on the mountain beyond the buried city. Its rage was over. It had gone back, exhausted and satiated, to its old silence. A pale wraith of smoke trailed against the placid blue of the sky. And he smiled faintly, in secret understanding and salutation.

And so died.

EPILOGUE

WE HAVE gone back to Stoneborough. In its great peace it is hard to believe in our own past—hard to believe in the violence of men and Nature. An immemorial quiet seems to brood over our English earth.

But sometimes at night I wake up and see Fuego as clearly as though I were back there on the hills overlooking the city. I can see the steady, slender column of smoke that goes up night and day to remind men—who forget so easily—that the old forces are not dead. The ancient fires smolder beneath the surface and one day they will blaze up again.

And then, strangely enough, I see Old Stoneborough, lying black and extinct under the moon, guarding her wisdom.

The next day, perhaps, in the rather dull faces of my fellow citizens, who seem so benignly and kindlily content, I fancy that I catch the uneasy reflection of some distant glow. And I wonder if they are really satisfied or even if it is well that they should be satisfied.

I remember the old baron—"Peace that is the danger." One that we will have to face.

But Lisbeth and I love each other. Whatever comes, that is our strength and our safety.

THE END

Sunrise Along Tree-Fringed Biscayne Bay, Florida

Outstanding

In every industry there is one outstanding product.

Among oils it is 3-in-One. This famous trade mark—the Big Red One—is known throughout the civilized world.

There are three major reasons why 3-in-One has so many outstanding uses in sky-scraper and cottage, in factory and office, indoors and out.

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3-in-One Cleans and Polishes

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3-in-One oils every light mechanism—and oils it right. Penetrates quickly and stays put. Won't gum or dry out. Try on clocks, typewriters, sewing machines, hinges, bicycles, talking machines—anything about home, office or factory that ever needs oiling.

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Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal

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From this

Meet This Man

If you have figure-work problems—adding, calculating, bookkeeping, statement, or handling cash—here's a man whose service you'll appreciate. He is the Dalton salesman. Phone him—you will find him with helpful suggestions to offer.

The New Dalton Super Model Adding-Calculating Machine adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, tabu-

Dalton "Mystery Room"

...come finer and still finer figuring machines

"No Admittance!"

Behind this brusque sign in a section of the big Dalton plants lies a long, sunlit workshop which only Dalton officials and a few confidential employes are allowed to enter.

It is the Dalton Experimental Department—the "Mystery Room," where Dalton improvements are evolved and new models are born.

Here it is that Dalton engineers and their assistants—men who have dedicated their lives to Dalton service—dream and plan, sketch and build. Here they search out ways of making the superlatively good Dalton even better. Here they fashion new machines to lighten more and still more the figure burdens of the world; here they test the life of every part of these machines before the public sees them.

The men in charge of this department are the same men who, twenty years ago, sprang into prominence by inventing the 10-key Dalton adding-calculating machine. They are the same men who have continued to announce improvement after improvement, each without precedent in the realm of mechanical figuring.

Just a few years ago—and from this very workshop—these same Dalton engineers gave to the world the New Dalton Super Model Line, a complete series of super figuring machines, matchless in their simplicity, speed and versatility, including upwards of 150 models, priced from $125 to $1,200, and embracing—

1. a complete line of simpler, faster adding machines
2. a complete line of simpler, faster calculating machines
3. a complete line of simpler, faster bookkeeping machines
4. a complete line of simpler, faster statement machines
5. a complete line of simpler, faster "cash register" machines.

Each embodies the first and fundamental Dalton idea—the scientifically correct 10-key "touch method" keyboard; each is instantly operable by anyone.

In addition to the above complete line of standard figuring equipment, the Dalton Experimental Department has built and is building hundreds of special machines, each of which is performing for its owner some intricate figure task previously unperformable by mechanical methods. No matter how complicated or difficult your figure problem, this department can build a machine to solve it efficiently and economically.

Dalton Sales Offices are located in upwards of 300 leading cities of the globe. Your nearest agent will, without obligating you, give you a demonstration of Dalton service in your own office on your own work. Phone him today, or write us direct.

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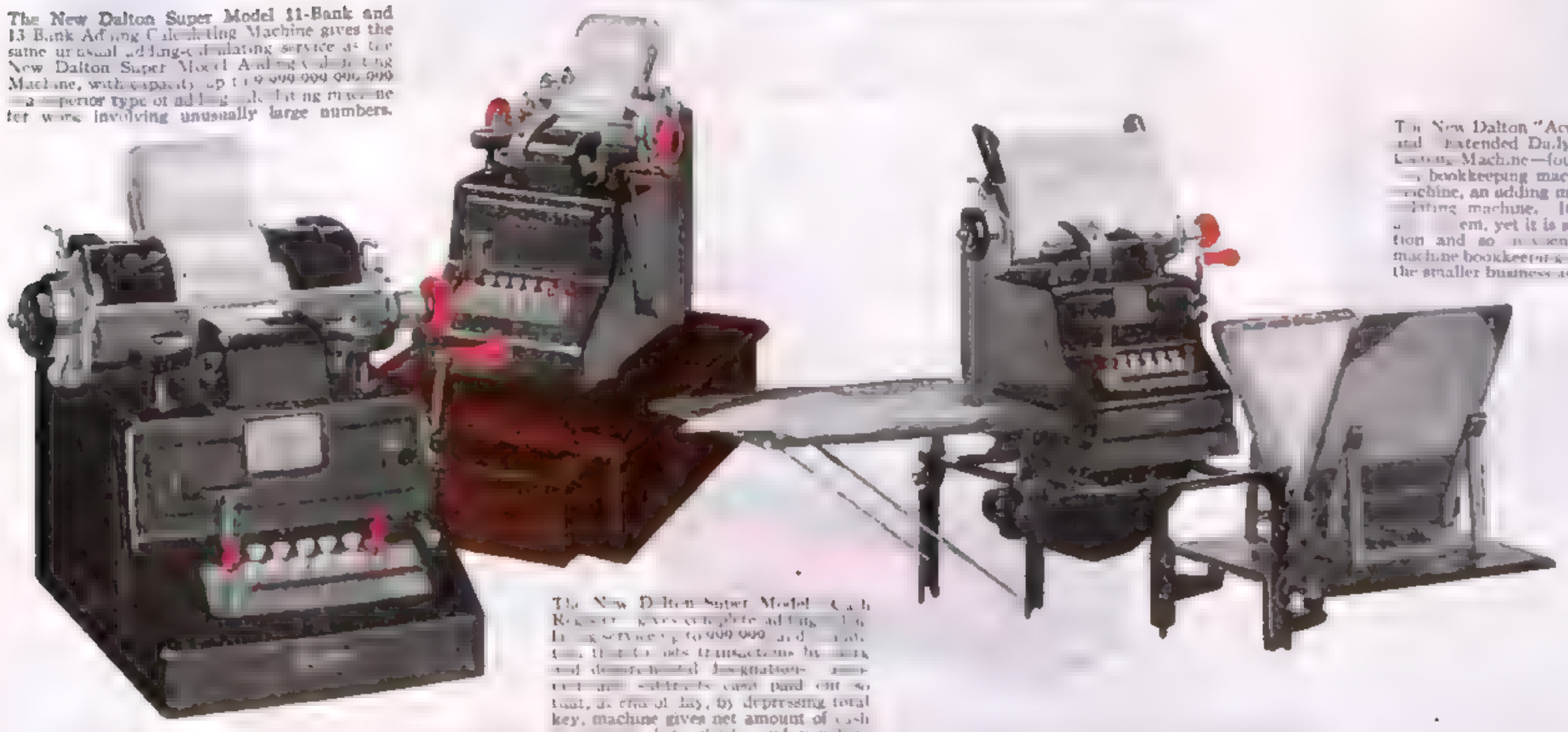
Dalton

ADDING-CALCULATING · BOOKKEEPING · STATEMENT
AND "CASH REGISTER" MACHINES

152 Models at Prices Ranging from $125 to $1,200



The New Dalton Super Model 11-Bank and 13 Bank Adding Calculating Machine gives the same unusual adding-calculating service as the New Dalton Super Model Adding-Calculating Machine, with capacity up to 9,999,999,999,999 —a superior type of adding machine for use where unusually large numbers.

The New Dalton "Accumulated Proof" and "Extended Daily Balance" Bookkeeping Machine—four machines in one —a bookkeeping machine, a statement machine, an adding machine, and a calculating machine. It adapts itself to [illegible] em, yet it is so simple in operation and so economical as to make machine bookkeeping a real economy for the smaller business as well as the large

The New Dalton Super Model Cash Register gives complete adding-calculating service up to 999,999 and [illegible] its transactions by [illegible] and departmental [illegible] [illegible] cash receipts and paid out so that, at end of day, by depressing total key, machine gives net amount of cash in drawer, lists checks and vouchers by number and amount, keeps inventory and stock records and makes out [illegible] [illegible] cash receipts as well as statements and [illegible] for the retail business

Marked ~ Bauer & Black

That means safety to you—the same protection your doctor exacts

"An ounce of prevention" as urged by family doctors. Keep Bauer & Black ***sterile*** *bandages on hand to meet emergencies. And thus avoid danger of infection.*

Bauer & Black
Sterile Gauze

Gauze used directly on wounds must be sterile. Bauer & Black Gauze is sterilized before and after having been sealed in the package. Used by leading surgeons, doctors and hospitals. An important first aid accessory.

Put up in one, five and twenty-five yard packages.

IN the name Bauer & Black, your doctor recognizes a mark of protection and safety in which the medical profession has placed implicit confidence for 30 years.

That is because Bauer & Black products are made to a standard based on ideals of service to humanity. And every Bauer & Black co-worker instilled with the knowledge that upon the scientific exactness of his work, life and health depend.

So, for safety's sake, look for the name Bauer & Black. And remember that the druggist supplying you with products bearing it is doing his best to serve you well.

Bauer & Black products are prepared for the home, for travel, factory and professional use. The every day size packages range from 10c to 50c each.

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Has exceptional clinging qualities. Will not irritate the most delicate skin. Used in leading clinics and hospitals.

In one to three inch widths and from one to ten yards long.

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Bauer & Black Baby Talc prevents irritation. It has healing qualities embodying the advice of over one hundred of America's leading children's doctors. The soap is soothing, free of irritants, and healing.

Be as careful as your doctor

Your doctor takes no chances. He uses *sterile* gauze, *sterile* bandages, and *sterile* absorbent cotton. By using like care, you can avoid infection when treating the little everyday wounds. Remember, the cleanest cloth, not having been scientifically sterilized, often is laden with germs which cause infection.

Always be prepared to meet emergencies safely by having Bauer & Black *sterile* first aid helps at hand. So trifling is the cost that it is unwise to be without the protection and safety they afford.

First Aid Book—Free

—illustrated. Tells you what to do before the doctor comes. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, or Bauer & Black, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Bauer & Black
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Bauer & Black Gauze Bandages are sterilized before and after having been wrapped. Home-made bandages may harbor infection. Avoid their use.

Widths from one to four inches; length, ten yards.

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Twenty-one processes are used in making Bauer & Black Absorbent Cotton. It is sterilized before and after having been sealed in the package. Absorbs twenty times its weight in moisture. Used by leading hospitals, surgeons, physicians, and by women universally in the home. Six sizes, from half ounce to one pound.

Your druggist will supply you with products marked Bauer & Black

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OUT OF PONY PEONAGE

Continued from Page 4

one way, her cheap fur another, clasped her hands behind her neck, and stretched. Say she had done these things so contrary to her natural gait of the cowardice of failure, of the sprightless walk of the unsuccessful, of the awkwardness of the painfully self-conscious—say she had, and then where would he be? Would he have found himself in possession of the talisman which had won her a week's pay from Zelter? He wondered.

"Well," said the girl a trifle defiantly, "here I am."

"So you say," remarked Trumper.

"So I say? What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just wondering whether you were all here or whether you'd left a bit behind. Do you think you did?"

He smiled playfully, hoping that she would smile back. She did not; far from it, she glared at him. Anger stirred within him. He felt silly, then furious, then bonded in a great sympathy with all the photographers who throughout the generations of their profession have made sublimated asses of themselves, lisping doggerel, tweeting like birds, twisting their faces into ludicrous grimaces, and cracking hoary jokes in the vain expectation of making the lines of a face tilt up instead of down. Never before had he realized the heroism in the suffering silence behind the buffoonery of the man behind the camera.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Guin——" began the girl, but he stopped her.

"I mean the other one; your own back-home name."

"Laura Mac "

Again he interrupted.

"That's enough; no family secrets. From now on your name is Loretta. Not Loretta Mac anything, nor Miss this or Miss that. Just Loretta. All you've got to do is to say Loretta when you're asked, and let others do the thinking, wrong or otherwise."

"Well, what if I don't?"

Blast the girl! Why couldn't she show enough spirit to say "won't," instead of "don't"? Thus thought Trumper, even while he said aloud, "That's easy. You simply quit getting your fifty dollars a week. Furthermore, you fail to do anything else I tell you to do or whenever you do anything I don't tell you to do. Now listen, once for all. Do you think I'm trying to take anything away from you? Why, you little gloom, I'm racking my brains to think how to give you a million dollars."

The girl's face might have opened to a look of ineffable joy, but it did not. It might have assumed the father and mother of all sneers, but not even that happened. Her lips might have opened to a variety of remarks; they might have said, for example, "Rock-a-bye, baby!" But they did not.

"As we were," murmured Trumper, staring at her unchanging countenance.

"Well, what do I do after that?"

"After what?"

"After I call myself Loretta."

"Why, I think that's enough for one day," replied Trumper, terrified lest he give her occasion to say "Well" once more. "Here's fifty dollars in advance. Perk yourself up a bit and come back tomorrow at the same time."

It was only when she was halfway down the stairs that a thought lifted him out of his chair as if he had been pricked by a needle. He rushed to the door and called her back. She reascended and reëntered with a cynical glint in her eyes which seemed to say that she had known all along there was a catch somewhere. She still held the fifty dollars in her hand. Trumper felt himself completely at a loss; he was actually nervous before the task he had set himself, but he had imagined a cause for her smilelessness which would ruin all his plans should it prove to be true. He walked up and down, hands in pockets, head bowed, trying to think of a way to force her to smile. He gave it up and turned on her.

"Show your teeth," he commanded.

"What?"

"You heard me. Just show me your teeth and you may go."

Her eyes closed, her nose wrinkled, her mouth opened and opened. She had thirty-two of the best-looking teeth Trumper had ever seen. Wouldn't it be wonderful, he thought, if she should stick out her tongue in his face, and run! She did not. She closed her mouth as deliberately as she had unclosed it, unwrinkled her nose, turned and left him without a word.

He had not enjoyed his afternoon; he was not to enjoy his evening. He entirely missed the significance of a jack lead at bridge by his partner; he ordered a cocktail and forgot to drink it; he insulted the matron next to him at dinner by asking her out of a clear sky whether she thought the tendency of clothes was completely to obscure the essence of womanhood.

"Exactly what do you mean, Mr. Bromleigh?" asked the lady icily, wishing she had taken her sister's advice and tucked in a bit of chiffon where it would do the most good.

"It's a strange thing," explained Trumper in the innocence of his abstraction, "that most women begin to scintillate toward evening when they start taking things off. Do too many or the wrong kind of clothes veil the feminine spirit? It seems to me a mighty interesting question; not to be carried to its logical conclusion, however. That would be embarrassing."

"I can assure you your investigation is embarrassing already, Mr. Bromleigh," said the lady, turning on him a bare shoulder which was even colder than it looked.

After a restless night and a dull day in the office which allowed him plenty of time to think, Trumper found himself no nearer to the solution of his problem. The question as to what elusive influence had induced Mr. Zelter to employ Loretta was still unanswered. It was even impossible to say whether that influence was the same that had moved Trumper himself to ask that he be introduced. On that night behind the scenes, for an instant he had thought he saw something quite clearly something he had not seen since, something so vague that he could not even remember it—a sort of vision, dreamed and lost.

When Loretta appeared she wore exactly the same clothes as on the day before; whatever she had done with her advance pay, she certainly had not used it to perk herself up. Trumper looked upon her various garments with aversion and his eyes made a deliberate effort to see her without them. Thereupon he was reminded of his conversation with the lady who had shown him a cold bare shoulder on the previous evening. He arose, drew out the middle drawer of the Phyfe cabinet and fumbled about until he discovered what in those days was known as a *maillot*, but has recently been Anglicized into a one-piece bathing suit.

"Put that on," he ordered, tossing it to the girl. "Go behind the screen to shed your armor."

Loretta started to obey and then paused. "Is the door locked?" she asked

"You know it is not," replied Trumper tartly, "and it won't be. Step lively, in or out—I don't much care which."

She hung fire for a moment longer and then, seeing him occupied with swinging his easel around, arranging a sketching pad, and sharpening a crayon, she disappeared around the screen and there found comforts far beyond what might have been expected from the bareness of the rest of the studio. There was even a small curtained alcove that had once been a hall bedroom. It had a rug on the floor, hooks on the walls, a furnished dressing table and washstand. She divested herself of the clothes which had aroused Trumper's ire, including the rigid corsets which were still the vogue, put on the bathing suit, crept to a chair behind the screen, sat down on its edge, and waited.

Trumper also waited; he waited a long time. Finally his patience was exhausted, but he did not call out. There was an aperture not over two inches high along the bottom of the screen. Quietly he knelt down, laid his head sideways to the floor, and saw two sets of immobile pink toes.

He arose, dusted his knees, and remarked casually, "Whenever you're ready, Loretta, you may come out."

The moment she appeared he felt an exultant rush of blood to the head. It was there—the something for which he had been searching—but it was still elusive. She was different—individual—so slightly unusual in her build that the suggestion of something out of the way stopped short of the eccentric. That was why Zelter had glimpsed eccentricity as a possibility and promptly abandoned the idea. Also it was because she was different without crossing the line of the abnormal that he, Trumper Bromleigh, had seen his fleeting vision.

But wherein lay the subtle difference? There was the rub, for he could not place it. He studied her coal-black hair, slightly disordered, and the peculiar thrust of her neck, small, round, not rising from her well-formed shoulders so much as continuing their flowing line. What he sought was not there. He gave full credit to the even paper whiteness of her skin, but he had seen several other women with that uniform dazzling absence of color. His inspection descended steadily to her feet and found nothing to criticize on the way. Her legs were superbly formed.

Superbly? The unspoken adverb gave him pause; there was something the matter with it. It fitted her legs, but not the rest of her. His eyes went back slowly over the road they had traveled, reached her waistline, and stopped almost with a click; then, more slowly still, they pursued their upward course until they came to her hair and the end of her. He held his breath at the discovery that from the waist down she was perfect and from the waist up she was perfect; only—and here was the all-important point—the whole of her was fractionally discordant, almost imperceptibly inharmonious. From the waist up, she was slight; from the waist down, she was well—superb.

He could not doubt but that he had discovered the source of various vague impressions, of Zelter's scent of the eccentric, of his own surmise of the unusual, of the ill-defined self-consciousness which led the girl herself to accentuate a mere nuance of diversity into an ungainly oddity. This perception of two women in one, to put it grossly, was all-important and must be seized, but he knew that it alone could not have been responsible for the entirety of the fleeting vision he had glimpsed and lost. Nevertheless, it represented a lot of ground gained. He covered his large pad with sketches of her. Some of them were crude, some wholly unsatisfactory for other reasons, but he erased none. Who could tell which of them would prove most eloquent in the ultimate disclosure? For his faith was renewed; he knew that eventually the ultimate disclosure would develop. No longer was he indifferent as to whether Loretta stayed in or out; consequently when he saw that she was about to cave at the knees from exhaustion, he complimented her on her patience and released her for the day.

As soon as she passed behind the screen he called good-by, asked her to slam the door behind her when she left, and departed hastily for his club. Halfway down the stairs, however, he paused; then returned thoughtfully to his own floor, went to a door in the forward part of the building, unlocked it quietly and entered. A moment later he was standing on the reverse side of the Bokhara rug that hung in the

He Arranged the Models and Sketches on Binetinelli's Desk and Proceeded to Lead the Confectioner of Clothes From Puzzlement to Wonder

(Continued on Page 103)

The Metal Master

whose handiwork covers the continent

THIS is the sheet-metal worker.

He is doing a great work for you and me and doing it well. It is no easy job.

Just stop to think a moment!

There is not a building of any sort in America—cottage or skyscraper, factory or church, school or store—that doesn't owe much to his skill.

In our great industrial plants, hotels, schools and public buildings, we depend upon the sheet metal worker to build ventilating systems that we may breathe safely; tanks to insure clean, pure water; skylights to admit sunlight; roofs to resist the elements.

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FORTY TONS OF ENDURING PROTECTION

This is New York State's grain elevator at Gowanus Bay, Brooklyn, New York. It is the largest structure of its kind in the world.

Mr. Lewis F. Pilcher, State Architect, planned for [illegible]

(Continued from Page 101

studio, with his eye in close proximity to a tiny moth hole which was nevertheless large enough to give him a comprehensive view of the easel. He was still obsessed by the idea that he must make Loretta laugh somehow or other, and it had occurred to him that she would inevitably pause in his absence to look over his sketches of her, and that perhaps one or all of them would excite her risible muscles. She emerged in a surprisingly short space of time, but he failed to see her. He heard her walk directly to the hall, go out and, according to directions, slam the door.

Trumper was stunned; so incurious a woman not only ran counter to tradition, she was positively uncanny. He hurried to the street in her pursuit, carefully shadowed her to a candy shop, and watched her purchase a supper of ice-cream soda and half a pound of bonbons to take home. He had heard of girls' living on that sort of thing; he had never before seen one actually doing it. When she came out he slipped into the hallway next door to escape detection, and a few minutes later started once more for his club. His ordinarily open brow was tied in a knot, but it cleared when he arrived at the resolution to serve Loretta exactly as he treated his business—out of sight, out of mind.

Few would have had the keen perception to discern the faint disproportion which made Loretta two women in one; but no eye, however shrewdly trained, would have taken Trumper, as he walked swingingly up the Avenue, for two distinct persons, but never two at the same time, and never one for long. That was his trouble, though he did not know it; he did not even suspect that he had any trouble. He arrived at this illusion of happiness by always being occupied. Nobody can be unhappy while riding down a drive at polo, or while studying a hand at cards, or while riveting the attention on any other of a thousand trifles. It takes time to know you are unhappy, and many a man, like Trumper, cuts out all interludes by instinct, without being at all conscious that he does it to escape the black wolf.

As a result, it was with a completely refreshened mind that he received Loretta on the following afternoon, even though his spirits were immediately dampened upon perceiving that she still wore the same clothes. If she had been suitably dressed in something simple, black and clinging, he might have taken her to the back rows at some roaring farce and perhaps seen her laugh in the half gloom of the distant footlights. As it was, he could not afford to be seen with her anywhere at any price. He sighed, but his disappointment was tempered, for it was no part of his plans to have any of his acquaintance connect him with Loretta in her present state of mind, body or raiment. Even a back row would have been a risk.

When she had donned the imported one-piece bathing suit he permitted her to sit, very straight from the hips up, on the couch with her bare feet hidden in the folds of the cover which overflowed to the floor. He did not take up pad and crayon, but modeling wax. Half an hour's experimentation with it convinced him that it was indubitably the wrong medium for the effect which he sought; he abandoned it and resorted to clay. This was better, and he became absorbed in reproducing her torso with a mere suggestion of her hips. He attempted a little friendly chatter from time to time, receiving only monosyllabic replies.

Finally he asked pointedly, "Loretta, have you ever smiled? I mean, can you smile?"

"Yes," she answered solemnly, "I can."

He waited, but in vain, for a change in her expression. Was it possible that she was toying with him—playing a game of her own? He studied her features and decided in the negative. She had the look of one who is attending phlegmatically to business with a mental eye on the clock. Sullen rage filled him, and it was with an effort that he spoke pleasantly.

"Then smile, please."

The cue seemed to be somewhat unexpected, but eventually she caught it, and smiled while Trumper gasped inwardly in amazement. It was not that he had never seen that smile before, for he had, on upward of a thousand faces. It was the smile which all chorus girls put on at the ringing of a starting gong or its equivalent. What made it so terrible in this instance was its unwonted setting of utter loneliness. That kind of smile was not supposed to be seen one at a time—it came by the dozen, a sort of brigade smile—and this solitary example, strayed afar from the house of mirth, was as plainly a stage property as a glued mustache. All by itself it was a rather pitiable thing, and Trumper's ire rapidly evaporated.

"Take it off, please," he said softly.

Loretta obeyed, and he resumed his modeling automatically for lack of something better to do. The smile had rather smashed things up for him. Before it happened, his enthusiasm had been carried to a high pitch by the discovery of half the veiled secret of the girl's unusualness. He had thought that one gleam of vivacity, mirth, wit, would have been sufficient to complete revealment and put him in full and lasting possession of his glimpsed vision. Now that she had smiled, all his gains seemed to have gone by the board. "As we were," he murmured inaudibly from the depths of his depression, and continued his apathetic thumbing of the pliant clay. Presently he sensed a new kind of stillness in the room. He looked up and observed that Loretta had gone sound asleep without modifying her pose or expression.

Trumper stared, and as he stared his body became rigid; his hands assumed petrification in the exact position in which they had been when he raised his glance. But not so his eyes or his lips or his lungs. His eyes grew in size and brilliancy; his lips slowly curved into a triumphant grin; his lungs filled rapidly until his chest suggested the prodigious pride of the pouter pigeon.

"Wake up, Loretta!" he said in a loud voice. "You may go home."

He did not hurry to his club that afternoon; instead he stuffed three of the small clay models of Loretta into his overcoat pockets along with the sheets covered with sketches of her silhouette, and hastened to the secluded establishment of a certain Mr. Binotinelli, with whom he had once made a crossing on a French liner. Trumper had the instinct for friendship; he made friends easily and kept them doggedly. Butlers, bootblacks, senators and ex-Presidents were his friends, each pigeonholed and held in place by the atmospheric pressure which exuded from the last of the long line of Bromleighs. Binotinelli had surrendered to this urge and poured out his heart in regard to certain matters connected with women and their raiment so earnestly that Trumper had never forgotten the thesis or the theme.

Effusions disposed of, and once closeted with the male modiste, he arranged the models and sketches on Binotinelli's desk and proceeded to lead the confectioner of clothes from puzzlement to wonder, from wonder to comprehension, and from comprehension to the white heat of artistic ambition. In the end Binotinelli called hoarsely for the presence of the girl herself and seemed distressed to the verge of despair when informed that he could not possibly see her until the following afternoon. He predicted for himself a sleepless night, but Trumper remained unmoved, explaining that the matter was not even subject to discussion, as he did not know where the girl lived and had no means of finding out.

Binotinelli stared at him in fresh amazement. "You mean that?" he demanded. "You are not conventionally lying?"

"I do, and I am not," declared Trumper without hesitation.

"Then," said the robe maker with an eloquent slump of his shoulders, "the girl is ugly. Possibly as ugly as these," he added, pointing at the sketches with his chin.

"She is not ugly except to the blind," asserted Trumper confidently. "Her face is lovely, her eyes are wonders, her body is what I have told you. All you've got to do, Bino, is to remember two things: Tear off the veil that obscures her, and do nothing to disturb her monumental impassivity."

"In other words," observed Bino with a nasty touch of sarcasm, "design a gown for a tombstone."

When Loretta went to the studio on the following day she found a large scribbled notice pinned on the door directing her to Binotinelli's. Arrived there she was ushered into the presence of Trumper and the dressmaker, already in conference. She was not asked to sit down; indeed there was no chair vacant, and from the moment of her entry she was made to feel like an animated piece of the missing furniture. She was told to walk around, to stop, to keep still from the waist up while she straddled her legs, to raise her arms, to stand straight, to slouch, to bend, to arch herself backward and to sway from the hips.

"Do you see it, Bino," asked Trumper, "or don't you?"

Without removing his beady eyes from her person Binotinelli nodded. When Loretta first entered he had shown a supercilious apathy, but the memory of some of the things Trumper had said in conjunction with the girl's actual presence gradually got in its work until a flush of red had come to stain his ordinarily sallow cheeks. Purposeful enthusiasm began to course in his veins; nevertheless nothing could have exceeded the impersonality of his bearing or the matter-of-fact solemnity of his entire procedure.

He summoned a forewoman and murmured instructions. Presently sheaves and bolts of material in an interminable succession were fetched in, only to be discarded one after another by Trumper. At last he signified approval and promptly left, but the girl remained. For another hour she was posed, pulled about and measured with an exactness which made her gasp.

"Come back on Thursday at the same time," said Binotinelli as he dismissed her.

Had he been more than at the beginning of success, not even for Trumper would he have kept his shop open on the following Saturday night, procured on approval an assortment of dull black satin sandals, and recruited an expert coiffeur. In spite of his own and his forewoman's feverish activities, it was well past eleven o'clock before he could telephone his patron, cooling his heels at a near-by club, that all was ready. Five minutes later Trumper arrived with a cab. Entering the *atelier*, he stood for a moment in the door, spellbound; then his eyes and his face lit up boyishly.

"Bino," he exclaimed generously, "you've done it! You have turned the trick!"

"I merely carried out your orders, Mr. Bromleigh," murmured Bino in the velvety narcotized voice of an artist dreaming aloud after effort.

What Trumper saw is not easily described. The girl was standing before a pier glass, but not facing it. Her expression barely escaped being inane; it suggested that she had been interiorly blinded, and was striving inadequately to readjust the sense of sight. A lot of questions would have been troubling any other than this extraordinary person, suddenly brought face to face with a self she had never known, for her aspect conveyed an amazingly contradictory impression. As a woman she symbolized a question—vague as a raised eyebrow. As a vision, she was two things—hauntingly chaste, and at the same time inexpressibly brazen.

How produce so paradoxical an effect? As follows: By making the high bodice of the sleeveless frock of a single breadth of bronze silk fitted with an accuracy which caused it to appear to have been painted on her bare flesh. Trumper looked in vain for the fasteners which held the brilliant, skin-like fabric in place.

They were hidden beneath her left arm, and then under a rolled swathe of chiffon, of the color and almost of the texture of brown smoke, which, ever widening, descended clingingly to her waist and there suddenly swept around her to form a diaphanous and billowing skirt.

But that was not all. Some single factor imposed itself above the clashing notes of chastity and brazenness, welding them into one harmonious chord. It was her spiritual and physical quiescence—the monumental impassivity whose value Trumper had perceived and seized only when he looked up to find her asleep, and which he had commanded Bino not to impair. Bino had not impaired it; he had thrown it into startling relief. Looking at her, one could realize that for a bit of unsmiling Dresden china to smile would be just another name for shattering destruction.

Loretta's jet-black hair had been drawn back with a daring severity which relented in the looseness of the generous knot set low on the nape of her neck. Beneath that knot the bodice, so high in front, was cut in a deep yoke, displaying a flawless back. Her stockings were of the same smoky shade as the skirt, and she wore high-heeled sandals of dull black satin. Had it not been for those black slippers, her blacker hair, and the astonishingly even mat of her white, colorless skin, she would have presented a monotone; as it was, she struck a

(Continued on Page 106)

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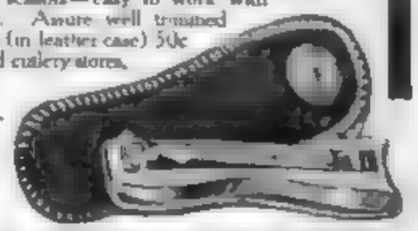

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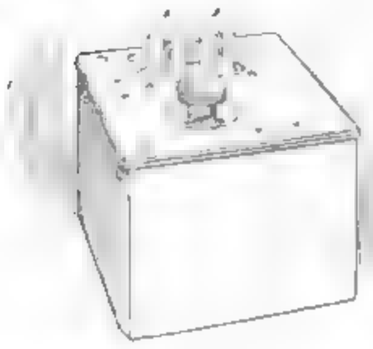

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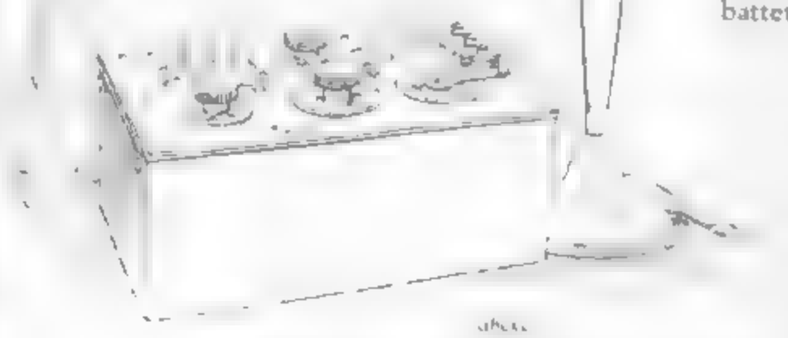
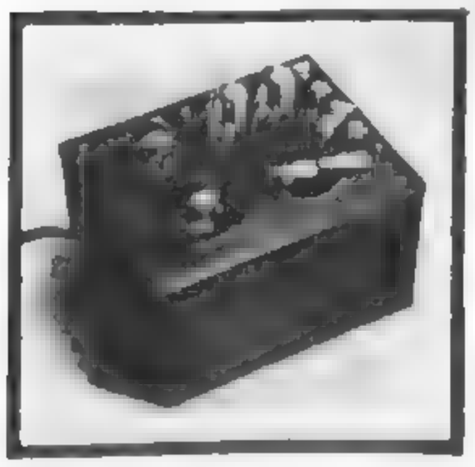
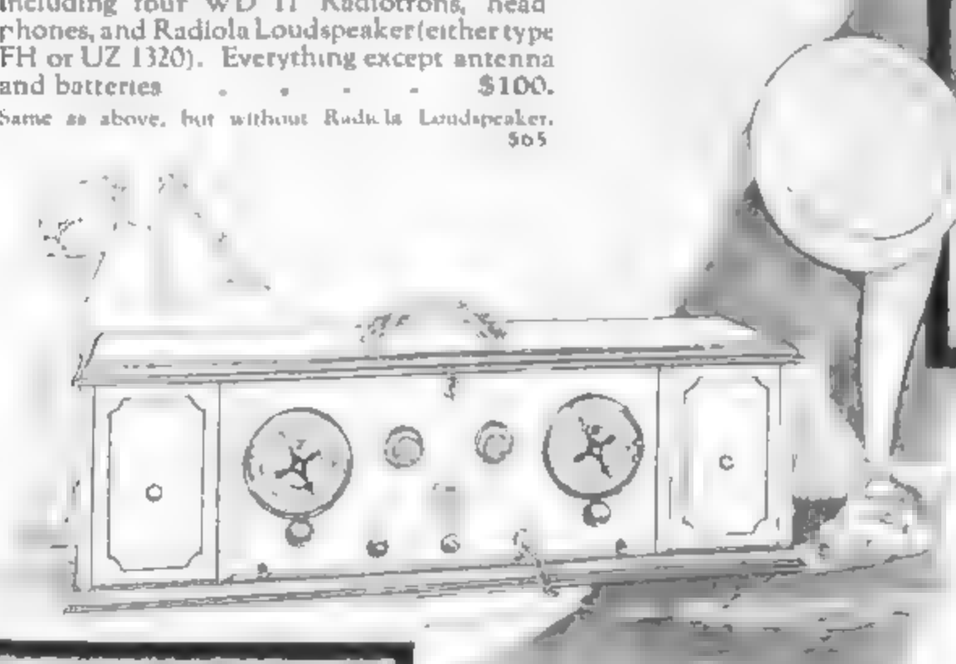




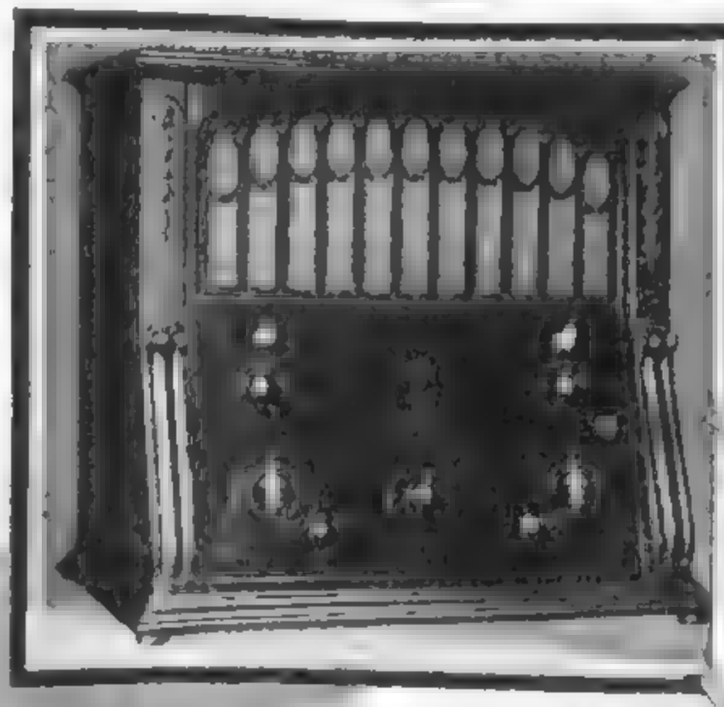
(above)
Radiola III-a, which is Radiola III and its balanced amplifier complete in one cabinet; including four WD 11 Radiotrons, head phones, and Radiola Loudspeaker (either type FH or UZ 1320). Everything except antenna and batteries . . . . . $100.
Same as above, but without Radiola Loudspeaker. $65

(above)
Radiola III, an improved two tube receiver of antenna type, sensitive and selective. Complete with two WD-11 Radiotrons and headphones everything except batteries and antenna) . . . $35.

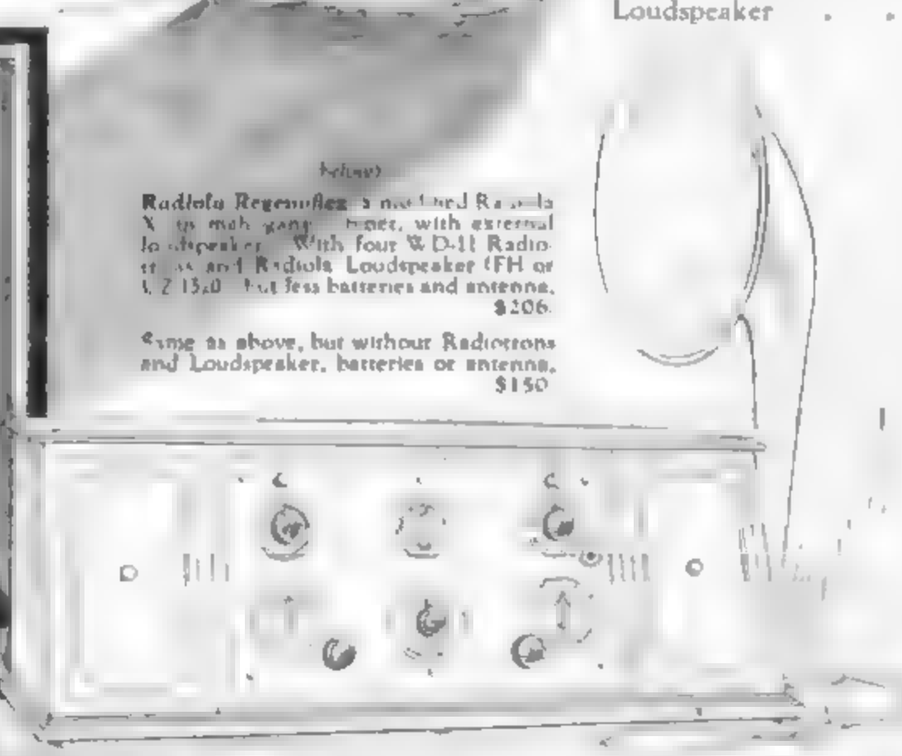


Radiola Super-VIII—an improved Super-Heterodyne. Selective and non-radiating. With *no antenna*, and no ground connection, it receives far distant stations, even while local ones are operating. Loudspeaker built in. *Complete* with six UV-199 Radiotrons—everything except batteries . . . $425.

(left)
Radiola Super-Heterodyne (second harmonic) same as super VIII but semi-portable in mahogany finished cabinet, with separate Radiola Loudspeaker of either type, FH or UZ 1320. With six UV 199 Radiotrons, but without batteries . . . . . $286.
Same as above, but without Radiotrons or Loudspeaker . . . . . $220.



(right)
Radiola X—ultra refined receiver of the antenna type, selective and non-radiating. Remarkable for distance reception and perfect reproduction. Built-in new type loudspeaker. Complete with four WD-11 Radiotrons—everything except batteries and antenna . $245.



(below)
Radiola Regenoflex—a matched Radiola X in mahogany cabinet, with external loudspeaker. With four WD-11 Radiotrons and Radiola Loudspeaker (FH or UZ 1320) but less batteries and antenna. $206.
Same as above, but without Radiotrons and Loudspeaker, batteries or antenna. $150

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(Continued from Page 103)

single note, but a note of violent assertion—a note of unquestionable and amazing beauty.

In the cab to which they proceeded as soon as Trumper had succeeded in catching his breath, he insisted that she occupy the entire rear seat while he perched on one of the uncomfortable forward flaps. She stared at him, still dazed; but already, induced whether by force of mere suggestion or by the actual constraining power of the tight bodice, she had assumed the pose of a preening black swan, vainest and most arrogant of all manifestations of addle-pated animation.

"Well, where are we going?" she asked.

He named the Bonne Nuit, midnight resort of the ultra-fashionable.

"Wha-what do you want me to do?" was her next question.

"Nothing," answered Trumper promptly.

A moment later he was checking her wrap with his own coat rather than trust her before the mirrors in the ladies' dressing room. The head waiter hastened forward obsequiously at his approach.

"Your party has already gone in, Mr. Bromleigh."

"In that case, Margol, you needn't show us the way."

Margol recognized dismissal; he bowed low and drew back. From the edge of the crush within the entry Trumper directed the girl's gaze across the emptying oval of the dancing floor to a table set for five.

"See the table straight across with Zelter and two other men at it and two places vacant? Walk to it. Take the chair at the far end."

Still holding the preening pose of the vainglorious swan, the girl glided out on the glistening empty floor, followed at a slight interval by Trumper, who had paused to light a cigarette.

Gone from her gait was the cowardice of failure; forgotten was the springless walk of the unsuccessful. She moved so evenly, so confidently, that her billowing skirts barely quivered. Indeed—and here is the measure of Trumper's triumph—one could imagine them a mass of virgin metal out of which, in the manner of Rodin, rose a slimly modeled torso—fully clothed, yet stark naked; breath-takingly daring, yet chaste as an Egyptian statuette in bronze and ivory. The most cynical of appraisers could scarcely have denied her free entry as a work of art to the innermost halls of fame, even while any Satan would smilingly have accorded her a seat at his right hand.

Little victories can be enormously satisfying. Long would it be before Trumper could forget the sudden hush of the restaurant or the twin look in the faces of his friends, James Van Peiss and Hilary Pell, as Loretta swept down on them. But never as long as he lived would he forget what happened to Zelter as he recognized in the beauty who had set the entire supper room to whispering the leggy filly of whom he had said, "Tonight lets her out." He rose from his seat and then sank back with a shuddering of all his muscles as if he had been struck between the eyes with a club, while the girl stood stonily beside the chair Trumper had directed her to take until Van Peiss, recovering before the others, sprang up to draw it for her.

"Who are you?" he whispered.

"Loretta," she answered.

"I know. But—er—Miss ——"

"Not Miss. Loretta."

She sat down as Trumper arrived to take the seat at her left.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I see Loretta has introduced herself. I'm sorry we are late; it was entirely my fault. Loretta, the man on your right is James Van Peiss; the one next to him is Hilary Pell. Zelter, here, I believe you know."

No one heard him; no one looked at him. Zelter, at his side, leaned far out on one elbow placed solidly in the middle of the table, and fastened his eyes on the amazing girl. How had he missed it? Missed what? What was it anyway? What the devil was it? Eccentricity? Not by a jugful! A knuckle seemed to tap him in the head: "Beauty, my boy—sheer beauty, you ass." Yes; but where had it come from?

The other two men were stunned, but not tongue-tied. They said all sorts of things to attract and hold Loretta's attention, to which she replied at intervals, "Well, I don't know," falling into definite silence upon the arrival of breast of guinea fowl garnished with the famous Bonne Nuit mushroom sauce. Long dead and buried is the illusion that men admire a woman for not eating; they love to see a woman eat. Loretta's method of consuming viands was hearty without being vulgar. The food was there, she wanted it, she ate it, and that was all there was to that.

When Trumper got to bed he realized that he had forgotten to call up his wife. He switched on the light, glanced at his night clock and then stared at the phone. It was a ghastly hour to awaken anyone, but he was troubled.

He had half reached out his hand, still undecided, when the phone bell began to ring. It was she.

"Janet," he asked anxiously, "is anything the matter? Are you all right?"

"Quite all right, Trumper; and so, I know, are you. I called up to get the name and address of the girl you had with you tonight. I've never seen anyone so exquisitely lovely, and I want to have her to dinner."

"Why, I could give you her tailor's address, but never mind," replied Trumper understandingly. "Her name is Loretta, but I can't tell you where to find her, because I don't know."

"Loretta? Loretta what?"

"Just Loretta."

"Well, that's a funny one. And what do you mean by saying you don't know where she lives? You brought her to the Bonne Nuit; didn't you take her home?"

"No, I didn't," replied Trumper. "I sent her in a cab, and I've forgotten where she told the man to go. It was somewhere for a dollar—and a quarter for the tip."

There was a pause and then: "Trumper, are you lying?"

"No, Janet, I'm not. Good night."

It was Trumper's custom to lie on his right side until he grew sleepy and then to roll over to his left for the night. He was just about to go through the latter half of this maneuver when the telephone rang again. He took up the receiver and recognized the voice of James Van Peiss, making a request.

"What's that, Jimmy?" demanded Trumper, striving to regain full use of his senses.

"I want you to be best man at my wedding," repeated Van Peiss.

"Who's the girl?" asked Trumper. "Someone I know?"

"Why, yes. It's Loretta. Who did you think it would be?"

Trumper was silent for a long moment; then he said, "Jimmy, you're crazy. I know you can't have asked her yet, and I advise you not to. All there is to that girl is what you saw. She can't smile, does nothing, is nothing, says nothing, and always begins it with 'Well.' Let's go to sleep and forget this conversation."

"But will you or won't you be my best man?" demanded Van Peiss irascibly.

"Did you hear what I said about Loretta?" stuttered Trumper.

"I heard you describe my ideal of what I want in the way of a wife," replied Van Peiss. "If you don't want that kind, it makes her worth just that much more to me. I would appreciate your friendly services as best man at their full value, but as for your judgment ——"

Trumper hung up the receiver with a click and turned over on his right side. Presently the phone began to ring again. He ignored it as long as he could endure the noise, but finally snatched up the instrument, prepared to give Van Peiss an answer which would put a final period to their long friendship. It was not Van Peiss who wished to talk to him; it was Zelter.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Bromleigh, but I find no one connected with the office can remember what was Loretta's listed name. Consequently we can't look up her address in our files. Would it be too much trouble for you to tell her we'll take her on again at a hundred a week, and will you be so generous as to sell us the rights to the dress she had on at supper?"

There was humility in Zelter's voice, and Trumper had the brains to perceive an unspoken compliment to himself. He felt mollified and told Zelter he would let him know on the following afternoon where Loretta and her dress could be reached. Beginning with that moment he enjoyed eighteen hours of peace.

When Loretta came as usual to the studio, he learned her telephone number, transmitted the information to Zelter, to Van Peiss and to Janet, his wife, and decided to let the girl have the whole burden of running her own affairs. Incidentally he forgot to tell her she need not come again.

(Continued on Page 109)

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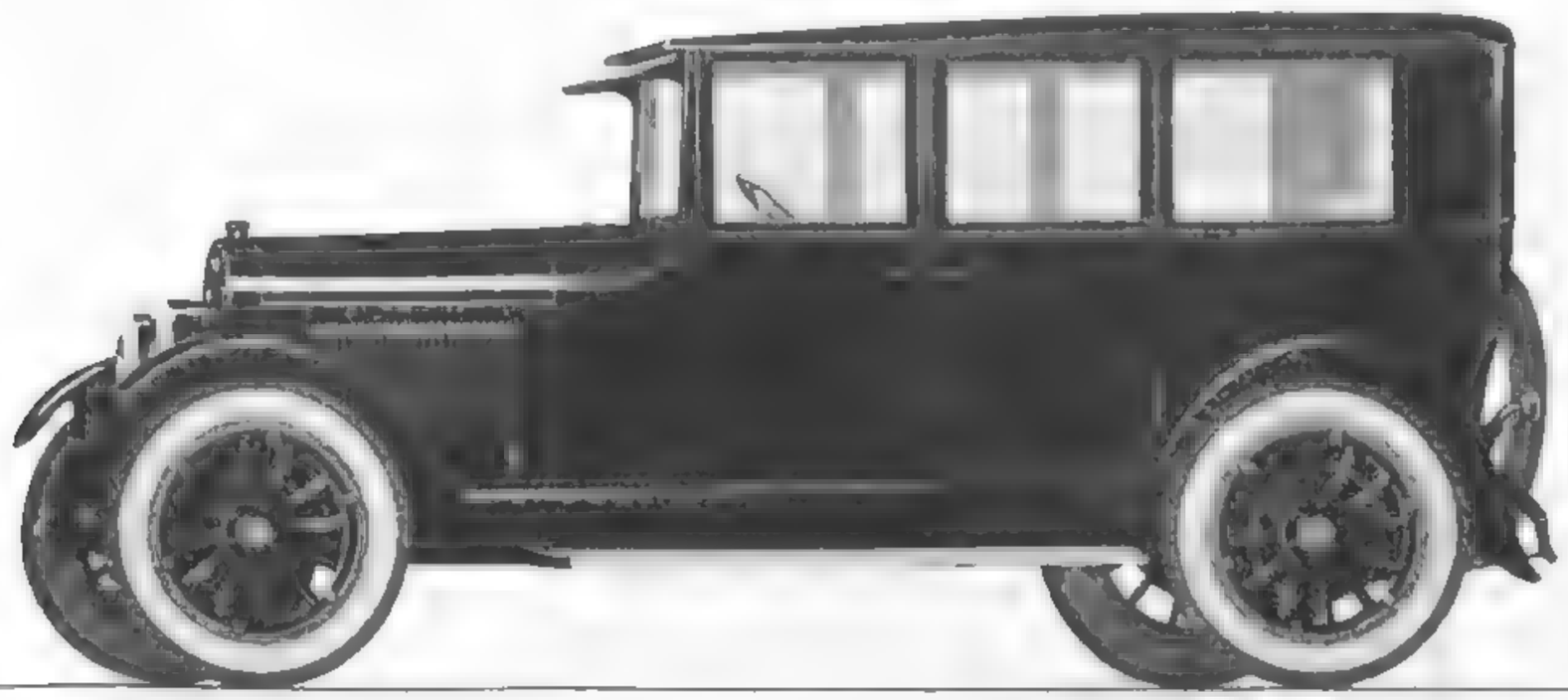

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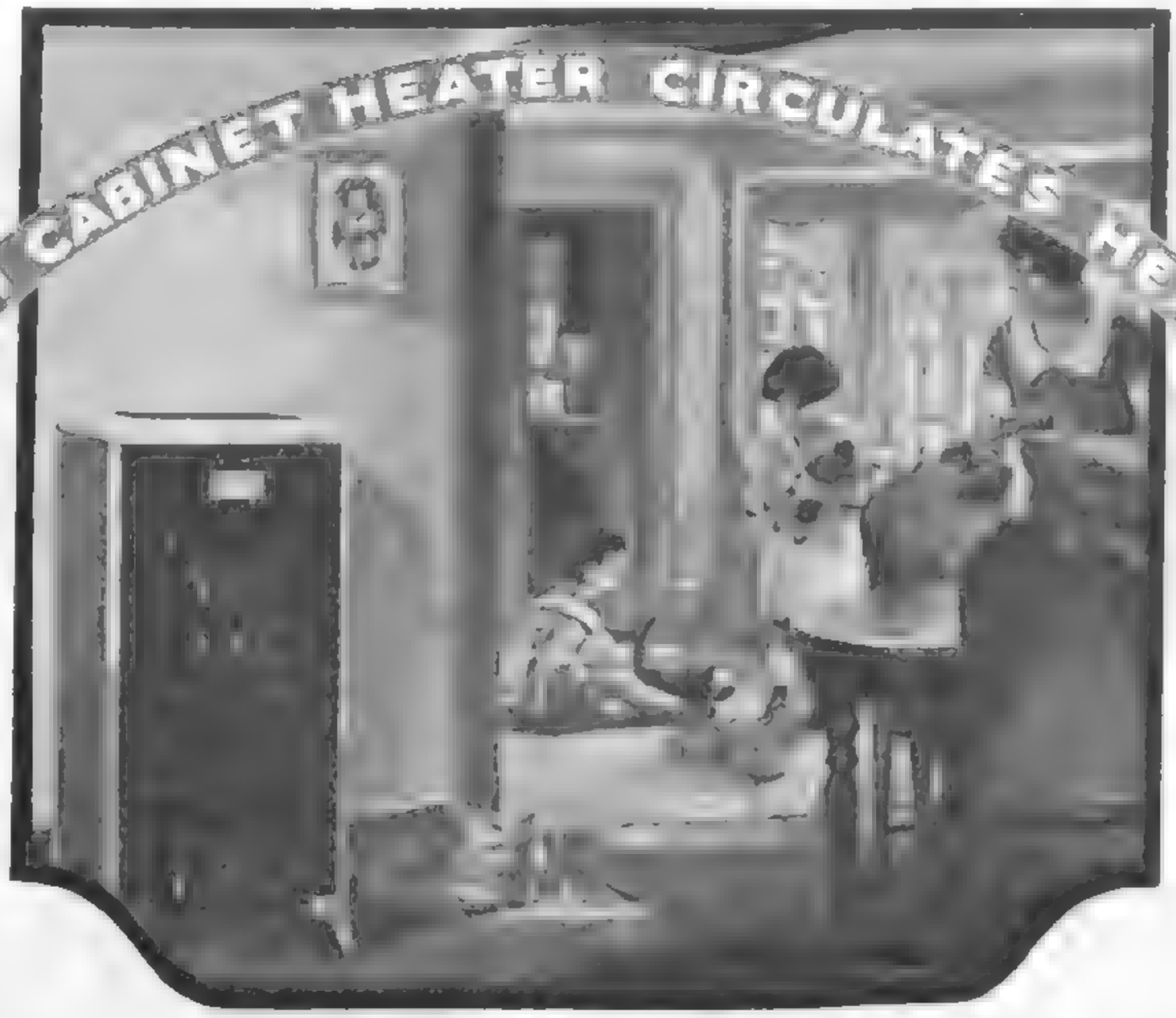

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(Continued from Page 106)

In a manner of speaking this omission was fortunate, for by three o'clock on the afternoon of the next succeeding day there was no individual Trumper wished more fervently to interview in person than Loretta.

He did not wish so much to converse with her as to pull out her hair by the roots. To add to his temper, when he reached the studio the telephone was ringing, and he picked it up to hear Binotinelli's voice.

"This is Bino, Mr. Bromleigh. Excuse me, but I am desperate. I wish you would command Loretta to wear some street clothes I've made for her. I'll put her on the wire. Now."

"Wait one minute ——" began Trumper acidly; only to hear in Loretta's well-known tone, "Well; hello!"

"Put on whatever Bino tells you to wear," ordered Trumper, "and come around here at once."

When she arrived he was taken aback for a moment by her appearance. Since he did not speak she took off her cloak and stood revealed in a soft black street dress which had the simplicity of all basic art. Binotinelli was not of those who need to learn a lesson twice. Knowing the foundation on which he built, he had evolved a frock for Loretta whose mission seemed to be to catch the eye, entrance it, and then lift it swiftly to her face.

"Loretta," began Trumper gravely, but without the caustic severity he had intended to employ, "wouldn't you like to dine with Mrs. Bromleigh?"

"Well, yes."

"Wouldn't you like to be taken on by Zelter at a hundred a week instead of the miserable fifteen you were getting when he fired you?"

"Well, yes."

"Wouldn't you like to marry a million dollars?"

"Well, yes."

"Aren't you delighted to wear clothes like those you have on as a favor to Binotinelli?"

"Well, yes."

"Then," said Trumper, his voice hardening, "will you please explain why you told my wife, and Zelter, and Van Peiss, and Binotinelli that you wouldn't do any of these things without my telling you to?"

"Well," said Loretta placidly, "it was because of the fifty dollars a week I'm getting. You said ——"

"Stop!" ordered Trumper, jumping in his seat, and then subjected her to a shrewder scrutiny than he had employed at any stage of his search for her elusive essence. He was thinking rapidly, wondering if he had indeed brought himself within reach of the claw of the *bête noire* of every rich dilettante—namely, breach of promise. What sinister motive lurked behind her naïve words? Was it merely an innocence so great that she really looked upon their gentlemen's agreement as a pension for life, subject only to her carrying out to the letter his instructions? Or was it nothing but plain stupid avarice, illustrated by her parsimony in clothes and food—an avarice keen enough to look through a million of one man's money and weigh dispassionately fifty dollars a week of another's? Or was it something else—something he could not see and she had not the wit to tell? He gave up thinking, and spoke:

"What do you suppose my wife thought when you told her you couldn't do anything without my telling you to? What do you suppose Zelter is thinking, and Van Peiss, and Bino, and this whole town? Out with it now, what are you after?"

"Well ——" began Loretta.

"Well! Well!" interrupted Trumper. "Don't you ever use that word again."

Loretta opened her mouth, caught herself in time, closed it, opened it again, and murmured, "I don't know."

"Ah, yes," groaned Trumper; "I'd forgotten that one. If anything, it's worse. Now listen. From this minute on you needn't report here any more for business purposes, and you can do anything in the world you please without dragging me in over the telephone or any other way. Also, I'm not going to pay you for doing it. However, one of the craziest phenomena of life is that expectation seems somehow to breed obligation.

"Consequently, whenever you can afford to keep it I'll give you a town car as a wedding present, or as a testimonial for honorable and faithful service; and that's all I'll spend on you—every last cent. What do you say—is it all right?"

Loretta did not answer at once. She stood rocklike from the hips down and twisted slowly from the waist up, taking a lingering, perhaps a calculating look at everything in the studio. Never—not even on the night of the supper—had she appeared to greater advantage. Was it possible, thought Trumper, that Van Peiss was not such a fool, after all? Need silent loveliness wear a frame and hang upon the wall to exercise its charm? Meanwhile Loretta's eyes, having finished their inspection of everything in sight, came back to dwell solemnly on her late employer.

"Yes," she said finally as she slipped on her cloak and turned slowly toward the door, "it's all right; but I would rather have kept my job."

Once more she had set Trumper to wondering. Just what did she mean? What was the betting that she herself did not know what she had meant? He did not ask these questions aloud, but if he could have seen her stop in the gloom halfway down the stairs and grip the baluster with both hands while she had a quiet cry, perhaps he might have had his answer.

It is not fair, however, either to Trumper or to Loretta herself, to leave her in that extraordinary posture. Presently she stopped crying, lifted her head and shook it. A look of amazement spread over her face and stayed there in the form of a daze, as if once more she had been brought into collision with a self she did not know. She sniffed twice, left the house and went into a near-by hotel to telephone. The sign stating that local calls would be charged for at the rate of ten cents each brought her to her senses. She turned her back on the sneering operator and the hotel, walked the long block to Sixth Avenue, and entered a drug store where she could call up Van Peiss for a nickel.

Whiskered Checker Players: "A Skip! We'll Mark Our Places"

The Bendix Drive

"The Mechanical Hand" that Cranks Your Car

STEP IN AND GLIDE AWAY

WHEN your motor is cold and stiff you appreciate more than ever the ease and convenience brought by your electric starter—in which the Bendix Drive performs an important function.

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The Bendix Drive is attached to the armature shaft of your electric starting motor where it functions automatically as the connecting link between your starting motor and engine.

The Bendix Drive automatically takes hold of your flywheel—turns your engine over—starts it—then automatically lets go, and waits until you need it again. It is standard equipment on most automobiles and trucks.

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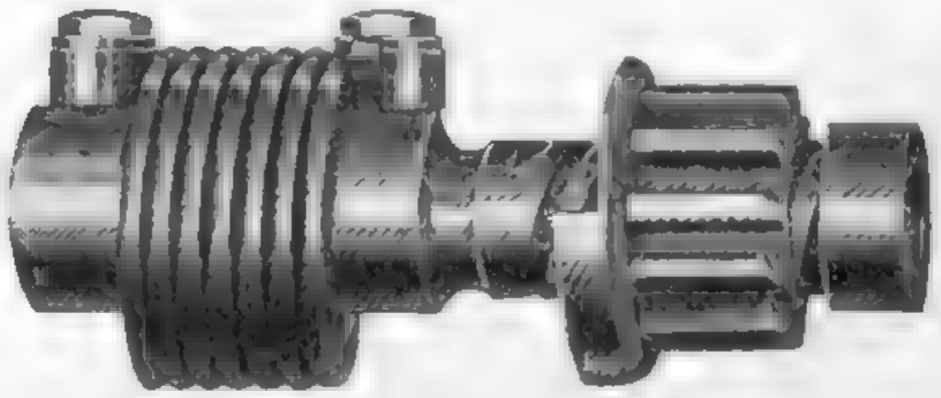

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Manufactured by
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ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Ltd
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The floor of beauty and long wear

BLABON ART Linoleums

Home-makers are giving increasing attention to their floors—they realize more than ever the important part floors play in the decorative scheme.

And a Blabon Rug of genuine linoleum or a Blabon floor of Art Linoleum is the choice of thousands who seek to furnish tastefully at moderate cost, any room upstairs or down.

A Blabon Rug is not only beautiful, but sanitary. It needs no vacuum cleaning, no beating, no hard sweeping. An occasional going over with a damp cloth keeps it bright and clean. It is moth-proof, spot-proof, long-lasting, and lies flat without fastening.

The rug pattern shown on the living room above is No. 8032. Any good department or furniture store can show you Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum in an assortment of sizes, designs, and color combinations. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon.

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Important Notice:
Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise, or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 73 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

Continued from Page 24

design in a lacework of words, brought lovely paradoxes out of his sleeve with the skill of a conjuror who produced rabbits from a hat, and gave a most keen and appreciative audience an hour and a half of sheer delight. A rare man, Chesterton. A reincarnation of one of the mighty penmen who tapped the posts of Fleet Street in Johnsonian days, but with a high and pure spirit, a great enthusiasm for humanity, a fine and delicate wit, an exquisite sense of satire, a boyish love of games and a very kind heart.

This experiment, which gave the members of the Women Writers' Club a memorable evening, was repeated later by Hugh Walpole and myself. The subject chosen this time was In Defense of Publishers, a popular one in such a place, in which most of the writers believed, rightly or wrongly, that one or other of the London publishing firms had done badly by their books, and it fell to Walpole to open the proceedings.

Looking less like one of the canons of St. Paul's Cathedral in mufti than he does today, and with not quite the same assurance that he has naturally acquired since then, Walpole spoke well and charmingly in defense of a body the members of which hold themselves as totally exempt from ordinary men with something to sell. He did permit himself to indulge in a touch or two of the bland humor that has made him now one of the most popular of the English crusaders in the United States, where he has adopted the habit of discovering a native genius or so during each of his visits, but for the most part his talk was in robust and wholehearted support of publishers, whose difficulties he brought forward with winning sympathy, and who, in spite of certain proofs to the contrary, were very good friends of the author.

Books That Sell Themselves

My attack was rendered much less easy than I thought it would be, because many of the men were present against whom my tirades were flung, so that it became necessary to invent a composite name for the principal firms in order to avoid personalities. Nor was I, as it happened, seething with any deep sense of injury, being perfectly well aware of the fact that, in the final analysis, publishers have very little to do with the success of a book. The one which, like If Winter Comes, has something in it that demands attention sells itself. Nothing can stop it except the breakdown of the presses or a printers' strike. Others equally good, and perhaps even very much better, potter into a mere average sale because there is not in them the same immediately popular clutch. As in racing, where an outsider about which nothing is known shoots out of the ruck and leaves all the classic horses a mile behind, so it is in publishing when the most unlikely book in a tragically long list of well-typed works runs suddenly through edition after edition to the speechless surprise of its sponsors and the gentlemen who spot the winners and roll the log. It was, I am afraid, a little clumsy, and I was not helped, on this occasion, by the Chestertonian laugh. The evening was not, therefore, a very successful one, and I had the uncomfortable feeling that my squibs were damp.

Nevertheless, the idea of arguing in public remained a good one and I think that it was continued by the club.

My brother Philip Gibbs is another man who, if not a prophet in his own country, was given a very kind welcome in America and made to feel that his unwearied interpretation of the spirit of the war was fully appreciated by a people who pulled their whole weight when they took an oar in the Allied boat. During his three visits to the United States he was shown how good a thing American friendship is and how generously the word "hospitality" is interpreted by a warm-hearted country. It might have turned the head of a less modest person, and he certainly is modest.

I shall never forget bumping into him one morning in London during the first weeks of the war and listening in astonishment to his description of being put under a sort of arrest for having, as an unofficial war correspondent, helped to carry wounded and dying soldiers out of a building somewhere in Belgium that was being shelled at night. The Gilbertianism of such treatment made him roar with laughter, although he had an uncomfortable feeling that he had dished his chances of ever getting into France. Unfit to be a fighting man, it had already become a passion, much as he hated war, to build up a monument to the courage, endurance and humor of the British Tommy and his temporary officer, to the gallant youth of England which poured unfalteringly into the service of its country and of France and fell in such terrible numbers under the great German machine of death That was, he felt, the least that he could do—and how well he did it!

Only the official war correspondents who watched his feverish work under the handicap of continual nervous strain upon a constitution that was only held together by a determined mastery of mind over matter and a high sense of duty could give a true picture of this man during all those years the master pacifist in uniform, tapping nightly on his typewriter those documents of human effort and almost indescribable suffering that were read with such emotion and exaltation by the English-speaking world.

It is difficult to understand how he ever got through, so apparently delicate and fragile as he is, a martyr to nervous breakdowns before the war. There was, however, something a little misleading in his ascetic face and small frame, because he was capable, then at any rate, of greater physical and mental strain than men of far stronger physique, and every time he ought by rights to have been dead he was up and at it again and yet again.

I love, admire and respect that man with a love passing that of a brother, and I look back at years of the closest sympathy and palship with very warm feelings. I well remember how in the old days, when we played the war game together with hundreds of tin soldiers, he used to shudder at my fiendish joy in blowing them to bits with cannon charged with gunpowder and small shot. And I shall never forget how he grinned at my horror at finding him, one afternoon, after I had won a way through all the guards of the Harmsworth garrison, seated in a huge room hung with portraits of that modern Napoleon's ancestors, in the capacity of literary editor of the Daily Mail, when it seemed to me that he should still have been playing soldiers in the safety of the parental roof.

Under conditions and through adventures which would have broken other men, he has remained tight-lipped, though pale always pale—ready at any time of the day or night to use that magic but mostly indecipherable pencil with a concentration undisturbed by the rattle of small talk, the throb of printing presses or the shatter of guns.

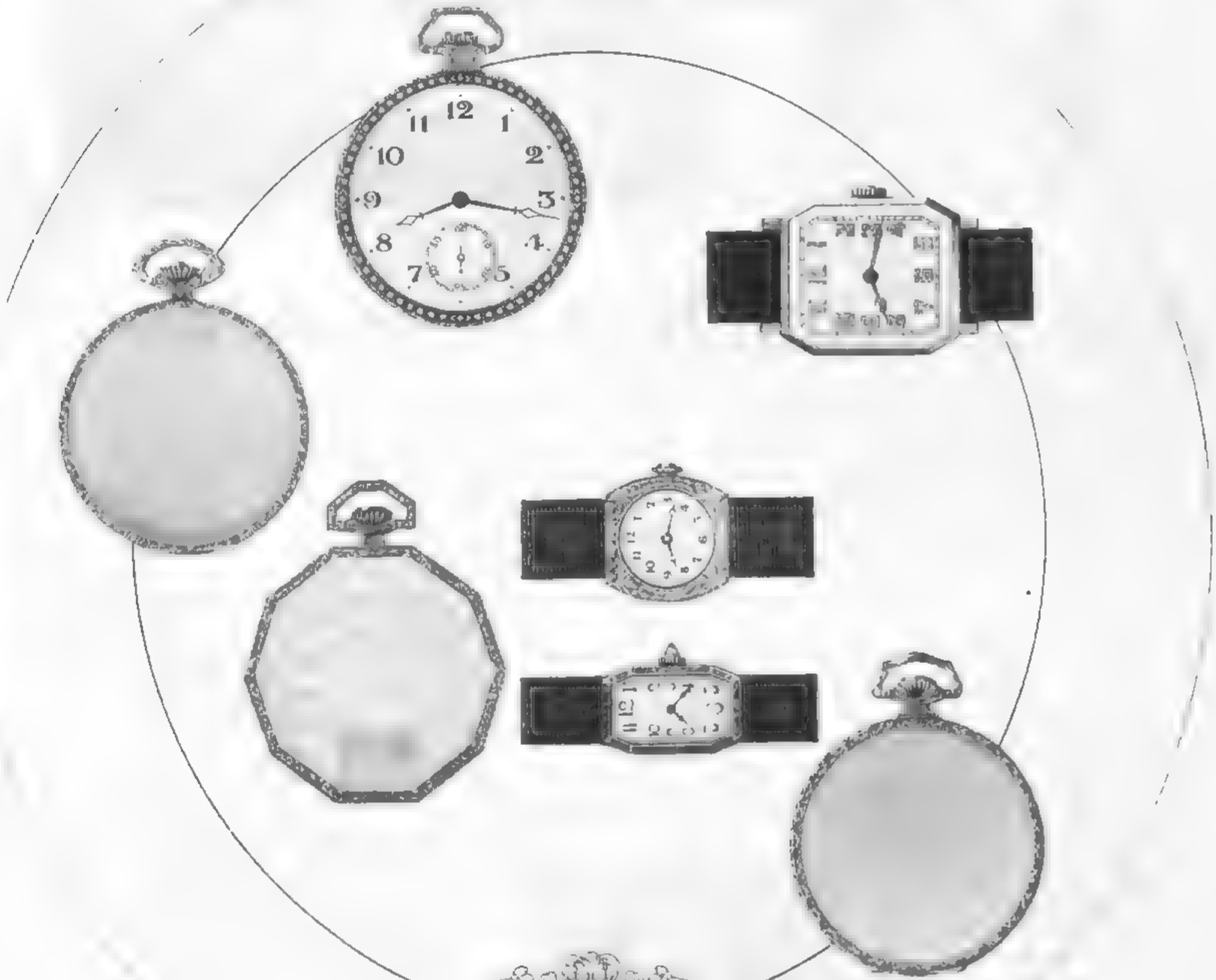
Memories of Lord Northcliffe

There has been so much written about the late Lord Northcliffe that it would appear to be rather like digging up a patch out of which every potato has been removed to add anything as to his character here. As a matter of fact, I knew him rather slightly, and for years had made him a subject of satire in dialogues and other ephemeral pieces of journalism which did not help towards a better acquaintanceship. All the same, I knew him well enough to admire and respect his bull-headed patriotism, his dynamic energy, his loyalty to his friends and family and his perfectly human love of power. He was a strange mixture. There was in him something of the overweening vanity of Cosmo de' Medici, his love of palaces and pomp, and the iron-handed simplicity and dogmatism of Oliver Cromwell—nothing whatever of Napoleon, to whom he was compared so frequently. He had the gift in his middle age of standing outside his skin and looking at himself with enough humor and true scrutiny to prevent the sort of swollen-headedness that makes a man ridiculous. He was, of course, always conscious of the fact that he had made himself an illegitimate dictator who went about with a bomb in his hand; but on the whole he used his alarming power with a high sense of responsibility and great enjoyment. He had good blood, which told very often, and, like all men who achieve leadership and hold it, had the knack of appointing to his staff officers of great ability whom he could trust through thick and thin. He built himself a more amazing

Continued on Page 113

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



IT is the case in which a watch is dressed that determines whether you will wear it with pride or simply use it as a necessity. To the end, therefore, that your watch may be a possession wholly satisfying, Wadsworth has brought to the making of watch cases a finer artistry.

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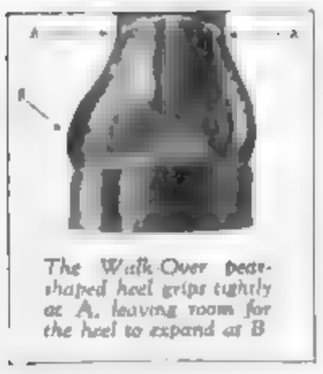
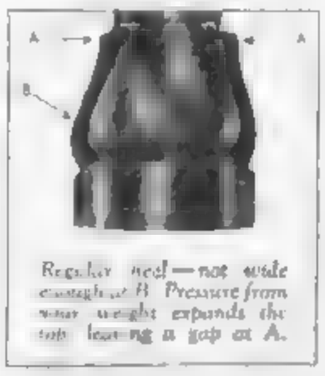


The Walk-Over pear-shaped heel grips tightly at A, leaving room for the heel to expand at B



Regular heel—not wide enough at B. Pressure from your weight expands the top, leaving a gap at A.

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Walk-Over on every shoe

Expect too much of your shoes

BE DOUBTFUL!

Tell the man at the Walk-Over store in your town that your feet are hard to fit. Then expect to get a fit that will surprise you with its firm but weightless grip upon your heel, with a soft but bracing arch, with a tread that's wide but full of style.

You'll get it.

For half a century Walk-Over has been building shoes with a personal fit. In that time Walk-Over has discovered a great variety of foot shapes, and now makes shoes to fit each type of foot. Among the many Walk-Over shapes there is at least one model to fit your foot *as if it were made* to order.

Look carefully at the foot shapes near the right hand margin of this page. Notice how different they are. Now place your stockinged foot upon a piece of paper. Take a pencil—draw the outline of your foot upon the paper.

You'll see that your foot is as different from other people's as the foot shapes shown here are different from one another. You require shoes with a personal, accurate fit. You'll find that there is a stylish-looking Walk-Over shoe that fits you exactly.

Buy a pair of shoes in that model. Wear them. Expect them to hold their shape long after the discard limit of ordinary shoes. Expect the soles to wear like iron and feel like velvet. Expect them to be as good-looking and stylish as any shoes you can find.

They do. They will. They are.

For half a century Walk-Over shoes have been quality shoes. Leather is bought by a man whose entire time is given to finding the best leather in the market. Soles are specially tanned in a Walk-Over tannery, from hides bought only at the best season of the year.

Shoes are made by workmen who have spent years in learning how to do one thing perfectly.

Unusual operations, extra stays and extra stitches, things you cannot see, are put into Walk-Over shoes to make them fit better and wear longer.

Style and accurate fit are yours as soon as you wear a Walk-Over shoe. The pleasant surprise of Walk-Over high quality comes to you months later, when your good-looking shoes are still good.

Expect too much of your shoes.

Wear Walk-Overs, and get more than you expect.

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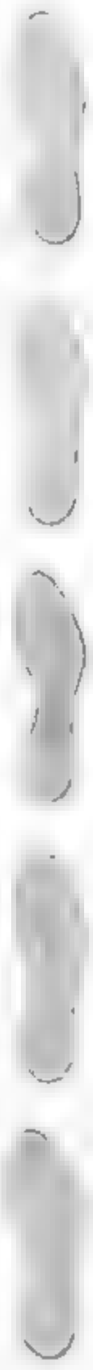
In Walk-Over shoes for women you find the same smooth fit and easy comfort that make Walk-Over shoes famous. The newest styles, direct from Walk-Over stores and style specialists in New York, London, Paris and all over the world, are available in your community just as soon as they appear anywhere.



Above are shown five Walk-Over sole shapes from a total of more than 100. See how different they are—to fit different kinds of feet! Your exact fit is among the many Walk-Over lasts

Walk-Over
SHOES *for Men and Women*

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are the leading prices

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Continued from Page 110

mausoleum in Carmelite House than ever the Grand Dukes of Florence did with the aid of Michelangelo, Donatello and the rest.

My own experiences in public speaking, some of which have been unfortunate and others amusing, also began in America. My feeble political efforts at home never went for anything. My maiden speech in America was made on the otherwise empty stage of the Teck Theater at Buffalo, when the manager, who was running The Blindness of Virtue, ballooned me into acting as my own press agent in the Channing Pollock way, a week before the play was to try its luck in that city, after opening in Montreal with an English company.

I was to speak, if you can imagine it, on the teaching of sex truths to children, that being the underlying thesis of the piece. I need hardly say that it was a question that I had gone into closely and upon which I was extremely keen. I would much rather, for all that—as speak, it seemed, I must—have broken the ice with a talk about books and plays, golf and Lloyd George. I had not prepared a sentence, and as I walked up and down behind the curtain, waiting with terror for the orchestra to come to the end of what I took to be my dirge, I turned suddenly, like a horse from a jump, and made a dive for the stage door. I am afraid that an overwhelming force of cowardice, which I am perfectly certain comes from a weak stomach, would have landed me into the nearest cab but for the clutch of the official advance agent which held me tight.

"What's the great idea?" he asked. I told him, struggling to escape, and he laughed. "Say," he said, "you needn't get the woozies about an audience like this. It's some time since they've heard a damn fool Englishman. You'll get over on your accent and your trousers."

And I suppose I did, because, although I spoke for an hour, no bad eggs were flung at me and only half a dozen people left the theater in utter boredom. I was horribly disconcerted all the while by one of the stage hands, who stood in the wings with his mouth open and his eyes filled with pity. When I tottered from the stage, feeling like an empty tin of gasoline, he came up, looked me all over, chewing like a deliberate cow, and said, "My five children c'd tell me more about all that stuff in five minutes than everything you've preached at them folks out in front in sixty-three." And I haven't the smallest doubt that he was right.

Adventures in Chicago

But it was in Chicago that I discovered how deep-rooted the lecture habit had become in the United States. For a reason which I am sure it will be wise to ascribe to the New York theater system, and leave it at that, The Blindness of Virtue was first booked for a run in that city and immediately afterwards announced as for two weeks only.

The company, which was a fine one, consisted of Arthur Holmes Gore, killed later at Gallipoli; Polly and Louie Emery, who had played in the London production; Doris Lytton; Madge Murray, a niece of J. M. Barrie; my young brother Arthur, who wanted to see America, afterwards commanded a battery in the war and wrote Gun Fodder; Lena Halliday, who gave an admirable performance of the vicar's wife; and Basil Hallam, who died during an attack on his tied balloon.

The New York critics were more than kind about the play, and it would have remained for several months at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater but for the fact that William Morris, having been given two weeks only before the play arrived from Buffalo, took a theater in Chicago into which to move it at the end of its allotted span in New York, and moved it there. Once again I was requested to go ahead of the play and beat the big drum, and this I did, filled with the usual misgivings.

My first day in Chicago was typical of the rest. I started at the bottom of a huge building that faced the Lake at nine o'clock in the morning and gradually worked up to its most exalted floor before falling face downwards on my bed in a condition of complete exhaustion at half past eleven that night. I spoke to five different societies during the course of that awful day, and before each one faced three or four hundred eager women who had come with the hope that I might be able to give them something to take away.

I don't know what it was that I gave them, except, as it seemed to me, my various limbs and every atom of what nervous force I had. And I know that at the last meeting, in the middle of an impassioned appeal for the younger generation, so frightful an aching started in one of my teeth that the tears which began to stream down my face moved the audience to deep sympathy and a firm belief that my subject had carried me into something far better than mere eloquence. The aching kept me in agony all that night, but it established a reputation of undoubted sincerity which helped me vastly on my difficult way.

It was after I had spoken for an hour to the Drama League of America, which has its headquarters in Chicago and has done so much to help the stage, that a little lady came up to me with a rather curious twinkle in her eyes and said warmly, "I didn't understand a word you said, but I just loved your accent."

Speaking Hither and Yon

Speaking in public became a little easier to me after my war service, because of the vast amount of practice I gained then from addressing meetings on behalf of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Liberty Loans, recruiting missions and propaganda campaigns. I spoke at a crowded meeting at the Harvard Club of a splendid body of men who had been in training at Plattsburg, when that fine soldier Gen. Leonard Wood was in the chair; in the open air on Governor's Island to the soldiers of the A. E. F., to officers' training corps at the universities, and to the boys at Lawrenceville and other schools. I spoke in the music gallery of the ballroom of the now departed Sherry's to the members of the Junior League who were making bandages below and never once looked up; to the German-American and Irish-American members of the American Express Company, who had expected to see another kind of moving picture to the one I made of myself; and twice I stood on a grand piano in an immense armory, in which I never expected to be heard, and told a vast audience of the spirit that would win the war.

I was once on the same platform with another ex-British officer, a gallant and extraordinary man, who carried the audience into huge laughter and enthusiasm by his dramatic attitudes and the fact that, because he spoke in so broad a Lancashire accent, no one understood a single word he said. And while I was suffering from colitis, which did its best to put me in my grave, I addressed a large meeting of doctors not one of whom was aware of the obvious fact that I could hardly stand on my feet.

Probably my most tragic experience, however, was the one which happened to me the morning after I had assisted at the opening of a most efficient building that had been presented to the Young Women's Christian Association by a kind lady of the suburb—one of the numerous pleasant Oranges, some little distance from New York. I was asked there to speak the following morning, which was Sunday, although I had forgotten that when I promised to do so. It was also, as it turned out, the Fourth of July, and when I was driven by my hostess' daughter to a church near by I was convinced that there was some mistake. I had spoken almost everywhere, but never in a church. I was just in time to be placed in a procession of clergy and choir, followed by soldiers and sailors carrying flags which were to be stacked near the altar. It was a large and beautiful church, filled to the doors, and after the procession had been played in by the organ I found myself sitting next to the choirmaster, prepared to take a reverent part in an impressive and dignified service.

I had entirely dismissed all thoughts of the possibility of doing anything more than that, when presently, however, the choirmaster touched my arm and whispered, "In the middle of the next verse you will take your place on the top step under the arch and speak for twenty minutes."

I was covered with confusion and terror. A church—an Englishman—the Fourth of July! How was I to live up to this great and utterly unexpected responsibility? I gave myself up for lost, and in doing so arrived at the proper and generally unusual state of humbleness in which men are helped. Indeed, I prayed as never before that some kind and adequate spirit might take possession of me and put into my mouth something worthy of this solemn occasion. I don't know whether I spoke for

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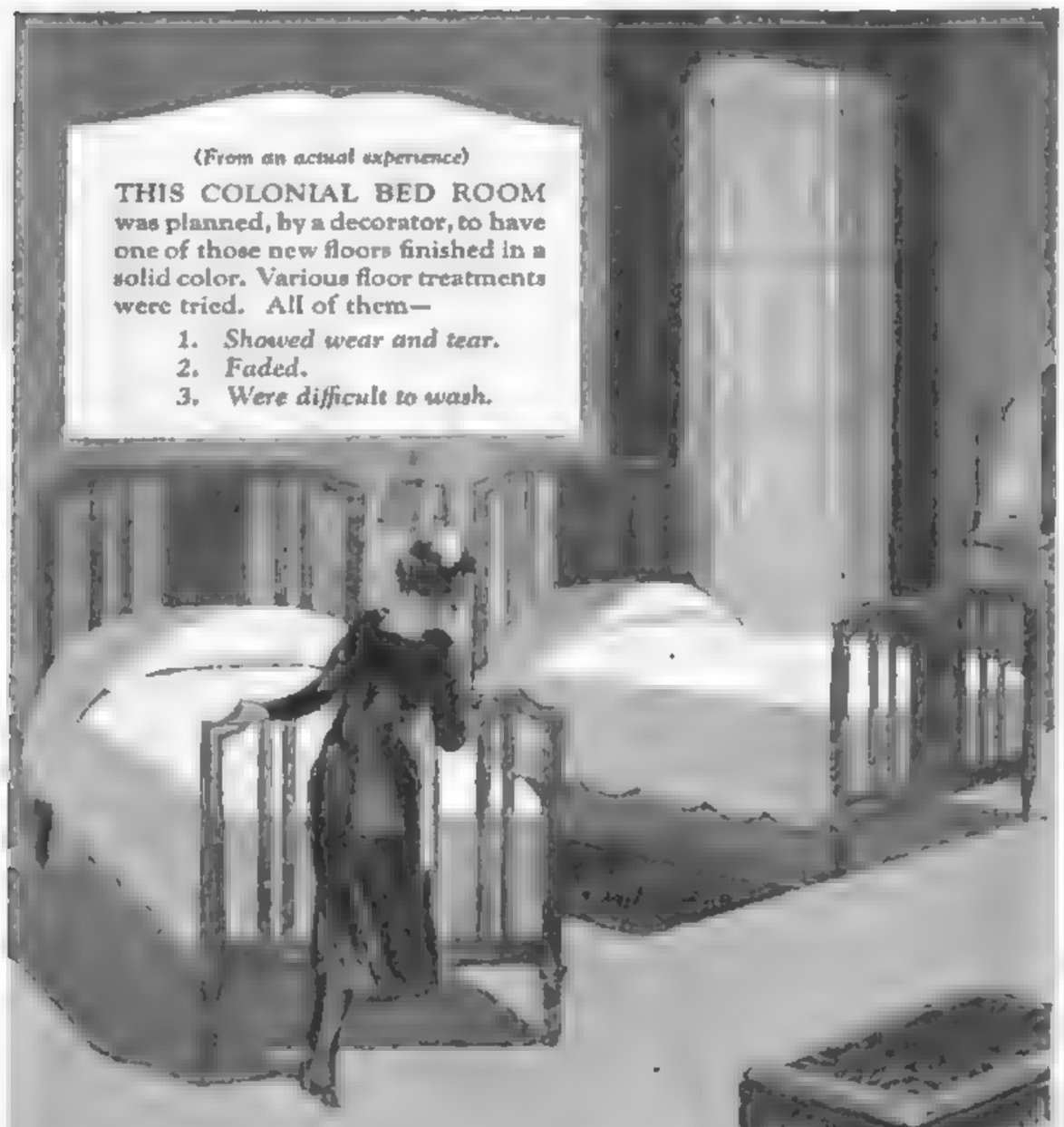
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too short or too long a time, or what I said. But when I returned to my place in the choir, and my ordinary condition of mind, I was wet to the skin.

That a spirit had come to my rescue was an absolute certainty, because later on the rector expressed his gratitude in very kind words.

When I speak now, and I do so as rarely as possible, and only because I think the mind needs as much exercise as the body, and that it is good for man to do the thing of which he is afraid, I wrench myself into believing that I am walking up and down my room dictating to my secretary; and I still persist in the practice of preparing nothing, because, having frequently been obliged to endure the pain and irritation of listening to other men deliver themselves of a learned-by-heart speech, I think it a greater compliment to an audience to give them something entirely impromptu and unrehearsed, however stammeringly and incoherently it may come; also because I think it affords them something of excitement and joy to speculate as to how soon I shall dry up, fold up and fall in a heap on the floor.

There are few things less endurable in this life than to sit in front of one of those all too glib and confident orators who, with appropriate gestures that have been studied in front of a glass or at a school of public speaking, go from prelude to peroration in one wavy, unceasing stream.

A story goes that two men were engaged to deliver lectures at an industrial institute in which there were classes for unfortunate people who were deaf and dumb and those who had been born or afterwards gone blind. Inefficiency or nervousness on the part of the director resulted in the man who was to speak with his fingers being sent into the room in which the blind were assembled to listen to a talk on the works of Carlyle, and the one who spoke in the ordinary way being placed before a roomful of people who hoped to follow a dissertation on the life and death of Dante in the language of signs. The first of the two to realize this frightful blunder was the silent speaker, who, after being shocked and surprised by all the unresponsive faces at which he looked for encouragement and sympathy, turned and fled from the building, leaving his friend still standing in front of the deaf and dumb, giving forth in rich, ripe tones.

A Mutual Surprise Party

An equally dreadful mistake was played on me when a kind but careless lady, who had wrongly gathered that I was in sympathy with women's suffrage, took me to a stronghold of the suffragettes. Under the belief that I was talking to a body of charming and domestic women, with hands that rocked the cradle and ruled the world, I had just got into a bitter tirade against their fanatical sisters who had lately tied themselves to the railings of the House of Commons when every woman in the room rose as one man and flung execrations at my astonished head. If I hadn't been very nippy on my feet I should most probably have been buried in the cellar of the club.

A few months before I sailed for America to see Charles Frohman and put the final touches to the rehearsals of the London company that was to try its luck there, I dined one night at the mess of the Royal Army Medical Corps, among whom I had several very good friends. I was a little disconcerted when, halfway through the meal, the little birdlike lady on my left, with a pair of abnormally strong glasses, asked me for something that I was wearing and said that she would then give me a peep into the future. This being one of the things that none of us can ever resist, I gave her my handkerchief as the least noticeable article of clothing that I could shed at such a time, and she put it to her forehead and thought deeply. I had been told that she was in the habit of being consulted by members of the cabinet, society and Scotland Yard, and waited on tenterhooks for what she was about to discover to me.

A Psychic Tip

I was not then and I am not now one of those confident persons who, calling themselves scientists, or coming from Missouri, imagine there is nothing new under the sun and refuse to believe in anything that has not happened personally to them, like whooping cough, a motor accident or bankruptcy. When the little lady began to tell me that I was in a state of indecision and was unable to make up my mind as to which of three contracts to sign for the play's American engagement that were lying on my desk, of which I had said nothing to her, and went on to advise me to leave them all alone and wait until the following Friday, when a man would put in an appearance at the Little Theatre with whom it would be wise to sign, I waited to see whether he would come and who he was. He came, according to prognostication, and he was William Morris, Harry Lauder's impresario, who, I believe, was more experienced in the business of vaudeville than that of the legitimate stage. At any rate he was a nice man. He gave me an absolutely free hand, and was very willing to take the play to America exactly in the form in which he saw it in London—and the other managers were not—and so I signed with him as the lady with the short but second sight had so strongly advised.

I am not prepared to say whether I made a fatal mistake in so doing, because, having perfectly normal eyes, I cannot see what sort of treatment I should have had from the other men. There is not much, in any case, to choose between them, and William Morris was, though not infallible, an enthusiast, and he did his best. No man can do more than that. Since then, however, I have given my handkerchief to no one, but have been content to place myself in the hands of an able agent who, although he sometimes wears glasses and is not endowed with the gift of second sight, endeavors to avoid the various pitfalls that lie in wait for men of my profession, who are notoriously unbusinesslike.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Hamilton. The seventh will appear in an early issue.

The Sunday Newspaper Numerous Staff Writers Confer on the Next Issue

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FORCED LANDING

Continued from Page 23

he seemed to be living under a crushing sense of his own inability to do anything which could count greatly.

Janeth, who was up before him, sat across the breakfast table on the porch, radiantly fresh in a print frock of yellow, cut square at the neck and belted loosely. In her clear eyes there was a mixture of silent inquiry and serene confidence.

Fighting against an unfamiliar, panic-like impulse to curl up under the whip, he left the cottage and went into the woods. Walking was at least a form of action, and, even though the Brent fortunes could not be mended by putting one foot before the other, any action was blessed relief. Late afternoon came before the heroic possibilities of reëstablishing the house of Brent gave way to the prime necessity of paying meat and grocery bills. Considerably less heroic than hunting lions with the Honorable Bill Seadog, but considerably more vital.

Resentfully he turned back towards the cottage; and again that sense of his own inability weighed down upon him. He was trained for no job—not to mention anything which could be graced by the word "position." He hadn't the most elementary notion of what one should do to acquire a job.

With sullen humor he imagined himself advertising: "One useless big-game hunter, fond of vintage wines, will work for his food." For the first time in his life envy filled him; not envy of those who live securely exalted, but of those more humble people who know how to brace all the strength they have and throw it into the turning of their own small cog-wheels. All about him men were paying meat and grocery bills, while he—a Brent!—stood gaping, not knowing what to do, which way to turn. It was maddening!

In his present mood he would have welcomed any great decisive test of courage. He would willingly have boxed a wildcat's ear, and let the outcome prove whether he or the wildcat had a right to bask in the sun. But though butchers and storekeepers might have enjoyed the show, they were, he knew, curiously prosaic when they were bending over their books.

With no better idea of what he was going to do than he had on awaking—but with an angry determination that whatever it was, he was going to attack it with vengeful intensity—Allan returned to the cottage.

Before the door there was a sleek, rangy automobile, its blue body, disk wheels and nickel fittings glinting just a little too brightly. Janeth, on the porch, met him with a mixture of concern and annoyance in her expression. Brentlike, he had assumed that his mere disinclination to return for luncheon was ample reason for his not doing so, and it did not enter his thoughts that she might be worried by his absence.

A heavily set man, verging upon middle age, as sleek as the car outside, arose and waited in affable confidence until Janeth said, "This is Mr. Stinchfield, Allan."

They shook hands. Allan's expression, which asked plainly enough, "And who in the devil are you?" seemed to be unobserved by the other.

"We'd given you up," announced Stinchfield. "Won't you have a cocktail?" His glance went to the two glasses, now nearly empty, on the table; and he pulled a silver flask from his pocket.

Allan's eyes flashed belligerently. His first impulse was to take Mr. Stinchfield, toss him into his automobile and throw his flask after him; but Janeth, calm in the presumption that it was eminently proper for her to receive a man who brought a flask on his hip and drink cocktails with him, was gazing unconcernedly off over South Field. Already, the trees along the western edge were casting a bluish border.

"No, thanks," he responded abruptly.

Janeth looked up, mildly surprised, and said, "Dick has asked us to go with him to the yacht club for dinner. You'd better run along and change. It's getting late."

He was about to decline, when Jan added, turning to Stinchfield, "Awfully lucky you came, Dick. I forgot to order anything for dinner tonight." It carried an unexpectedly sinister meaning to Allan. He heard

He Seemed to be Living Under a Crushing Sense of His Own Inability to Do Anything Which Could Count Greatly

her say, laughing, "As a housekeeper, I'm really not so good."

"May you never improve," replied Stinchfield. "You weren't intended to be a housekeeper, Jan. Have another?"

She shook her head. "Better hop it, Allan. Flannels'll do. Just a formal."

He strode to his room, simply because that was a sure way of avoiding an embarrassing outburst of candor, and once there, having apparently acquiesced, he couldn't with good grace change his mind. The head of the Brent family, in a jovial frame of mind, got into flannels. From the porch came the mumble of voices and laughter.

"I'll put my foot down on this!" he muttered savagely. "That young woman needs to be run!"

A station wagon rolled up before the cottage. From his window he saw a liveried chauffeur dismount and take his place at the wheel of the big car. The station wagon moved away, driven by a second man in livery. Whoever the Stinchfields were, Allan reflected, they were living in style.

Displeasure became misplaced, rather than lost, at the club; there were so many old friends, whose faces changed miraculously from vague memories to pleasant realities, that he was constantly arising, shaking hands, and whispering desperately to Jan, "What's his name?" when he saw a faintly remembered person bearing down upon him. At the close of dinner one of the men, Phil Martin, drew him away on the plea that Joe Severance was crippled by a broken ankle and wanted to see him.

At their table Allan had a highball and discussed prohibition.

"How do you like Stinchfield?" asked Severance.

"Who is Stinchfield anyhow?" demanded Allan. "I've never met him before."

They looked surprised. "Why, they've taken Brent House," explained Phil Martin incredulously. "Didn't you know?"

Allan forced a smile and shook his head. "I haven't been back long enough to know who's who. Where do they spring from?"

"New York. Dick's adoring papa made a pile during the war machinery. They had enough before, but now they're positively filthy with it. You'd better look him over."

There was insinuation in Martin's tone. Allan's eyes sought out Jan, and snapped. Inside, the orchestra sounded its opening bars of jazz.

"If you're not dancing," suggested Severance, "sit here with me and my bum ankle."

"Thanks. I've got to be getting along."

He returned to Janeth, ignoring Stinchfield. "Jan, we'd better be going along home," he said. "There are some things I want to talk over with you. We might walk it. Nice night."

"Oh, I can't in these slippers! I don't want to go home now. We can talk tomorrow."

"No, now! Really, Jan!"

She frowned and shrugged.

"My man'll take you—of course!" insisted Stinchfield. "I'd like to run you back myself, but I'm booked. Sorry!"

"Awfully nice of you, Dick," said Jan.

She gathered her wrap and arose. Allan bowed stiffly to their host, and they left the club.

On the way home Jan made a tentative offer of conversation, but it was refused. The remainder of the ride passed in silence.

When they were in the cottage she asked, "Well, what is it?" She seemed utterly self-possessed.

"I don't like the way things are going here," he said abruptly. "I won't have it! If you're part of the smart younger generation that they're talking about, let me tell you that you're off on the wrong foot!"

"So?" Her expression had not changed.

"I don't like the cigarettes, and I don't like the cocktails." His voice was dry, crisp; his eyes had the gleam of newly cut, sharp metal. "And as for running around with the squirty son of the cheap war profiteer who's leased Brent House—that's out!"

"Would you mind confiding in me, Allan, telling me what you're going to do?" she asked calmly. "I don't mean about what you've just been saying. About the future."

It was, to Allan, very much like aiming at a sparrow with a shotgun from two yards—and discovering that he had missed.

"That is for me to decide," he answered coldly. "You needn't trouble yourself about it."

"Thanks," said the girl. She paused, deliberating upon her words. "Allan," she continued, "I'll not allow you to criticize me. You'll have to remember that I've been able to get along without you or father ever since I was a baby, and——"

"That's all you are now!" retorted Allan. "A baby! A seventeen-year-old baby!"

She hung fire just long enough to give her response full force, and replied quietly, "You're the one who's acting childish." Then she added, as she turned towards the door of her room, "You might be interested to know that Dick Stinchfield has asked me to marry him."

"I'll tell him that you'll not!" His face set savagely.

She smiled. "I've told him that already—two weeks before you arrived." With that she opened the door and entered.

"Janeth, come here!" he commanded.

"I certainly shall not!" The door closed behind her, and he heard the bolt slide.

In her room the girl lay upon her bed, fighting against hot tears which burned their way into her eyes. Nearly an hour passed before she heard him reënter the cottage from the porch.

Allan Brent, wavering on the impulse to stop at her door, tell her that he was sorry, and beg her to let them take a fresh start in the business of being a family, allowed his steps only to slacken, and passed on to his own room. She heard his door close; then, later, the faint snap of the switch as he turned off his lights. Now she could cry and not be found out. The tears came in a comforting flood.

Early the next morning, before Janeth was awake, Allan was up, dressed and out, his mind full of the paramount necessity of meeting bills. There appeared to be but one immediate solution of the problem, and he had it in his pocket—an expensive stop watch which Bill Seadog had given to him, with an amusing florid speech, at their birthday party in Constantinople.

He stopped in a little restaurant for coffee, and then took the trolley car to Tappan Beach, an hour's ride away. At last he found a shop which displayed three golden balls, and emerged disgustedly a few minutes later with thirty-five dollars and a ticket. He had expected at least one hundred dollars, but the proprietor had been relentless.

He walked dejectedly through the streets, with their fungus-like growth of jerry-built cottages and stores, to the outskirts of the summer colony, reluctant to turn back towards Sound Brook. He was wondering which of the old friends he had met the previous night could best advise him in the mysteries of obtaining a job, when his gaze fell upon a large rectangular tent. A closer inspection revealed a sign, reading:

THE HICKEY NONINFLAMMABLE WING-DOPE CO.
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Wing-dope could mean just one thing—airplanes! Allan Brent sighed, and his gaze went up into the clear blue sky. How fine it would be to rise out of the turmoil and petty trouble of the world, and control his own small planet for a little while!

The flaps of the tent were drawn back, exposing a newly painted plane of a rather old model. The space was roped off, to prevent visitors from reaching the plane and cutting souvenirs from the wings. To the left was a smaller tent, bearing the word "Office," and the curve of a man's back, hunched over a table, was just visible.

"Guess there ain't going to be no show today," remarked a small boy, lounging against the rope.

Allan looked at him. "Show?"

"Yeh. They was goin' to test it today. Take it up and set it on fire. But the pilot ducked. Guess he was scared. I don't blame him. Gee!" Then he added regretfully, "But it'd be great to watch though. I wish he hadn't of got cold feet."

Allan gnawed his lip for a moment, then went under the rope, strode to the tent. A squat, red-faced man looked up.

(Continued on Page 121

Toned sunlight—the magician of interior decorating

by Helen Richmond

HAVE you ever analyzed the pleasure you feel when you enter a room studded with softly shaded lamps? A room neither aglare on the one hand, nor gloomy on the other, but suffused with a restrained mellow light that bathes everything in beautifully impartial radiance.

Because of the blending of light and shade you get an exquisite artistic effect. This skillful control of illumination and color steeps you in luxurious restfulness.

Subtly colored window shades cast the same mellow glow as do cunningly tempered lamps, whereas windows which are unshaded bring out every tiny defect in a room. And ordinary window shades produce results just as undesirable. If they are too dark they exclude the light entirely and leave the room distressingly dreary; if too light in color or weave they render it bleak and inhospitable.

In order to coax sunset warmth out of the gray light of a wintry day or to soften the rays of the glaring sun into an enchanting richness, you should choose window shades as you do lamp shades. Toned sunlight will be your Magician, throwing a glamour over the furniture and weaving everything in the room into a pleasing symphony of color.

When you choose window shades do not hesitate to exercise your flair for color. Why need you be satisfied with dull browns, cold blues or a dead white, since there are window shades delicately tinted to diffuse the light and to spread color tone through your room?

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(signed) C. H. R.

When decorating your home you will find Elsie Sloan Farley's new book, "Beautiful Windows," a treasure trove of suggestions. There are more than twenty different illustrations of decorative schemes that will give ideas you can use in your own home. The descriptions are detailed enough for amateurs to follow successfully. And the principles of toning sunlight to secure beautiful rooms are clearly explained. Send 10 cents for your copy of this helpful book. *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Egyptian Sand—No. 308
Shantung—No. 306
Circassian Brown—No. 354
Etruscan Ivory—No. 290
Plaza Gray—No. 313

Some colors great decorators advise

IN rooms swept by the full glory of the sun, shades of Plaza Gray, Etruscan Ivory or Egyptian Sand modulate the glare and produce the effect of coolness you desire. The glare, of course, can be excluded by drawing down heavy opaque shades, but how flat, how utterly lacking in vivacious charm such a room becomes in its semi-darkness!

The struggling light from northern windows can be transformed into lively amber hues by window shades of Chamois, Shantung or Circassian Brown. And these cheerless rooms become warm and friendly by merely toning the light.

You agree with all decorators, of course, that your home should look attractive to the people who pass in the street. For that reason we make the new *Twi-tone* shades which allow you to have the outside of your windows all one color (such as Circassian Brown), and still use any other color inside that harmonizes with your color scheme.

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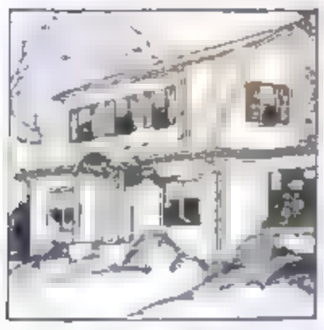

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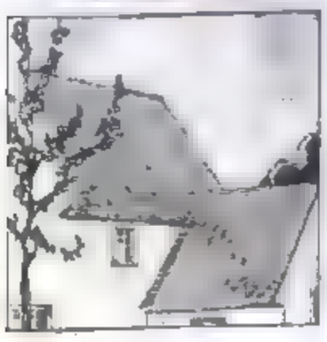

To "insure" your roof

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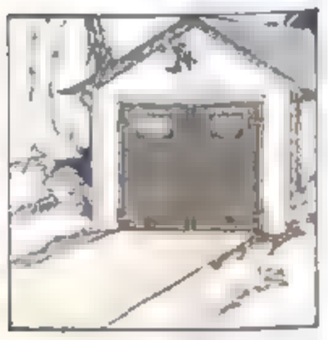

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TRADE MARK

	TO PAINT *Use product named below*	TO VARNISH *Use product named below*	TO STAIN *Use product named below*	TO ENAMEL *Use product named below*
AUTOMOBILES	*S-W Auto Enamel:* for the man who paints his own car	*S-W Auto Enamel Clear:* a colorless varnish		*S-W Auto Enamel:* assorted colors
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	*S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing*			
BRICK	*SWP House Paint:* a full oil paint *S-W Concrete Wall Finish* dull finish			*Old Dutch Enamel:* full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* for woodwork only, such as beamed ceilings, etc.	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood *Floorlac* varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting, for porch ceilings, etc.	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	*S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Scar-Not Varnish:* gloss *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries to a dull finish without rubbing	*Floorlac:* varnish and stain combined *S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting spar varnish	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory. For interior and exterior use
FENCES	*SWP House Paint* *Metalastic* (iron or wire only) *S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* for rough work		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish* water resisting, heel proof	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel like finish
Concrete	*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* wears well, washes well			*S-W Concrete Floor Finish* high gloss, durable
Porch	*S-W Porch and Deck Paint.*			
FURNITURE, Indoors	*Enameloid:* the decorative enamel	*Scar-Not Varnish:* stands hard usage	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
Porch	*Enameloid:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	*Old Dutch Enamel:* enduring gloss
LINOLEUM	*S-W Inside Floor Paint* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* protects the pattern		*S-W Inside Floor Paint* the enamel like finish
RADIATORS	*Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint *S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint*			*Enameloid:* assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	*S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* *Metalastic.* *Ebonol* black coal tar paint		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	
SCREENS	*S-W Screen Enamel:*			*S-W Screen Enamel*
TOYS	*S-W Family Paint:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:*	*Floorlac:* (inside use) a varnish and stain combined	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint *SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss			*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid* assorted colors
WICKER	*Enameloid:* high gloss assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* durable, elastic	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
WOODWORK, Interior	*SWP House Paint:* gloss *Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044,* dries dull without rubbing	*S-W Handcraft Stain* penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood *S-W Oil Stain:* for new soft wood *Floorlac:* for new or old wood, a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, dull or gloss, aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects *Enameloid:* assorted colors

NOTE: *Best results can be had by following the carefully prepared directions on labels.*

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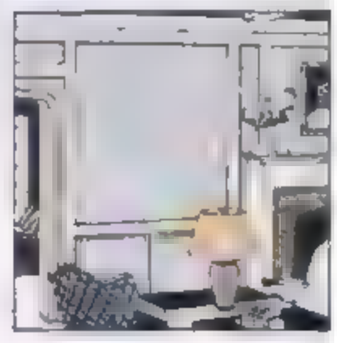
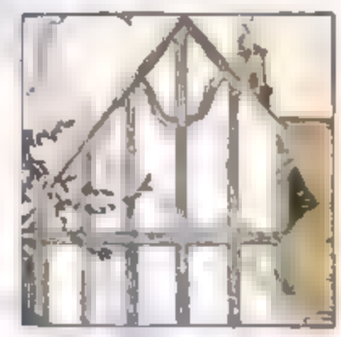
To enrich hard wood



For cheerful satisfactory walls

To keep linoleum like new



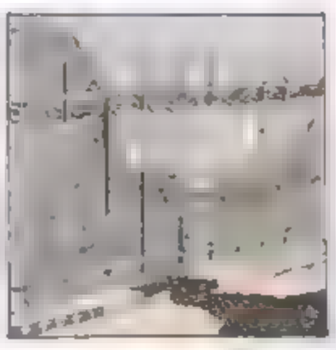
For stucco

To properly finish woodwork

For better-looking radiators

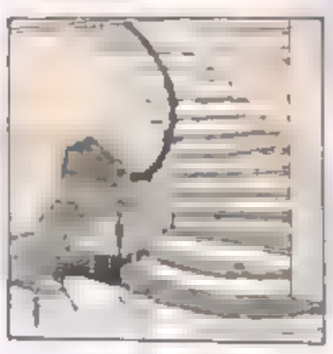
To make toys "new"

To protect concrete surfaces



To withstand the weather

To renew furniture



To keep attractive

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Offices in all Principal Cities *Representatives Everywhere*

Westinghouse

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(Continued from Page 116)

"I hear you're looking for a pilot."

"Yep. You one?"

Allan nodded. "What's the game?" he asked.

The game was to take the plane, treated with Mr. Hickey's wing-dope, off the ground, open five gasoline containers—placed on the wings and fuselage—and start the machine blazing. If the pilot landed again safely, the wing-dope was non-inflammable; if not—not.

"We've set the bus on fire half a dozen times on the ground," announced Mr. Hickey. "Perfectly safe." He exhibited pictures of the plane blazing as agreeably as a funeral pyre.

"How much?" demanded Allan.

"One hundred."

"You're crazy!"

Something told him that this was not the approved fashion of addressing a prospective employer; but Mr. Hickey took it as calmly as though he were accustomed to such remarks. Evidently he didn't expect to get a pilot for that figure; it was merely the smallest amount which even he could conceive paying. They went to the hangar and inspected the plane.

From each of the containers small ribs of copper ran back to spread the gasoline. The rear faces of the containers opened wide to discharge the entire contents in a rush, to prevent explosion. They were operated by a single lever, which the pilot drew towards him, tripping the catches.

"This here," explained Hickey, pointing to a switch, "is the spark to touch her off. Two seconds after you've pulled. See? How much experience you got piloting?"

"Couple of thousand hours," replied Allan. "Nieuport, Morane, Spad." He walked about the plane, feeling wires and struts. "Junk heap!" he muttered to himself. But he decided that the machine was strong enough to hold together.

"How about two hundred?" asked Hickey.

"Five. That's flat."

"What!" Mr. Hickey's voice was an agonized wail. "Five hundred for ten minutes' work?"

"I'm not arguing with you," answered Allan. "You know it's worth it."

"That's the trouble with you pilots. When you get cold feet you stick your price up high enough to save your face. Five hundred!" He turned away disgustedly.

Allan put a hand on his shoulder and spun him about. Mr. Hickey looked into a face which was not pleasant to behold.

"Look here, you little shrimp; one more crack like that and something's going to hit you! If you've got guts enough to ride in the passenger's seat with me, I'll touch her off for two hundred. How about it?" Mr. Hickey's jaw fell. "Otherwise it's five hundred. Take it or leave it, but don't give me any of that talk."

The situation in the Hickey Noninflammable Wing-Dope Company was precarious. The only hope of selling more stock lay in a spectacular demonstration of his product, which, according to the prospectus, was destined to revolutionize transportation by making planes the carriers of passengers and freight throughout the world. "The heart and soul of safety in air travel." The fortunes made by those who had invested in telephone stock were alluringly mentioned.

And, after all, thought Mr. Hickey, the difference between two hundred and five hundred dollars is infinitesimally slight—especially when one has but seventeen dollars to his name. Why argue?

"All right," he said. "Five hundred then. But you'll have to be your own mechanic. Take her up tomorrow at noon."

Fifteen minutes later Allan, in overalls, was struggling with a dirty and neglected motor. The cylinders and pipe lines were fouled, the ignition system was an impending calamity. While the news spread over Tappan Beach that a new pilot had been found, drawing crowds to loiter at the rope in anticipation of a possible fatality, he cleaned and adjusted the engine. It was dusk by the time he commenced cranking at the propeller, night before the motor relinquished its apathy of months and roared with an open throat.

In the nearest lodging house he threw himself on the bed exhausted. Hickey was at the field before him the next morning, jubilant and excited, already with prospective purchasers of stock in tow. As a special favor these were allowed inside the ropes and presented to Allan. It appeared that one of the privileges of being a prospect was the breathless honor of being among the last to shake hands with the unfortunate victim.

Allan, with an asbestos-treated flying suit ready, called Hickey to him. "How about the five hundred?"

"Can't you see I'm busy?" demanded the little man.

"That's all right," replied Allan. "I'm not busy—and I won't be until I get a note for that five hundred."

Hickey protested, sputtered. His honor had been assailed. A gentleman's word was sufficient. But at last he yielded. Two policemen stationed there as guards acted as witnesses, and one of them retained the note, in an envelope addressed to Janeth Brent.

With his plane and his flying suit ready, and a half hour to wait, Allan found time to consider the fact that he had not piloted for more than three years—long enough to lose the sure skill of landing. The take-off and the actual flying would probably be easy enough, he reflected.

His thoughts were interrupted by Hickey, mounted upon a table, haranguing the crowd, advising immediate purchases of wing-dope stock, which, even at this late date, could still be obtained at par. There was no rush of money in his direction. The crowd had come to see a free show.

"And now-w-w, ladies and gent'men, you are about to see a demonstration of a product which is destined ——" He quoted at length from the prospectus. "And I have the honor to present to you, ladies and gent'men, the fearless Captain Brent, renowned for his daring exploits in the Great War-ra, who will take this mighty plane into the sky and drive it, a mass of roaring, blazing flame, utterly confident that this most remarkable discovery of the a-hage, the patents of which are held and secured by the Hickey Noninflammable Wing-Dope Company, will protect him from all harm, as it will, in the future, when the skies are filled with the glory of transportation by air, protect you and your loved ones, on journeys of business and pleas-shar, from that most fearsome and ter-r-rible form of disaster ——"

Allan grinned at the open-mouthed audience, and turned away to put on his flying suit. The policemen were pressing the crowd back. Three garage mechanics, hired for the occasion, rolled the plane out to its starting point. Photographers pressed in with their cameras. In the plane Allan adjusted the belt, put on the asbestos helmet—not unlike a diver's helmet—and fastened the butterfly nuts.

"Up and down the beach four times!" yelled Hickey. "Get the crowd, then let 'er go."

Allan nodded, and motioned to the chief mechanic to swing the propeller. "Contact!" he yelled.

"Contact!" The motor caught. For several minutes he waited for it to become warm.

"Here goes," he said to himself grimly, and motioned for the blocks to be taken from the wheels. The mechanic lifted his arms to signal, "All clear."

In the bumping rush of the plane over the ground, shaking the world from beneath it, Allan experienced an old sense of exhilaration. The take-off wasn't so straight as it might have been, and the fact that the plane had a bad tendency to drag its right wings due to faulty adjustment—gave him a feeling of awkwardness in the air. It took him several minutes to find that previous assurance in his controls.

He turned and skimmed over the beach. Each transit brought out more people.

With his nerves tingling, Allan swung about once more, and said, "At 'em!" His fingers went to the lever which opened the containers, and he waited until the landmark he had selected, a bathhouse, slid under his right wing, then he pulled

"One—two!" he counted, and touched the switch.

Through the noise of the motor came a sound, "Phau-uff!" and the world was obscured in blanketing red flames. He pressed his face against the windshield, drew the throttle wide, letting the wind blast hammer back the flames. An instant of suffocation passed, and he was able to get a clear breath.

The fire slipped to the trailing edges of the blackened wings and held there tenaciously. The fuselage and tailpiece were a plume of fire, stretching out behind. The danger of his gasoline tank exploding had passed, and now he craned about, watching for an indication that his rudder or elevators were succumbing to the flames.

The fire died down, wisps of it racing about lapping up the last traces of gasoline. He turned and covered the beach again. Handkerchiefs, arms, hats fluttered wildly, and the population of Tappan Beach turned its feet towards the hangar.

His mind, intensely occupied by the fact that there was no time to lose, for within a minute the field would be dangerously crowded, forgot that it had been three years since he had brought a plane to earth; forgot it so completely that he made a perfect three-point landing, wheels and tail skid caressing the ground at the same instant. He taxied into the hangar, recovered the note and went in search of Hickey.

He presented the note, but Hickey genially waved it aside. He was much too busy at the moment.

"Great! Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Say, I want you to make fifty dollars more before you call it a day—taking people who buy stock up for rides. Just as soon as I get through handling the rush I'll be with you."

At the hangar one of the policemen asked, "Say, is he stalling on the money?"

"Looks that way," replied Allan.

"That's why the other pilot quit. I don't think he's got ten cents to his name—just wildcatting this stock. He didn't invent the fireproof stuff. He bought it from the guy who did invent it. But you got his note though."

Allan nodded and went into the hangar, dropped the curtains. Now that the test was over, it would have been sufficient satisfaction to take payment in the shape of violence upon the person of Mr. Hickey; but that would not pay meat and grocery bills. Ten minutes later the curtains were drawn back and the plane was pulled again to the field, ready for customers. He went into the office and spent the next few minutes writing.

Three customers were brought by Hickey for rides, and three times he circled Tappan Beach. There was a lull in the day's business when he landed from the last trip; Hickey was perspiring and fretful.

Allan did not broach the subject of payment. He remarked jovially, "You look all in, old man. Come on for a hop and get cooled off. Great in the air today! Jump in."

Hickey didn't jump, but reluctantly, drawn by the thought of cool wind and reassured by Allan's manner, he climbed into the passenger's seat. They took off, and, instead of skimming the beach, the machine entered in a long climb, leveling off finally at six thousand feet. With the motor throttled so that his voice could be heard and the plane in a comfortable glide, Allan turned about in his seat.

"When do I get paid?" he demanded.

Hickey's jaw dropped, and his watery gray eyes pleaded with the other to be reasonable. As he didn't answer promptly, Allan gave the control stick a vicious shake which lashed the plane in a quick sideways motion, as though it were trying to rid itself of wings.

"Hey—don't!" Hickey was clutching the edge of the cockpit. "Don't!"

The plane whipped about in a vertical turn, ocean and earth sliding insanely beneath them.

"Snap out of it!" ordered Allan. "Do I get paid now?"

"I can't."

"Busted?"

Hickey nodded. From his pocket Allan drew the letter he had written in the office; it was an assignment to himself of the plane in which they were riding, together with exclusive exhibition rights to the noninflammable wing-dope, as security against a claim of five hundred and fifty dollars.

"You're going to sign this," he announced, still holding the paper. "If you don't sign it, or if you accidentally let it go overboard, we're going to test the wing-dope again—together!" He pointed to the gasoline containers. "I filled 'em. I can stand it here in the front seat, but you're going to get damn warm where you are. Understand?"

Hickey, aghast, stared at him limply.

"Sign it!" ordered Allan, and passed the paper back to him.

Hickey read it, and commenced to fume.

The plane was close above the water now. "I'm going to the end of the beach and turn," announced Allan. "Over that bathhouse"—he pointed—"I'll let her rip. Take your choice."

With the motor roaring again, they tore along the beach, came about in a sharp skidding turn and headed back again. Allan's hand, visible to Hickey, rested

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Smoothes the Road

upon the container lever, the bathhouse was a short minute away. Hickey prodded him in the back, signified a whole-hearted "Yes!" He passed the paper, signed "William H. Hickey," forward. Allan glanced at it, stuffed it in his pocket, and let the plane sink to a landing on the beach one mile from town.

"Out you get!" he ordered. "Walk it!"

Hickey left the plane so precipitately that he sprawled on the sand. Angry words—"law," "arrested," "blackmail" rose above the muttering of the engine. Allan waved derisively and opened the throttle. In the air he turned, swept close to Hickey, now plodding up the beach, waved again, and headed for Sound Brook. South Field was to come into its own.

But Jan did not rush out to meet him, as he expected she would. He taxied the plane close to the cottage, and went in. Propped upon the table in the living room was a letter addressed to him. It read:

Dear Allan: It is three o'clock now, and I have waited for more than a day, without a single word from you. Whether or not that is fair, I will let you judge for yourself. I realize how much you resent the responsibility that has been placed upon you, and, naturally, I don't want to be part of the responsibility. The best thing I can do, for both of us, is to marry Dick Stinchfield. I wanted to tell you this, but you didn't come back, and there is no reason why I should wait longer. I am very sorry, Allan, that your return home has been so unhappy, and that I have helped to make it so. At first I thought that we could fight it out together, but that seems to be impossible. I am sure that if you will think it over you will agree with me that this is the best thing to do. Of course, I am turning over to you my share of the estate, and the Stinchfields will pay one hundred and eighty thousand for Brent House and the land. If you are willing to sell, that means that you will be at least fairly independent. We are not eloping—just going to Denny to be married, then motoring to New York, where Dick's yacht is waiting. I will write to you. JANETH.

The impersonality of the letter, hiding all the emotions she must have felt, smote him, left him in a dazed incomprehensible state of wrath and bewilderment. Those emotions gave way almost immediately to one in which he saw himself a blunderer who, simply through lack of understanding, had wrecked everything about him. For the first time in her life Janeth had wanted him, needed him; and he had given her every evidence of failing her.

It was nearly four when he yanked the plane from South Field and laid it close over that forty-five-mile strip of road to Denny, searching for Stinchfield's blue car. He found it, about three miles from the heart of the city, ready to plunge into that blackened factory district and become lost.

Allan's mind worked in terms of action. He drew close to the car, yanked the container lever, touched the switch. Flames leaped around him, and he crouched forward in the cockpit, choking, blinded, fearfully hot, and trusting to flying sense to keep his position in the air. He came up, panting, gasping, as the flames abated sufficiently for him to swing about. The roadway was lined with cars which had halted. Nearly in the center of them was the flashing spot of blue for which he was searching.

He landed and ran forward. People streamed out to question him, but he brushed past them. Janeth and Stinchfield were standing on the running board, staring at the smoke-blackened young man who hopped from furrow to furrow of the potato field in their direction.

"Jan!"

"Allan!"

"Jan—I want you to come back! I've come for you! Please Jan! Don't do this!" He was pleading humbly, looking up into the wide eyes of the girl. Stinchfield seemed nonexistent. "I'm a damn fool, Jan. I didn't realize. Look—I've got an airplane! Make money with it. That's why I was away. We'll fly back home—to the cottage—South Field—together. Oh, little Jan, I won't let you go!"

He clutched her; then her arms slipped about his neck, clung to him.

"But ——" began Stinchfield.

She interrupted him. "Sorry, Dick. I want to go back with Allan."

High in the air he throttled the motor and turned to Janeth. "Take that stick fitted at the side and slip it into the socket between you and the rudder bar," he instructed. Presently she looked up and nodded. "Put your feet on the rudder bar; hold the stick."

The motor roared again.

Through the stick of the double control, Jan felt the nerves of the plane in which she was riding, felt Allan's hand on the other control. A few minutes later he turned in his seat, smiled and lifted both hands to show her that she alone was piloting. A tremor of fear went through her; then exultation. It was Janeth, with an occasional correction from Allan, who guided the plane back to South Field.

When the engine died down in their glide to land he yelled, "Keep your hand on the stick, and feel the landing. First we level off; then, when she loses speed, we pull back and squat her on the ground."

The green field was slipping beneath them; then came an indescribable wavering in flight, and the stick upon which her hand was resting came back in an unhurried, slightly accelerated movement. The tail of the plane sank, the wheels and tail skid touched the earth together, weight shifting to the tail skid until it bit into the earth, dragging them to a stop.

Jan's eyes were shining. In those few minutes a new sense of living flight had been instilled into her veins. She had felt a thing which can be learned only by feeling. She was radiant, speechless, and she stood a few yards away, gazing upon the old smoke-stained plane as though it were a thing of glorious beauty.

Allan took her hand. "The Brent Aviation Company," he said softly. "You're president, general manager and treasurer. I'm chief pilot."

Arm in arm, they walked towards the cottage.

After dinner that evening Allan, acting upon a sudden impulse, applied himself to pencil and paper. Finally, he passed the sheet to Janeth. It was headed, "Cablegram," and was addressed to Willard Weston Towar, in care of a London bank, with instructions to forward. The message read:

Forced landing. Come immediately, without fail. Big show. Business. BRENT

She looked up inquiringly. "We'll get the Seadog here," he said. "Spiritual adviser to the Brent Aviation Company. Greatest egg in the world. I want you and the Honorable Bill Seadog to know each other."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr Parker. The next will appear in an early issue

Monument to E. Pauline Johnson, Canada's World-Famous Indian Poetess, in Stanley Park, Vancouver, B. C.

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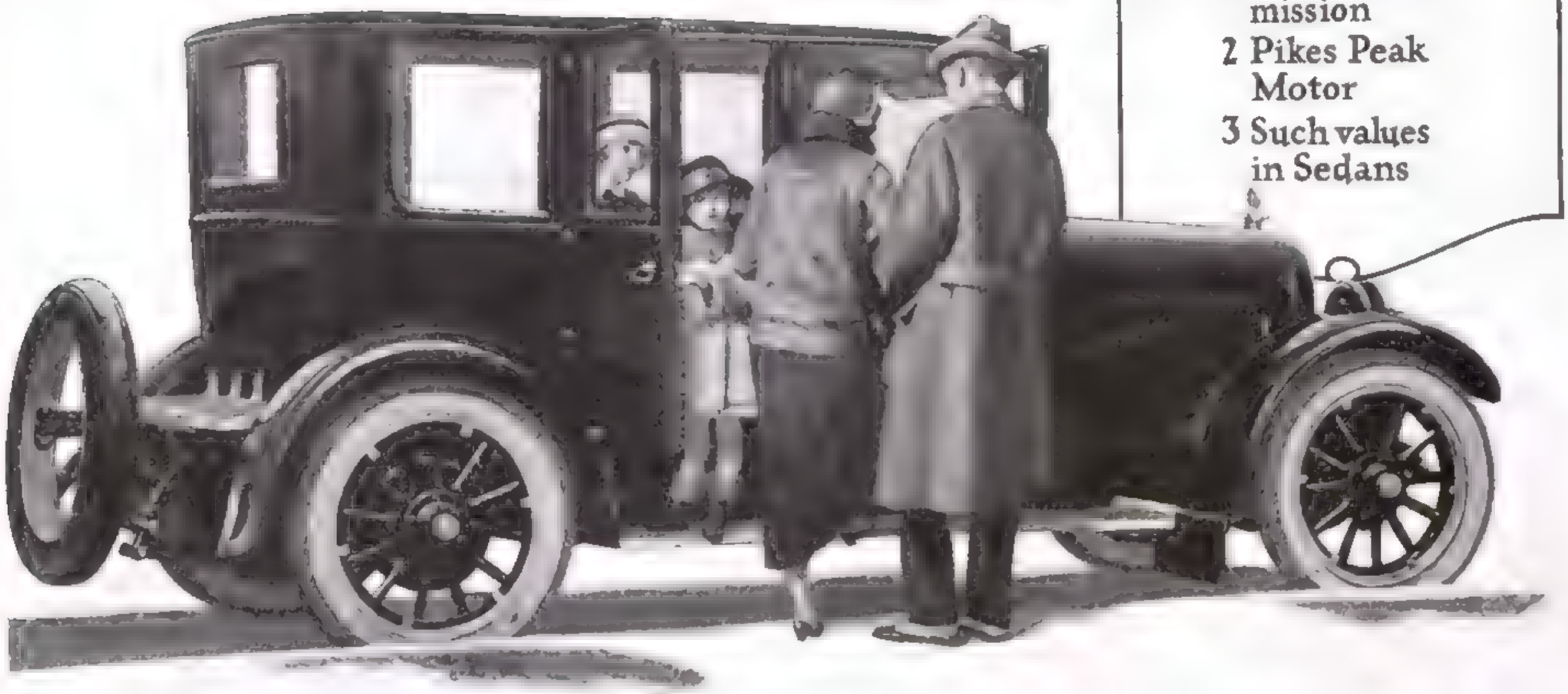

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UNMORGANATIC MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 32)

His first sight of her was discouraging; yet there were certain contradictions that would have baffled a more experienced diplomat than Billy. She was not badly dressed; at least there was nothing one could complain of, unless a complete lack of style was a just cause of complaint—which it was, to Billy. Her dress and hat and shoes gave the impression of having been bought solely for utilitarian purposes; they had just that sort of wearing, durable quality that is so depressing. It was easy to see her buying the whole outfit for hard travel, leaving home in it and returning in it without showing any ravages.

And her face? It was the most frankly simple and natural—and yes, honest—face Billy had ever seen; as clear and free from shadows as a sunny sky; frankly trusting, too, in an innocent sort of way; and—more than anything else—exceedingly pretty. Her limpid blue eyes met Billy's with a baby stare that said absolutely nothing except that they would believe anything told them; her wavy fair hair cropped out from beneath a sober felt hat with a gleam that was exactly like spun candy; and her skin could only be described in the somewhat florid term of rose petal.

Yes, he had to admit that she was something of a beauty; not the distinguished sort of beauty that would be found in effete European capitals—there was nothing the least bit distinguished about her—but there was beauty, that special kind that has become so popular on the covers of American magazines—wholesome, natural, sweet and with a decidedly come-hither charm about it. But—and here Billy's four years of diplomatic life rose up and colored his impression—she was surely not a type that could possibly shine in circles where simplicity was not understood, where, as a matter of fact, it was actually misunderstood.

"Mr. Welbourne," said the ambassador, meeting Billy's eyes and giving him a glance that spoke volumes, "I want to present you to Miss Bowman and her cousin Miss James." Billy's sidelong look at Miss James gave him a quick impression of horn-rimmed spectacles protecting an exceedingly grim countenance. "This is the first secretary of the embassy," the ambassador continued, "the one I was just speaking of to you. He has been here a year and can give you a great deal of information about the place."

Miss Bowman rose, extended her hand and said in a voice delightfully drawling and soft, almost a purr, "Certainly am glad to meet you, Mister Secretary - certainly am. We're just crazy to have somebody tell us lots of things Cousin Emmy and I are at the Pension Belle Vista. Certainly hope you'll come and see us real soon."

"Of course he will," the ambassador put in before Billy had a chance to reply. "But while you're here, why don't you talk over several things with him. By the way, I am going to present you at court next week. He'll tell you what is necessary for that function."

Miss Bowman's blue eyes opened wide. "Oh, Mister Ambassador, that certainly is precious of you—certainly is. But I'd be scared to death."

"Now you must not feel that way about it. It isn't the least bit complicated. You'll have lots of company; nineteen other Americans are to be presented at the same time."

Miss Bowman cast a timid glance at Cousin Emmy and still hesitated.

"Certainly is sweet of you, Mister Ambassador; but Cousin Emmy and I didn't come to Europe for things like that. We just came to travel round and see all these lovely things over here."

"Being presented at court won't interfere in the least with your seeing all the lovely things you want to. Your uncle said he wanted me to see that you had a good time here and I'm going to do it. Now, Mr. Welbourne, take the ladies into your room and tell Miss Bowman what is necessary for the court presentation."

The interview that followed—if you could call it an interview; Billy thought it was much more like a lecture to young American girls preparing to shine in court circles—puzzled him considerably. In the first place he couldn't help feeling it was all a mistake. Miss Bowman reiterated that she had no such ambition; Miss James disapproved flatly and announced that she would take no part—"absolutely none whatsoever"—in such foolishness; and in the end Billy found himself urging the matter against his better judgment. To add to his troubles, he found Miss Bowman's trusting blue eyes exceedingly disconcerting; they were so extremely pretty, and they watched him and hung on his words as though he were an oracle shaping the whole of her future existence.

"Of course I'll certainly do anything the ambassador wants me to do—certainly will," she finally conceded. "He's such a sweet, darling old gentleman, I just couldn't refuse. But it's going to scare me to death," she added plaintively.

Billy hurried on with his instructions.

"There's nothing at all to worry over. All you have to do is order the proper dress, and that isn't difficult here. It's much simpler than in England—an evening dress with court train. We'll have a rehearsal at the embassy the night before, where you'll be told what to do, when to curtsy and how to enter and leave the room. Most Americans enjoy it immensely; I'm sure you will too."

The plaintive expression in Miss Bowman's eyes deepened; and when she rose to leave, placed her soft, cool little hand in Billy's let it rest there confidingly, and said "You are just as good and kind as you can be, Mister Secretary. I reckon I'll just never be able to thank you enough—certainly won't," Billy was somehow rather touched. It had been so long since he had met a girl like her; indeed, he wondered if he ever had. She was such an anachronism in this harsh, rushing, material world of today; a very delightful anachronism, too, with her soft, drawling voice, her trusting blue eyes and a sort of sweetness that you couldn't help feeling was real and sincere. Of course it was all nonsense forcing this situation on her; she wouldn't be a success in it, she didn't even want to be; but then the ambassador's heart was set on it and it was his duty to help as much as possible.

"It's not a man's job," Billy confided to his chief just before luncheon.

"What isn't?"

"Getting Miss Bowman ready for court circles."

"What do you mean me to infer?"

"We need a woman's help. I've been thinking it over. There's the Countess Arnoto. Her charity bazaar is due in about a month and she is probably expecting another generous contribution from you. If she were interested she could easily put the whole thing over for you. Her connections at court are very close. If she took Miss Bowman under her wing, told her what to do and how to do it—well, sir, we'd be relieved from any further responsibility. Another thing, under the circumstances a *pension* is no place for her. She ought to have a suite at the Grand Hotel and her own motor. Why have a million a minute—or week—whichever it is—and not get some fun out of it? If you're determined to force Miss Bowman into the set here she will have to be told how, and the countess is the one to do it."

The ambassador gave Billy a long, appraising glance.

"The next report I make to the State Department, I am going to refer to you as a master of intrigue. Very well, I'll consider your suggestions. On the whole, I suppose you're right. I've got to do my best for that girl, even against my better judgment."

"Your better judgment!"

"Yes, exactly that. I know as well as you do that this is not the atmosphere for a girl like that. She ought to be at home making chocolate layer cake—as you call it—for a hard-working husband. That's her walk of life." The ambassador sighed. "But I suppose a peep at the way these people over here live won't hurt her. It will be a memory for her to recount to her numerous grandchildren."

A little later, at luncheon with the second secretary of embassy—Mr. James Stillwell Hobart, to be exact—Billy saw his chief and Miss Bowman and Miss James being shown to a table in the center of the dining room of the hotel, and received a smile of greeting from Miss Bowman that was so friendly that it reached quite across the room.

"Who's the living advertisement for ice-cream soda?" inquired Hobart.

Billy frowned. For some unaccountable reason—at least, unaccountable at that moment—he didn't like Hobart's facetiousness; and yet he knew, if the remark had been made a few hours before, he would have found it amusing.

"One of our compatriots," he answered indifferently.

"Really! I thought she was an Indian princess," Hobart scoffed.

"The chief's going to present her at the first court," Billy added, sure of the impression the announcement would make.

"On account of her complexion, I suppose."

"And her income."

Hobart's interest showed symptoms of being aroused.

"Is it exceptional?"

"Appalling! Nothing more or less than a million a month."

Hobart's attention became fixed.

"As a matter of fact," he admitted, "she is rather pretty. Will you introduce me after luncheon?"

That afternoon Billy dropped in to tea with the Countess Arnoto with a casualness he took pains to accentuate, and mentioned—also with premeditated casualness—that a particular friend of the ambassador had just arrived and was going to be presented at the first court.

"One of our most recent heiresses," he added, and saw a responsive gleam in the countess' eyes.

Altogether Billy was very much pleased with his day's work—at least so far as carrying out the ambassador's wishes. Whether the result would be satisfactory to Miss Bowman was more doubtful. At any rate, the situation was rapidly developing. The next morning the ambassador told him that he had got Miss Bowman moved from the *pension* to the Grand Hotel, had engaged a motor for her and had invited the Countess Arnoto to meet her at luncheon that day.

"It's a pleasure to do things for a girl like that," he waxed enthusiastic over his efforts. "I'd forgotten we had them like that at home."

"Even against her will," observed Billy.

"Oh, she'll enjoy herself, once she gets into the swing of the thing. You can't be young and rich but once in this life. As soon as she gets over her shyness she'll like it all."

The word caught Billy's attention. Shy? Yes, it fitted her perfectly. She was shy—shy and timidlike. Oh, well, it sounded sentimental, but it was apposite—like a fresh flower. There was nothing of the hothouse and artificial atmosphere about her; she was just simple and frank and unself-conscious—and best of all, without a single ulterior motive. The thought stuck in his mind so insistently that it carried him over to the Grand Hotel and up to her suite—a rather gorgeous, spacious affair—where he found her and Miss James and the Countess Arnoto and Hobart gathered about a tea table. The scene caught him by surprise. It was so absolutely the contrary of what he had expected. But Miss Robbie Belle Bowman—not a bit! She met him with a quickening glance of welcome that made him forget the others were there.

"Oh, Mister Secretary—certainly am glad to see you! You've come just at the right time—certainly have. Do sit right down here and have some of these funny little cakes. They aren't nearly so good as mine, are they, Cousin Emmy? The countess is going to let me show her cook how to make real American cake. Isn't it funny how different things are over here? I'll just never get used to them. The countess is telling me all the things I'll have to do to go to court. I reckon I'll be terribly scared. I already am—in this big hotel. The ambassador just made us come here."

Billy spent an hour with her, and half an hour after the others had gone—and left with a feeling of resentment at the turn events were taking. The presence of the countess and Hobart was so obviously for a purpose—the former for the substantial contribution to her charity that could surely be got out of an American heiress, the latter to bask in the reflected glory of untold riches. That he had been a party to bringing about the situation increased his resentment. Hadn't he planted seed in both the countess' and Hobart's fertile brains—seeds which they no doubt had already scattered broadcast? There was no telling where they might not lead this trusting, very sweet girl—for she was just that. The more he saw of her the more he realized it—just about the sweetest girl he had ever known.

And on the spur of the moment he reached a conclusion. He would see to it himself that they did not influence her too much. He would make a point of seeing her often and counteracting false impressions. On the whole, he would rather enjoy seeing her often. She created an atmosphere of home—the sort he had known long ago—that was somehow what he had been longing for for a long time and didn't know it. She even carried this atmosphere into the great bare sitting room of her suite at the hotel. In spite of yellow damask curtains, gilt furniture and crystal chandeliers, it became—with her in it—a quiet, cozy place where you could sit down and not bother about trying to be clever and satirical in a foreign language. After all, he did get frightfully lonely at times, living always so far away from home, among people who were so utterly different from those he had been brought up with. Yes, he would go to see her often—almost every afternoon, especially as the hotel was just across from the embassy.

But a whole week passed without this plan becoming realized. Billy called, but invariably found her out. However, he saw her several times, once at luncheon at the embassy, at various teas, at one dinner and a ball, each time chaperoned by the countess and safely detached no doubt with that lady's entire approval from Cousin Emmy She always welcomed him with her warm smile and her trusting blue eyes, but so far as conversation went, they seemed never to get further than that first day. Not that she showed any signs of being overenthusiastic about the things the countess was undoubtedly making her do; the fault lay with others; they couldn't seem to leave her alone for a moment.

And then Billy had to leave town for a week on the tiresome duty of straightening out a tangle that had come up in a consulate in one of the ports, and returned only in time to attend the first court ball. In the vast throne room where the king and the queen, the entire court, the diplomatic corps and everyone else who could manage in some way to get an invitation were gathered all of them got up in very glittering attire Billy saw Miss Bowman in the group of Americans the ambassador was presenting He was inclined to rub his eyes and stare a bit. He had thought her pretty exceedingly pretty the first time he saw her, but now, in her presentation robe a very girlish frock of pale blue with a court train of blue voile touched here and there with brilliants—she was nothing short of lovely. Whoever had chosen the frock for her had known the value of restraint. It was striking, amid all the surrounding glitter, on account of its simplicity; and yet it had the required dignity; and most of all, it was a perfect setting for her freshness, her natural charm, her shyness.

As a matter of fact, Billy was so much impressed—and surprised, too—that when he reached the ambassador's side during the few minutes of awkward pause that elapsed after the presentations were finished, and before their majesties had given the signal for the dancing to begin, he did not at first notice that his chief was in conversation with the Duke di Acquafelice, the king's cousin. In fact it was this important personage himself who interrupted Billy's trend of thought and called him back to the present.

"I congratulate you on your compatriots, Mr. Welbourne," his royal highness said. "I've never seen a more charming group of ladies. You must have a law in America which makes all the ugly ones stop at home."

Billy bowed ceremoniously and then smiled understandingly at his royal highness. They were about the same age, had already met several times at hunt meets, balls and official functions, in fact a sort of friendship had sprung up between them. Though the duke was the king's cousin, he was one of the most unoppressive royal personages Billy had ever met. As a matter of fact, many—especially the old régime—considered his informality a bit lacking in dignity. He made himself, according to them, entirely too accessible; he would do something yet, they felt sure, that would embarrass the royal family immensely.

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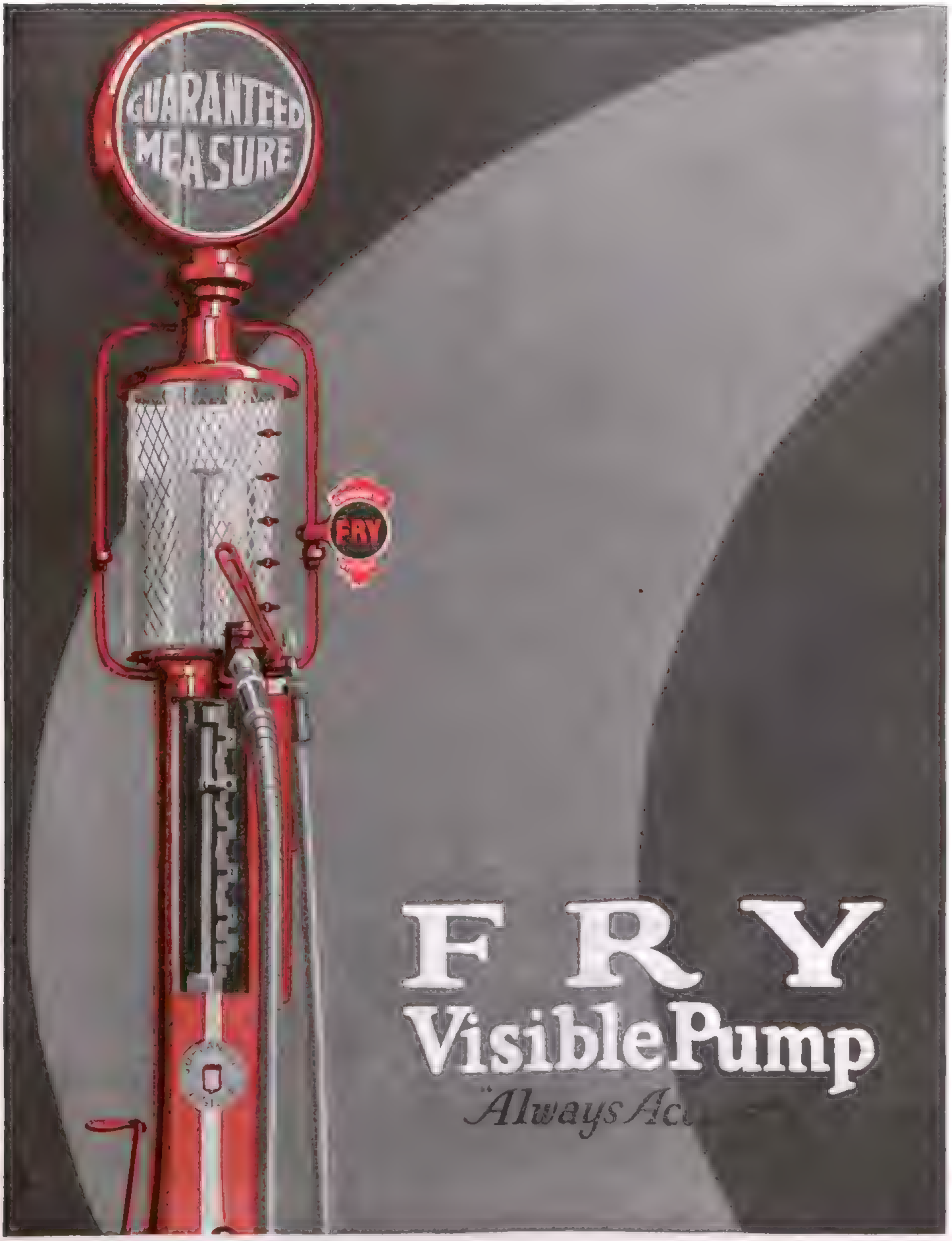
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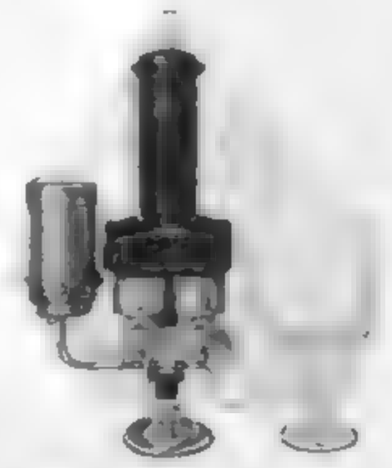

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(Continued from Page 125

"Of course you know them all," this pleasant youth of a noble house went on easily, even a bit chaffingly. "I wish you'd tell me who the one in blue is. She seems to be quite the prettiest young girl I've seen for ages, and so exceedingly true to your American type." The duke adjusted his monocle and frankly stared, one of the perquisites of royalty. "Yes, exceptionally pretty—quite. Would you be so good as to present her?"

Billy bowed again and made his way about the room until he reached Miss Bowman. Her trusting blue eyes—deeper in color and bright with the excitement of the occasion—greeted him with a very friendly but at the same time anxious glow.

"Oh, Mister Secretary—certainly am glad to see you. Did I do it right? I was just scared to death; I give you my word I was. I reckon I practiced that curtsy a hundred times. What do you think of my dress? The countess made me get this one. I thought it was terribly plain for court, don't you? But she said a girl mustn't dress too elaborately. I can't help thinking it's mighty plain. I wanted something all gold and silver and fur—like that Spanish lady over there—instead of just silk. Who is that darling-looking man I saw you talking to just now, with the blue and yellow ribbons? He certainly is lovely—the handsomest man I ever saw—certainly is. And I just adore uniforms like that!"

"He is the Duke di Acquafelice, the king's cousin."

Miss Bowman's eyes grew wide with delight, exactly like the little girl who looked for the first time at the fairy prince.

"I might have known it. He's too perfectly fascinating. I must buy a photograph of him tomorrow."

"You'd better wait. Perhaps he'll give you one himself. He has just asked me to present you."

"Me!" The glow of pleasure in the trusting eyes disappeared into an expression of sincere fright. "Oh, I'm afraid to meet him! What in the world would I say to him?"

"He'll do the talking. Come, we must hurry. Don't you see he is watching you all the time?"

"But what—what must I call him?"

"Nothing—unless you want to say royal highness." Billy offered his arm and saw her draw back shyly. "You must come," he urged, almost impatiently. "His request to meet you is a command." He pressed her arm firmly against his side and urged her forward.

"You promise not to leave me alone with him?"

"I'll promise anything—provided you don't let him see so plainly that you don't want to meet him. And be sure to make a curtsy."

He finally got her across the room, though now and then he had almost to drag her along with him; and once he was sure she was going to escape and run in the opposite direction. When he actually had her before the duke, saw her curtsy and heard her murmur timidly in reply to the duke's gracious bow, "Certainly am glad to meet your royal highness," he drew a very deep sigh of relief. A few minutes later, seeing the duke lead her into the open space before the throne, take her in his arms and begin dancing—the signal for others to follow—he turned and received a glance from the ambassador that would hardly have been called *comme il faut* in the presence of royalty.

"Well, sir," Billy gasped, "she has opened the first court ball with the king's cousin. Do you think your senator will be satisfied?"

The ambassador chuckled quietly.

"It takes the cake! Think I'll cable him tonight."

"It is a bit extraordinary," Billy said, more to himself than to his chief, while his glance followed Miss Bowman.

It was easy to see that she danced extremely well, and with her court train thrown over her arm—making a cloud of soft blue about her—and her trusting blue eyes shyly cast down, she made an unusually fetching picture.

"Not extraordinary at all," replied the ambassador. "That girl has got something that will carry her a long way."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Don't you know?"

"Not exactly," Billy answered slowly. "Of course, I find she has considerable charm of some kind. I feel it, but I can't exactly define it."

"That's just it. What you can't explain always fires your imagination. No matter what it is, she has got it. It's the same thing all charming women have. Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Madame Récamier—all of them had it. Miss Robbie Belle Bowman has it too. No one has ever found out exactly what it is. As you say, you just feel it—and most of us are satisfied to do only that."

But Miss Bowman's success had not yet reached its climax. She danced a second time with his royal highness and even had the honor of being taken out to the banquet hall on his arm. As far as Billy could see—and very little escaped his watchful eyes—they appeared to be hitting it off famously. And such is the power of success that when Miss Bowman was released from the attentions of the duke others were waiting to show their admiration too. Hobart complained that he could not get a single dance with her, she was so enveloped in royalty.

It was very late in the evening—or, more correctly, early in the morning—that Billy finally had his arm about her, guiding her through the now congested mass of dancers. Freed from the dampening presence of the king and queen, who had withdrawn at midnight, the ballroom had become much more jolly and informal.

"You appeared to hit it off awfully well with his royal highness," Billy said, with a grudging note that he took no pains to hide.

"He's such a darling, most anybody could get along with him. He made me feel real at home right away. And what do you reckon? He has asked me to hunt with him next week! Wasn't that precious of him?"

"Do you know how to ride?"

"Certainly do. Used to ride all day long—on the ranch." Then, following his steps perfectly and as light as a feather in his arms, her trusting eyes sought his. "He's lots easier to talk to than you are."

"Why?"

"Don't know exactly, but he certainly is. He didn't make me feel a bit like I didn't know a thing in the world."

"Who does make you feel that way?"

"You."

"I!"

"Certainly do. You aren't a bit friendly and homelike. Never come and see me like all the others do—like Mister Secretary Hobart. Don't believe you like me a bit."

"I've been to see you many times. You're never in."

"Certainly will be if you let me know when you're coming."

Billy looked down at her lovely glistening hair. He was rather glad that her trusting eyes were not then meeting his. Yes, she was extraordinarily pretty; and she did have that something the ambassador said you had to accept and just feel. Suddenly he made a resolve.

"Will you be at home tomorrow afternoon?"

Again that plaintive, caressing, "Certainly will. At teatime? The countess said I must have tea every afternoon—that people like it over here."

"I'll be there at five."

"You know, I thought we were going to be mighty good friends that first day." Then, with a purring sigh, "I reckon all you diplomats are terribly busy people."

Billy sailed in to tea the next afternoon with all sorts of pleasant expectations. However, he was doomed to disappointment. The atmosphere was exactly what he had expected; it was quiet and homelike; there was even a crackling fire on the hearth; and—just to accentuate the domestic touch—there was Miss James in the far end of the room, seated near a window, far enough away to be quite out of the conversation, giving all her attention to the knitting of a gray sweater. But what ruined the perfect setting—completely obliterated it, Billy thought—was the presence of his royal highness seated near the tea table and being literally fed from Miss Robbie Belle Bowman's attentive and also trusting hands. Not that his royal highness was not fitting into the picture with his customary grace—he could always be counted on to do that—but blue trousers with broad orange stripes, gold epaulets and a black astrakhan-trimmed tunic are not exactly the ingredients of the home atmosphere. And to accentuate Billy's disappointment—if you could call it that—was the fact that his royal highness was a bit annoyed at Billy's entrance, took no pains to hide it and very soon got up to leave—not, however, before making an appointment to meet Miss Bowman and Miss James the next morning

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and show them over his summer palace in the environs of the town.

"Isn't he a darling?" Miss Bowman purred as she handed Billy a cup of tea, her trusting eyes still in the direction of the door through which what Billy now called the theatrical apparition had just disappeared.

"A great many women have found him so."

Miss James put down her gray knitting abruptly.

"That's exactly what I told her, Mister Secretary. Same old story—fine feathers."

"Of course it's mighty easy to know why he is so nice to me." Miss Bowman smiled gently at Cousin Emmy. "It's all on account of the ambassador. His royal highness told me he thought the world and all of him."

Miss James returned to the gray sweater and Billy to his tea and Miss Bowman to her lingering observation of the closed door. On the whole, the afternoon was a failure. Even the removal of the theatrical figure could not re-create the atmosphere Billy had longed for. He went away, however, with an engagement made for the day after tomorrow—when there were no royal appointments—to take Miss Bowman to a museum.

From then on he fell more and more under her spell—his way, at first, of describing his condition. He not only took her to museums and art galleries and catacombs; he even went with her to several tiresome lectures being given by a man who made a specialty of talking for hours on archæology. Billy didn't believe she enjoyed them any more than he did; but she had a sort of conscientious determination to do some of the things she had come to Europe to do and which—all on account of the ambassador's being determined upon her seeing the inner life of a court set—she had very little time for. So far as social life went she was undoubtedly having her full share of that; she was invited in everywhere; and to make her success more pronounced, every time she appeared his royal highness appeared also. If ambitious hostesses wanted their gatherings to be given the luster of royal presence, they invited Miss Bowman and took pains to let it be known generally that she would be there.

She appeared once or twice at the hunt meets, rode extremely well and was once the first in at the death. As her success developed, Billy's worry increased, though he had to admit that she had not changed in the least. Attention apparently did not go to her head. She was consistently simple and shy straight through, always deferring to his opinion when he was present and undoubtedly deferring to others when he was not. How far the affair with the duke was going he hadn't the slightest idea; but he lay awake at night thinking of it. Of course, it soon must come to an end; another girl was bound to appear on the scene and claim the usually wandering glance of the nobleman; and then, thought Billy, his time would come.

His time! What, exactly, did he mean by that? Oh, well, he'd see. Only—and here he felt a swift pang of fear—before that time came he hoped, with all the best that was in him, that she would not feel too deeply the disillusion that was bound to follow in the wake of so much royal sunshine.

Then the blow fell; or, more correctly speaking, the blows. It was late in the afternoon. The season was over, Lent had begun, and Billy actually found himself facing an afternoon without even an engagement for tea. He looked out of a window of the embassy and across to the Grand Hotel. That was sufficient. A moment later he was at the telephone and asking to speak to Miss Bowman. An answer came that she could not be disturbed that his royal highness was calling. Billy turned away from the telephone with an expression of very slightly repressed fury. He had never received such a message before. And while still in this mood of very deep resentment the chasseur knocked on his door and announced that the ambassador wished to see him at once.

He found his chief pacing up and down the floor with an entirely unfamiliar aspect. Usually so spick and span, he was now quite the contrary.

"Sit down!" he thundered. "The devil's to pay!" Billy sat down. "I might as well admit it's all my fault. I never should have presented her at court. Why didn't you stop me?"

"I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about, sir."

"Oh, yes you have! Who else could it be but Miss Robbie Belle Bowman?"

Billy rose quickly.

"Has something happened to Miss Bowman?"

"Happened! I suppose you'd called it happened! At any rate, she has raised Cain!"

"Where?"

"At court. I've just had a private audience with their majesties. Sit down. Don't stand there staring at me. I've never had such an embarrassing time in my whole career. And they have the cheek to blame it all on me! He was there, too—Acquafelice."

Billy sat down, as commanded, then got up again. It was a time he felt he must be on his feet.

"I wish, sir," he blurted out, "you would come to the gist of the matter."

"The gist of the matter is simply this: Acquafelice wants to marry her."

"Miss Robbie Belle Bowman!"

"Miss Robbie Belle Bowman."

Billy felt the room spinning round.

"It's a damned outrage for you to let such a thing take place!" he burst forth, quite oblivious of the fact that he was talking to his chief. "You know he can't marry out of a royal family. He's in direct line to inherit the throne. It would only be a morganatic marriage. Do you know what that means? Look here!" He ran his eyes over the books on the desk and hurriedly selected a big dictionary. His fingers shook as he flipped the pages. "Here it is. Morganatic marriage. A sort of marriage between a man of superior rank and a woman of inferior rank in which it is stipulated that neither the latter nor her children shall enjoy the rank or inherit the possessions of her husband. There you are, sir! Surely you are not thinking of letting her get mixed up in such a situation!"

Strangely enough, the ambassador listened very calmly to the outburst. When Billy stopped for lack of breath he said quietly, "Only a holocaust would put Acquafelice on the throne. There are at least a dozen in line ahead of him."

"You mean you approve?"

"No, I don't mean anything of the sort."

"Then what do you mean? What does Miss Bowman say? Have you explained it to her?"

"I haven't seen her. This was all sprung on me this afternoon out of a clear sky."

Billy turned towards the door.

"Hold on there!" cried the ambassador. "Where're you going?"

"To explain to her exactly what such a marriage means. She ought to know at once."

"You better wait and hear the rest of the story. Acquafelice hasn't asked her yet. He was decent enough to take up the matter with the king and queen and get their consent before involving her in the matter."

"And did he get their consent?"

"Of course not. But that isn't the end yet. To complicate the whole thing, when I said I would oppose a morganatic marriage, what do you suppose he did? Said he didn't give a hang about the throne—wouldn't accept it if it were handed him on a silver tray; that kings were anachronisms these days; that he had no intention of asking Miss Bowman to be his morganatic wife; that he wanted her for his real one. After this the king told him he would have to give up his title and renounce all inheritance to the throne. He said nothing would please him more."

Billy sat down. He had risen to take the blow; he had felt that necessary; he now felt it just as necessary to sit down and take in what the blow meant.

"If she loves him ——" he began.

"Of course she loves him," the ambassador cut in. "He's just the sort of man that would appeal to any woman—most of all to one who had never seen anything like him before."

Billy's shoulders began to slump to a dejected angle.

"It's a damn shame," he grumbled.

"What is?"

"For her to marry a man like that. Of course it's for her fortune."

"You think that?"

"Don't you?"

The ambassador grew reflective.

"He talked as if he really cared for her."

"Cared for her! Of course he does! Who could help doing that? He has never known such a—a sweet girl before. But he wouldn't

(Continued on Page 133)

The GREATEST *game in the world*

Getting the most out of life is the greatest game in the world.

In California it is played with a multitude of advantages you do not get elsewhere. You gain more for the same investment of effort or money; greater returns in business, in health, in recreation, in everything that makes up for you a new enjoyment of everyday life beyond anything you know.

More Money in the Bank

Financially, Californians get more out of life than other people. They pay nearly double their per capita proportion of the national income tax. They own more than twice the average number of automobiles and use them for business and pleasure, traveling fourteen million miles a day along thousands of miles of magnificent highways through the Great Valley, among the beautiful Sierra Nevada Mountains, along the seashore and through hundreds of miles of giant Redwood forests. In California three times the average number of homes have electric lights; every third farmhouse has a telephone; prosperity is everywhere. Californians, open-handed, buy what they want. They have, besides, about twice as much money in the bank as the average American and they absorb hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of income-producing securities.

Orange-Blossom Climate

Dots on this map show the twenty-three of California's fifty-eight counties where climatic and soil conditions encourage the commercial growth of oranges.

Fifteen of the twenty-three counties are in central California. The square and star on the map north of San Francisco indicate respectively the largest lemon grove in California and the district from which the earliest ripening oranges are shipped East

Opportunity Everywhere

Life's wasted days do not exist in California. Twelve months in the year are marketing months from the millions of rich acres of the Great Valley, and the number of new farms coming into production is twenty times the national average. Twelve months in the year industry in the great San Francisco Bay manufacturing district, with plentiful water, cheap power and abundant raw material, works at a high labor efficiency, unhampered by climatic extremes, to supply the needs of this great market with double the average buying power and the needs of the world for California products. Twelve months in the year people live joyfully out of doors and their children grow larger and stronger than the average elsewhere.

Your Share in All This

Here, where life is better, there is, almost surely, opportunity for you with only a moderate first investment—no more than would be needed elsewhere. In the Great Valley nearly a million acres of irrigated lands are ready for occupancy, and you can buy good land, on long-term payment, with nearly forty co-operative associations and numerous governmental agencies to help you in your producing and marketing.

Low Excursion Fares

Come and discover California this year. If you are not able to come now, be sure to plan for the low summer excursion fares and visit San Francisco, America's coolest summer city, unsurpassed in its attractions and recreations. Even on a one-way ticket you can stop over ten days in San Francisco and see for yourself what California offers.

Come to San Francisco

Come to San Francisco, the headquarters of Californians Inc., a non-profit organization of citizens and institutions interested in the sound development of the state. Some of the most beautiful suburban districts in California adjoin this great port, the metropolis and trading center of the Great Valley and of the garden valleys of the Coast Range.

Californians Inc. will give you every possible assistance when you arrive, and aid you in planning your trips or choosing your home. Write today for the illustrated, free booklet, "California, Where Life is Better." It tells a story you should know, and every statement in it is authoritative. Fill in and mail the coupon and we will send it to you.

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLET *about life in California*

Californians Inc

Headquarters
SAN FRANCISCO

140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 508

Please send me "California, Where Life is Better"

Name _____

Address _____

Where the Facts Came From

Right now Grinnell Company is figuring with a large Chicago firm where harnessing the waste heat of their great enameling furnaces will heat the whole plant. Practically, therefore, all their present heating expense is saved. Putting it another way, heating will cost them nearly nothing. Except for the financial matters mentioned in the ad the case is quite similar—a saving of $40,000 a year. The booklet, "Five Factors in Heating Cost," will be sent to anyone interested in heating industrial buildings. Send for your copy today. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 312 W. Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

The Dividend—found—in the chimney

Banker: "Underwrite an issue of $500,000 preferred stock on the earnings you show? Never! And that's final."

President: "But our production manager can prove that the increased production will double the margin of safety on the preferred dividend. The new money makes it poss . . ."

Banker: "A banker is neither a speculator nor a promoter. Increased earnings, greater output, estimated sales, new business—everything is *dependent* on the new money. You don't seem to understand that you need larger net earnings by $35,000, or that amount saved in operating costs, to make this new capital issue sound."

At this moment the Production Manager entered accompanied by a famous Consulting Engineer. Everybody rose. "Here's the doctor!" began the Production Manager, "the chap who stayed up all last night looking for a serum to counteract high operating costs in this plant. And he found it."

Banker (scathingly): "And what is this wonderful serum, and just what has it got to do with this stock issue?"

Consulting Engineer: "The serum is just a little hot water and it has got everything to do with this stock issue. Isn't $40,000 saved equal to half a million increase in sales? The heat for the whole plant will be turned into net earnings—$40,000 a year. Grinnell Company engineers find the hot water heating system can be run from the waste heat from your enamelling ovens, thus doing away with three boilers."

President: "I can't believe there's any such waste. Our workmen have never complained of excessive temperatures."

Production Manager: "No, because the tremendous heat from those ovens has an ample vent through the chimney."

President: "I understand now. Why did we never think of that before?" (Turning to Banker) "Do you see what that means?"

Banker: "Yes, $40,000 a year saving is 8% on the proposed stock issue, but—"

President: "More than that: now that we don't need those three boilers for heating, we are free to dispose of the power plant altogether. We can buy electric power cheaper than we can generate it, as I told you."

Banker: "The power plant for sale! I'll bid $100,000 for it. You didn't know that the adjoining property was bought yesterday by the new forge works in which I am interested. Our plans call for a power plant and $100,000 would make a neat little capital reserve for your company."

President: "Sold!"

Banker: "$40,000 a year saving, cheaper power, $500,000 new money and interest on a $100,000 plant. Well, well, that ought to insure a common stock dividend next year."

President: "Say, gentlemen, do you realize the dividend which has been slipping up that chimney all these years?"

Consulting Engineer: "With the specialized engineering on hot water heating system that Grinnell Company furnishes, I'd almost guarantee to find the same sort of dividends in half the factory chimneys of the city."

GRINNELL COMPANY

Automatic Sprinkler Systems | Steam & Hot Water Heating Equipment | Humidifying and Drying Equipment | Fittings, Hangers and Valves | Pipe Bending, Welding, etc. | Power and Process Piping

If it's Industrial Piping, take it up with us

(Continued from Page 130)

have thought of marrying her without that fortune. Besides, it's all a hideous mistake. She isn't suited for the sort of life he'll give her."

"I suppose you think she ought to go back to making chocolate layer cakes."

"You said that; I didn't. I may have thought it at first—before I knew her. I don't now. But she ought to marry an American."

The ambassador's eyes leveled on Billy.

"An American diplomat?"

"Why not? She would bring to diplomacy just the sort of thing it needs most freshness, honesty, frankness."

The ambassador got up and crossed to Billy and looked at him with puzzled interest

"If you feel that way about her I wish you would ask her to marry you. God knows it would relieve me of a very embarrassing situation!"

Billy rose and crossed to the window where he could look out at the Grand Hotel. Suddenly he realized what the telephone message had meant. Acquafelice was there now, asking her to become his wife—his unmorganatic wife. His shoulders dropped and drooped. What a fool he had been, wasting all this time in trying to convince himself of what he knew now he had felt the first day he had seen her! It was all because of this diplomatic life he was leading. Curse it! Why had he ever gone into such a career? At home it would have been entirely different. He would have known at once that she was the girl for him and lost no time in telling her so—and, yes, perhaps winning her. Why hadn't he known that she was bound to be caught by some intriguing scoundrel like Acquafelice, all fine feathers and picturesque uniforms? It was the most natural thing in the world. Hadn't he himself been impressed—almost ruined—by the same sort of glitter? If only something could happen by which her eyes could be opened! If he could only have another chance!

Then as if in answer to his gloomy thoughts a cablegram was brought in to the ambassador and the second blow fell. The ambassador tore the envelope open impatiently, read it, whistled and tossed it to Billy. It was short and very terse, but it made Billy's shoulders lift with renewed energy. Another chance had come, and he responded to it with all the strength in him. The cable ran:

> Break the news as gently as possible to Robbie Belle that her well has suddenly gone dry.

Billy returned the paper to the ambassador and for the second time that day started towards the door.

"Where are you going now?"

Billy smiled at the absurdity of the question.

"To her, sir, of course."

"What for?"

"To tell her this news."

"You're going to do nothing of the sort. Don't you know a thing like this has got to be done gradually? Don't you know what it means to her?"

"I know what it means to me—and I'm not going to let this second chance slip."

"What under the sun does it mean to you?"

Billy came back and smiled at the ambassador in a way he took no pains to keep from being patronizing, and at the same time he picked up the cable and stuffed it in his pocket

"Do you think I'm the sort of man who could ask a girl with a million dollars a month to marry me?"

"You mean——"

But Billy was already out of the room and hurrying across to the hotel. He did not even stop to have his name sent up; he went straight to Miss Bowman's sitting-room door. He didn't care how many royal highnesses she might be closeted with; he was going to be seen and heard at all costs. As a matter of fact, he hoped his royal highness was still there; nothing would please him more than to convey the news to Miss Bowman in his presence. It would be such an exceptional way for her to realize at once that, without a fortune, her charm for royalty would diminish to the vanishing point; and—incidentally—would increase a hundredfold for someone else.

He knocked on the door and waited; he knocked again; and then, after interminable waiting, saw the door open slowly and Miss Bowman facing him, but a strangely different-looking Miss Bowman from what he had ever seen before. Her greeting held no warming smile; her face was flushed and her trusting blue eyes were wide open with a wondering, dazed expression.

"Oh, do come in," she said, holding out her hand limply. "I was just longing to see someone and tell what's happened."

She closed the door behind Billy and then quickly sank down in a chair. Billy's heart was beating violently as he tried to decide how to begin. If she hadn't looked so different it would have been easier. From her dazed expression he felt that she also must have received a cable. But in such a case it ought to be easier for him. He straightened his shoulders. Not another second must be lost; he would tell her right then and there what she had grown to mean to him during those past few months.

"Miss Bowman, I—I came to break some news to you. I——"

"Oh, do you know already?" she interrupted, looking up at him as through a haze. "News certainly does travel fast! Why, he only left here a little while ago!"

"Who?"

"His royal highness. He came straight to me from the royal palace. You see, he had to tell the king and queen first. I certainly never was so surprised in all my life. Wasn't it perfectly lovely of him to want to do all that for me?"

"Then"—Billy cleared his throat and tried to put the bitterness of ages into his voice—"he hadn't heard that your well had gone dry?"

Miss Bowman sprang up and faced Billy.

"My well gone dry! What do you mean?"

"I—I didn't mean to break it to you like that." Billy was stammering again. "Forgive me, Miss Bowman—Robbie Belle. I hope all that money didn't mean so much to you. I trust—I believe that I can——"

He gave up trying to say anything intelligible and held the cable out to her. He watched her read it and then—wonder of wonders—saw her laugh almost hysterically and dance about the room, waving the cable over her head.

"Cousin Emmy! Cousin Emmy!" she called into the next room. "Come here quick! I've lost it all! It's gone dry! Goody, goody, goody!"

Miss James appeared at the door and was immediately enveloped in Miss Bowman's arms.

"Oh, Cousin Emmy, isn't it too good to be true? Read that! Read it quick! We must cable Bob right now, and we're going to leave tonight. No, there's nothing in the world that would stop me. We're going to start for home tonight."

Billy tried to understand and failed; he stood staring at her in silent amazement.

"You are going to leave here tonight?" he finally got out.

"Certainly am—on the first train."

"But, Miss Bowman——"

He struggled vainly for words. Miss James' presence added to his difficulties, though he was entirely unaware of the fact that, in spite of horn-rimmed spectacles, this capable lady had already taken in his predicament. No doubt similar cases had made her unusually discerning.

"Robbie Belle has just told his royal highness that she couldn't marry him," she said, with annihilating casualness. "And one of the reasons was because she's already engaged to a man at home."

"Engaged!"

Billy turned his suffering eyes towards Miss Bowman.

"Well, I was—and I will be again—now that I haven't got any money left. He broke it off when I struck oil. I must cable him right away."

She ran to the writing table, picked up a blank sheet of paper and then, with pen poised, looked at Billy. Suddenly she paused and her eyes showed deep trouble.

"Oh, Mister Secretary, what's the matter? You look so pale!"

Billy grabbed up his hat.

"Nothing—absolutely nothing."

"But please don't go. Won't you help me send this message? What must I say? How would you put it in diplomatic language?"

"Curse diplomatic language!" thought Billy.

"Oh, I reckon I'll just say 'Coming home at once. Not a cent left.'"

Here Miss James came forward with a grim smile.

"You can't exactly say that—and tell the truth. The well ran for six months. You've got six millions already in the bank."

Billy went quietly towards the door, slipped out silently and closed it after him.

Resurface the old floor—make it new

Pick out an old floor in your home—one that is scratched or stained or badly worn. An old, soft-wood floor, perhaps, or one where the grain is no longer attractive—then spread a few easy brush loads of KYANIZE Floor Enamel over it—watch it level out to a clean even smoothness. It hides the old grain, the unsightly spots and stains, the worn places.

Let it dry overnight. Old discolorations gone—unsightly boards hidden forever. A solid color, opaque finish of lasting beauty instead.

KYANIZE Sanitary Floor Enamel is the new, the perfect coating for what seem to be *hopeless* floors. It is an enamel, high grade and waterproof, tough enough to stand the hardest wear without cracking, chipping or peeling. Comes in nine solid covering popular colors.

Because of its great durability and its waterproof qualities, KYANIZE Floor Enamel is excellent for *porch* and *piazza* floors as well as those inside the house; use it on floors of stone, cement, concrete or wood; it's satisfactory on all kinds.

On old pattern-worn linoleums it gives a beautiful new *solid color* finish—uniform in its attractiveness.

GUARANTEE—Results must be satisfactory or we or our dealers will refund your money "for the empty can."

BOSTON VARNISH CO., 12 Everett Station, Boston, 49, Mass.

TRIAL CAN OFFER

If your dealer does not carry KYANIZE Floor Enamel send us his name and ONE DOLLAR and we'll forward to you postpaid a full pint can of this master enamel for old floors. Mention color you desire—Dust Drab, Light Yellow, Warm Gray, Navy Gray, Dark Yellow, Rich Red, Tile Green, Golden Brown, Mahogany Red.

—— —— *Use This Coupon* —— ——

My Dealer's Name and Address

My Name

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FAIRFACTS Fixtures, permanently installed in the walls of your bathroom, last as long as the house itself. They are made of glistening snow-white china, the only material that will not develop surface cracks or become stained, tarnished or dingy. They can be cleaned instantly with a damp cloth.

Fairfacts Fixtures are a never-ending delight to the home owner and always excite the admiration of guests. They add distinction to any bathroom, from the simplest to the most luxurious.

There is a complete variety to meet every need shelves, towel bars, paper holders, soap holders, tumbler and tooth brush holders and many other bathroom conveniences.

A tile contractor should install Fairfacts Bathroom Fixtures when your house is built or remodeled.

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We have prepared a booklet "The Perfect Bathroom" which will tell you all about Fairfacts China Fixtures. Write for it today.

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BUILT IN YOUR BATHROOM WALLS

THE BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 9)

Your political adventurer may be a fanatic; he may be counseled by a junta or committee; but he may not necessarily have the organizing and executive brain of a professional soldier. That is where the gun runner's expert knowledge comes in. He it is who often decides the proportion of machine guns to rifles, the amount of cartridge reserve to each case of twenty-five rifles, the question of water bottles and the all-important details of how the arms are to be packed ready for instant distribution.

In his mind's eye, the gun runner must see the other end of the deal: The grimy cargo steamer lying off the coast, the slow procession of lighters, the landing of the cases through the booming surf on the shingle beach. He must see to it that the first packages ashore are complete in themselves; not simply rifles alone or cartridges alone, but rifles, bandoliers and cartridges, so that armed men spring into being as each parcel is opened. The bulk other than that necessary for the landing party—that, too, must be appropriately packed.

"Is there a railroad at Puerto Barrios, or must the stuff be in mule loads?"

"White ants mean that the equipment must be in zinc-lined cases. What tonnage do you reckon your little river steamers can take? Can we lash field guns and limbers on the hatch covers, or have you room on the after deck?"

"The Baltic is a tricky sea; don't forget that we may have to lay off for some days if the weather is against us, and if it is really hard-freezing weather, then all the oil and grease must be swabbed out of the machine guns with gasoline before we go up there; if not, they are sure to jam in action if there is a shore fight."

These are the kind of things the gun runner has to bear in mind and work out ahead in the interests of his clients; but it is a far cry from a room in a first-class European hotel to the landing amid the spindrift and rolling sea mists of the destination.

The earlier stages of negotiation are often embarrassed by doubt, the one side doubting the capacity of the other to deliver the goods, the other doubting the capacity of the one to pay. Lost causes are bad bill backers. Both sides endeavor to avoid the risk of loss due to the confiscation or capture of the arms en route from warehouse to ultimate destination, and both sides being businesslike, the situation is critical. Here is where modern business methods step in. It adds a considerable weight to the purchase price, but it is perfectly feasible to insure the various stages of the transaction on a special policy.

The Way to Go About It

Let us suppose that for purely patriotic purposes you want to land 10,000 Mauser rifles and 700 rounds of ammunition apiece in some subtropical heaven. You stay quietly in a hotel on Unter den Linden, Berlin, while the preliminaries are being arranged. You have credit letters for, say, $100,000, a sum adequate to cover the cost of arms and ammunition of dubious quality, yet adequate to the needs of the army of scallywags or patriots who will use them. Your German business man will not do the transaction in marks, and you will probably be requested to bank in Holland, or preferably London, where the exchanges are sound and stable.

The exchange difficulties make the business longer, but at length you will receive a formal insurance policy presented by a consortium—in other words, a group of close-clipped, heel-clicking, stiff-backed and unrepentant German ex-officers disguised as business men. You will go with them to a goods yard siding somewhere in the maze of railroad tracks in suburban Berlin, and there loaded on rail in bulk are your weapons. Every facility is given you to open and examine cases at random. Satisfied, you return and put up at the bank a credit sufficient to cover the cost of this consignment. This credit, or deposit, does not actually pass to the venders until the goods have arrived at the port of embarkation, where arrangements have been made for inspection of all cases by your own agent or inspector.

A lot of 10,000 would pass in four separate consignments, with, say, four days between them. Once past the Dutch frontier, or in the free port of Hamburg, they are out of reach of the Commission of Interallied Control, an organization of a handful of officers whose nominal function is to insist on the disarmament of Germany.

The purchase of the goods accomplished and the material concentrated in Dutch, Danish or free territory outside Germany, mark the end of the first phase of the enterprise.

A wise man will, however, arrange to retain, say, 10 per cent of the purchase price until his cargo is cleared ex-Hamburg, or whatever port is chosen. At Hamburg, transportation and warehousing are easily arranged; indeed, the whole thing can be done for you cheaply and expeditiously by the venders in Berlin or London; but there are other difficulties to be faced. Ships need clearance papers and the bald statement, "S. S. —— Munitions, arms and explosives for ——" might be unduly conspicuous. The shipping firm obligingly makes out papers covering a mixed cargo, and the arms, if mentioned, are noted as consigned to Bilbao for conversion by the industrious Spaniards of Eibar into fowling pieces.

Piers are gossiping places, and no nation whose manhood has been trained in the hard school of war is likely to have many dock laborers who will be deceived by the heft and feel of the dead weight of arms cases and squat, solid ammunition boxes. The foreman stevedore has probably been a noncommissioned officer. He will guarantee silence for a modest few millions, half down, half paid over when she clears.

"*Zu Befehl, mein Herr!*" You can rely on him.

The Watch on Arms Afloat

What you will not beat, however, is the British secret service. They probably know all about the deal. They, however, only want to be sure that these arms are not to be used against the empire. The steamer may put to sea, but if she nears the Irish coast a plume of black smoke on the horizon will herald a destroyer bustling up. If she makes Gibraltar someone will inquire what untimely sea chance brought her toward Africa with rifles in her hold. There, too, the Spanish fleet watches the traffic past the Barbary Coast as keenly as Alva's galleons kept watch for Francis Drake.

South Africa, vigorous and independent, sees closely to it that no arms reach the negroes or the Rand reds; and the guardians of India hold the Persian Gulf a closed sea to purveyors of arms. Bad for trade, perhaps; but still it is a noticeable fact that no serious trouble has been caused in any area where the importation of arms is rigidly controlled.

A British arms-trade deputation once approached the authorities and pointed out that their commercial prospects were hindered by the rules and regulations which prevented them from indulging in dubious arms ventures, whereas the French, the Italians and the Belgians enjoyed untrammeled freedom and could supply all and sundry except the British Empire with the ingredients for wholesale slaughter. An official of the Board of Trade sympathized with the deputation and agreed with all they said about the foreign trade in arms.

"But," said he, "the fact that other nations disregard their pledges is no reason why his majesty's government should break theirs."

No political pressure will alter this attitude. Great Britain, with a long and costly experience of small wars, is no more going to allow indiscriminate arms sales than the United States is likely to release the arms embargo on the Philippines.

In Europe it is different. The dream of France as mistress of Europe, Italy's conception of a revived Italian empire, Jugo-Slavia's concept of a Balkan confederation and the restlessness of Russia all stimulate the arms traffic. Little by little, monarchist Hungary gathers her war stocks together from Germany's store. Greece and Rumania look with distrust on Serbian developments. The Baltic States look to the menace of Russia and the unstable Poles and munition against the inevitable day of conflict. Even the placid Swede raises and secretly arms a strong white militia, an organization of rifle clubs analogous to the Fascisti. Japan is repairing the damage done by the earthquake—buying

(Continued on Page 137)

"I choose my tobacco, as I do my books —to fit my mood"

There's a perfect tobacco for your every mood in the famous HUMIDOR SAMPLER—Sent anywhere on 10 days' approval

TONIGHT I am in the humor for Charles Dickens. As I settle myself before the crackling log fire with an open copy of "Pickwick Papers" upon my lap, I fill my pipe with Garrick Mixture.

For my tobacco must fit my book—and both must fit my mood.

As I whiff the fragrance of this sturdy old British blend, I can almost hear the clatter of the hoofs down the London Post Road, and the shouts of conviviality from the tap rooms along the way.

A Test of the 12 Best *for only* $1.50

If you were to try all 12 of these tobaccos in full size packages, the cost would be:

Blue Boar	.25
Capstan	.30
Imperial Cube Cut [Mellow]	.30
Imperial Cube Cut [Mild]	.30
Old English Curve Cut	.15
The Garrick	.30
Carillon Club	.15
Yale Mixture	.25
Three States	.25
Lone Jack	.10
Willi's Latakia	.45
Louisiana Perique	.25
Total	$3.05

But through the *Humidor Sampler* you get a liberal "get acquainted" quantity of each for $1.50

Tomorrow, at this hour perhaps, I shall feel the throb of adventure in my veins. As I thrill to the pages of "Two Years Before the Mast," I shall furiously puff my Capstan Navy Cut—with the tang of the sea in its pungent fumes. There is nothing like the right tobacco, Brother, to add relish to a good tale.

Sooner or later, there comes to every man his perfect tobacco, for steady allegiance. But this doesn't mean that he need marry himself to it—to the exclusion of an occasional change.

The "spice of variety" will make the Old Love seem all the sweeter when he returns to it.

There were two motives that led The American Tobacco Company to create the Humidor Sampler for you—with its rich content of the world's 12 finest smoking tobaccos.

First, to help you find *your* perfect tobacco—a "steady diet" tobacco whose charm will remain endeared to your smoke taste for the rest of your life.

Second, to provide an always refreshing foil for this favorite tobacco from eleven *alternate* tobaccos of infinite variety—to respond to any humor.

No prophet can forecast which one of these twelve tobaccos will prove the long-sought soulmate for your Briar. It may be any one of them—or a combination of two or three of them. *Your own mixture!* And you'll have a lot of fun finding out.

Ten-Day Approval Offer

We are eager to send the Humidor assortment to any smoker, anywhere, on ten days' approval.

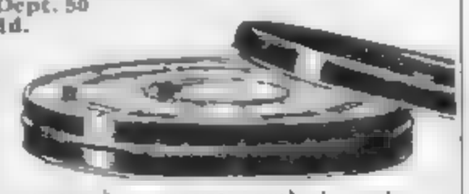
Send no money. Just sign and mail the coupon. That will bring you the Humidor assortment direct from our factories to you. When the postman brings package, deposit $1.50 with him, plus postage.

If a ten-day try-out of these tobaccos doesn't give you more real pipe pleasure than you've ever had before, besides revealing the one perfect tobacco for your taste—the cost is on us.

Simply return the Humidor, and you'll get your $1.50 and the postage back *pronto*—and pleasantly. The coupon is your obedient servant; use it.

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

The American Tobacco Co., Inc.
Marburg Branch, Dept. 50
Baltimore, Md.



Please send me, on 10 days' approval, one of your Humidor Samplers of twelve different smoking tobaccos. I will pay postman $1.50 (plus postage) on receipt—with the understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return Humidor in 10 days and you agree to refund $1.50 and postage by return mail.

Name_____

Street_____

Town_____ State_____

Note:—If you expect to be out when postman calls you may enclose $1.50 with coupon and Humidor will be sent to you postpaid

Majestic Coal Window

WORLD'S LARGEST Majestic Quality MAKERS OF COAL WINDOWS

Building Specialties

Majestic Underground Garbage Receivers—Milk and Package Receivers—All Metal Flower Boxes—All Metal Basement Windows—Fire-place Dampers—Ash Dumps—Flue Clean Out Doors.

Sold by **5,000** *Hardware, Building Supply, & Lumber Dealers Everywhere*

To You Who Are Planning a Home of Your Own

If you are planning to build a home of your own, see that a Majestic Coal Window is included in your specifications. Majestic leads the world in coal windows and sets the standard of quality. Made of Certified Malleable Iron and Keystone Copper Steel, Guaranteed Break-proof—Superior in quality, design and workmanship at no additional cost.

To Realtors and All Who Build Homes to Sell

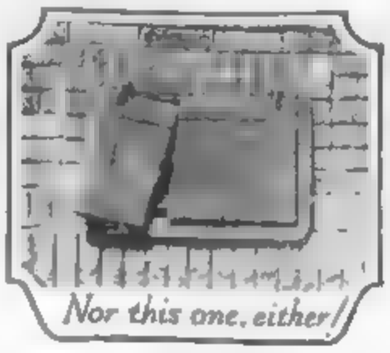
If you are building homes to sell, the Majestic Coal Window is a selling feature you can't afford to omit. The Majestic is known everywhere as the best—the coal window that is self-locking and burglar-proof; protects the entire opening and side walls when coal is delivered; increases property value· lessens depreciation and saves money.

You don't want this!

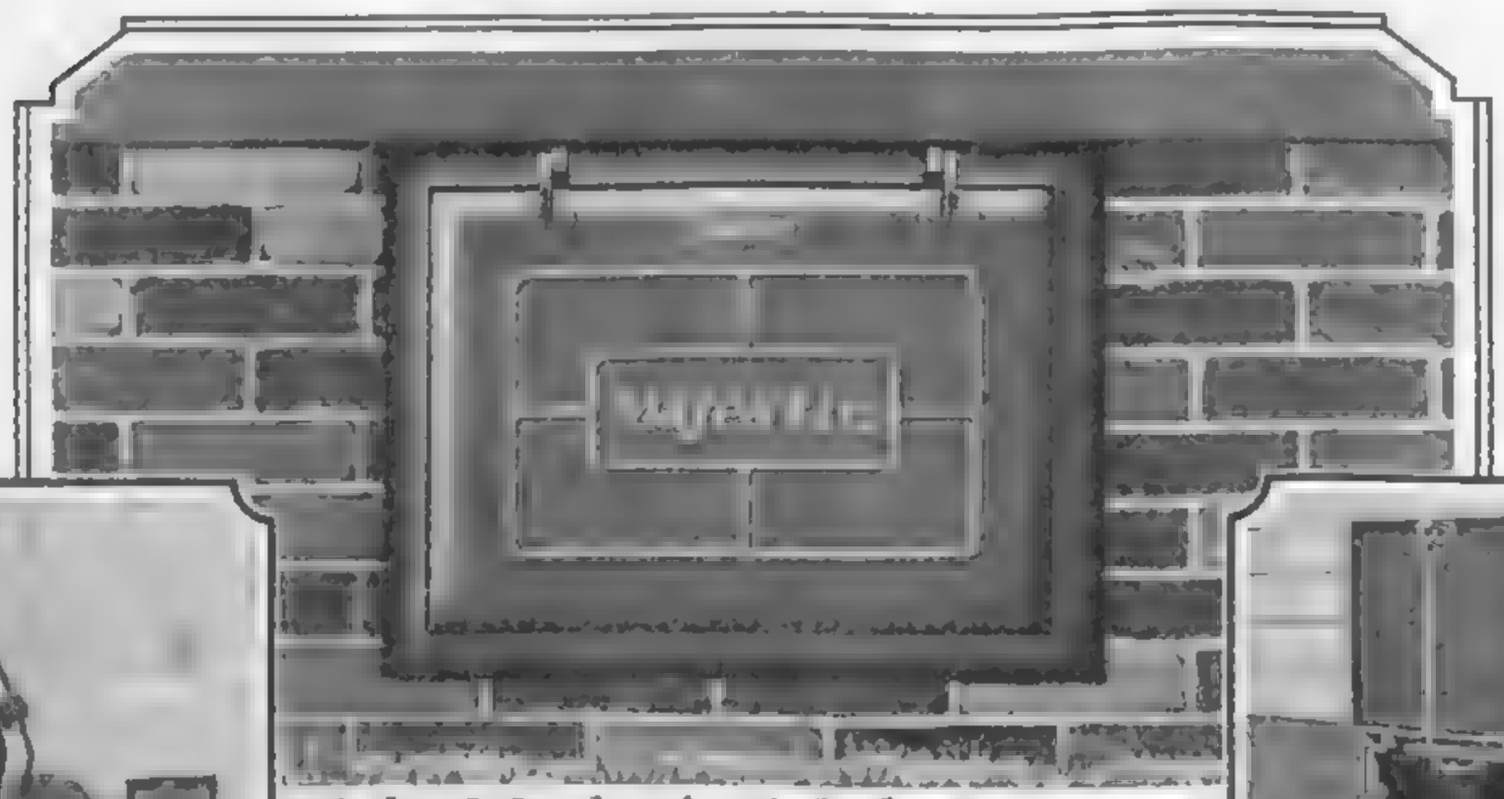
The Majestic is Break-Proof

The ordinary basement window soon looks like the one at the left when used as a coal window Wall, sash and frame battered, broken and disfigured. The Majestic Coal Window eliminates this.

The door frame or hinges of the cast iron coal windows frequently break under the heavy impact of coal as it is delivered—see illustration at the right. The Majestic Coal Window is break-proof.



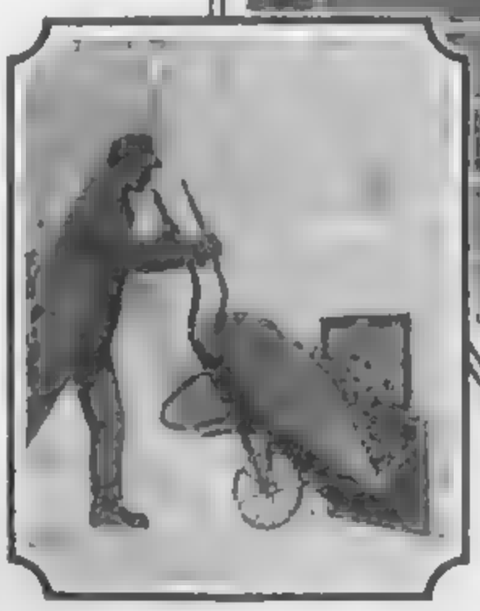
Nor this one, either!

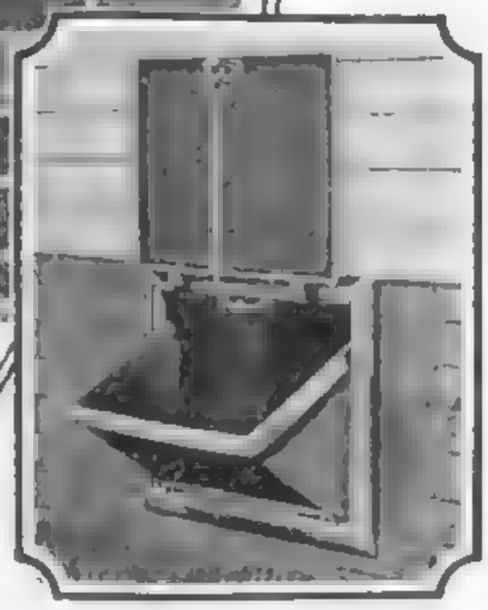


Where is her Garbage Can?

Right where it ought to be—*underground*—yet convenient and accessible, at the kitchen door. Every housewife should know about this.

Write for illustrated folder.





The Mark of a Modern Home

There are eight different styles of Majestic Coal Windows and Coal Chutes—styles and sizes for homes, stores, business buildings, apartments, etc. The No. M101 illustrated above sells for $12.00. Other styles as low as $9.00. (Slightly higher in far west.) Write for catalog and your dealer's name

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Costs You No More to Have the Best

(Continued from Page 134)

arms in Europe and quantities of phenol, the basis of their Shimose high explosive.

News of an impending or possible deal soon gets round. Recently one of the leaders of the reactionary party in Budapest dropped a hint that there was a demand for a dozen more field batteries on what may some day soon be the southeastern front. A small deal, perhaps, but one with the promise of a good deal more to follow. By trans-European express, airway and Danube steamer, the fraternity gathered—dark Italians representing some amalgamation of Italian interests, tall blond Dutchmen interested in a timber concession, an intense square-headed Dane who produced samples of Rumanian oil, a British ex-captain associated with a vaguely international business group usually at Belgrad, plump little Viennese Jews of the clothing trade, nervous Greeks who were temporarily in political exile, but whom I remembered as representing a big German concern in happier days at Athens. These were the big antagonists, not one of whom was, of course, even aware of the business. Jointly and severally they abused European conditions, the exchange, and particularly the lack of all money in Hungary. The situation was interesting, often piquant, for each knew perfectly well what the others were there for, and plot and counterplot were on foot at once.

Each had a local agent of some kind; there were also hangers-on of various political parties, intermediaries, impoverished aristocrats, cousins, and a whole host of interested persons. The chancelleries of the legations and various military missions pricked up their ears and espionage was rampant; waiters listened attentively for the lightest word; chambermaids rummaged every pocket for paper scraps; alluring but facile ladies imported a flavor of the best bookstall fiction. Alert newspaper correspondents noted the stir. Startled communists considered for the thousandth time the advisability of leaving Budapest for America. Neatly dressed aristocrats bearing the swastika emblem—the *Haken Kreuz*—in their buttonholes talked oil or timber or motor cars with the visitors. There were lunches and visits to clubs and offices, cabling, and the dispatch of letters by air mail.

The Italians, it was whispered, had official support. Mussolini would practically give the Hungarians a division of artillery as a counterpoise against the Serbian aggression. The Dutch were thought to be out of the reckoning, as they could not deliver except right across Germany and Austria, which was too risky.

Then, as suddenly as the concentration occurred, the flock scattered. The business was done. The Viennese had done it. The goods had been delivered while we waited.

A Matter of Sentiment

A month later I met an eminent Viennese clothier in Paris or London, this time really engaged in his proper calling.

"Quick work, that at Buda. How did you work it?"

"Ah, that was not business; not business at all; but sentiment—yes. We are all royalist in Vienna, tired of these Balkan canaille—yes. I was ver fond of the old man, Franz Josef; all Wien loved him, the old man; so for his grandson I undertook the deal. There were some Skoda guns near Salzburg—on an estate, you understand. A man of good family had stored them complete with all—yes.

"I have good friends in Buda. My brother is now Hungarian as I am Austrian. Such differences the war has made; what was one nation is now—how manys?

"The deal was done by my people in Buda and the guns were on board the steamers waiting off der frontier before I got on the train at Wien. In two days the money was paid and de cortège of boats came through."

"Paid in Hungarian kronen?"

The little man laughed.

"Paid in sterling on London, to my bank there," he said.

Confirmation of the transaction came to me accidentally in a curious way rather later. I was talking to a director of a big Yorkshire woolen-spinning group and discussing trade conditions in Europe.

"Do you know So-and-So's, of Vienna?" he asked. "They are sound people to deal with. They bought a mass of stuff from me, and bought it for cash. There was a few days' delay of payment; then their bankers here sent a draft for almost the whole amount, and the balance of a hundred-odd a day or two after."

"Was that about such and such a date?" I asked. "And if so what was, roughly, the amount?"

He told me, and, as I had concluded, the dates tallied; and what was more, the Viennese had sold his goods extraordinarily cheaply. Again I wondered, for the little man was a Jew, and a good Jew at that, and his deal had been with the party which ended communism in Hungary by an elementary but extraordinarily effective pogrom. It is purely speculative, of course; but I fancy there must have been some other consideration besides the money—some pledge of fairer treatment for his people, I fancy.

"Not business, but sentiment." Well, whichever way he meant it, I think the more of him for it.

In the palmy days of piracy on the high seas your tar-and-velvet ruffians never spoke openly of their calling; it was always pleasantly glossed over and called the trade, or going on the account. So, too, gun runners speak among themselves of the "business," while the goods are covered by the slang term of "the doings."

The business is a queer one, for it touches here and there with important personages, statesmen and high officials. Inevitably it moves hand in hand with big business, for its wares are, after all, the secondhand, or bargain, stock of big armament firms or governments.

Gun Runners of Other Days

This gives some of the best-known men in the business a kind of semiofficial standing—letters of marque, as it were, classing them rather as acknowledged privateers rather than pirates. The Ulster question brought old instincts to the surface, and the British aristocracy riotously reverted to the glamorous lawlessness of their ancestors. Duchesses defied the Liberal Government and carried pistols to Belfast. A stout English Conservative warehoused Ulster rifles imported from Hamburg to London at his house. A garage was an arms store known to dozens of signatories of the solemn League and Covenant, and at last came the great day, April 24, 1914, when the yacht Mountjoy ran the gantlet of a none too officious fleet and landed 20,000 rifles and 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition at Larne. The waiting and well organized Ulster volunteer force received the shipment, which was distributed throughout the loyalist centers of the six counties within twelve hours, and is still there.

The whole situation was tense, yet farcical. Once "the doings" had been safely landed, the question of responsibility was immaterial. Any of the amateur or professional gun runners engaged in the transaction would cheerfully have gone to jail, which would have been no punishment, for it would have carried no stigma, gun running at that time being a highly popular manifestation of party politics and right thinking.

Time passes and memories grow dim; but if one could talk with some of the old, old sailors, we might find more than a few still left who sailed with cargoes of arms from Liverpool to Nassau and were the blockade runners of the Civil War, returning with cotton bales for the Lancashire looms. The same generation could tell of Garibaldi and the Liberators of Italy. Old gunsmiths in Birmingham still remember the trade boom caused by the Carlist campaign. Those goods were shipped by cranky old paddle-wheel packets to Marseilles and unloaded overside into the felucca-rigged Spanish fishing craft that put out from the rugged coast between dusk and daybreak, always at the risk of a brush with the guardacostas. Joseph Conrad can tell that tale in jeweled prose as no other seafarer can.

The gun runners of the past have had their share in the making of history. The Maxim gun was never really heard of until that day in 1895 when Rhodes and "Doctor Jim" launched the ill-fated Jameson Raid against Paul Krüger and Pretoria, and the South African War of a year or two later was quickened in the womb of Time.

"Cuba Libre"—neat little brown men plotting in Paris against Butcher Weyler, and the boy Alfonso XIII. The Persian Gulf traffic, where a sound Martini could be sold for half its weight in silver or an equivalent in Bahrein pearls to pass across the Baluchi wastes to Afghanistan or the northwest frontier, where it would fetch its

Photo by courtesy U. S. Forest Service

Sport Land Supreme

Your finest summer vacation is here in this section of a thousand things to do and see

THREE features, unmatched by other districts, make this the ideal summer-vacation-land. You have *rainless days*—an entire summer of them. So each day invites to outdoor fun.

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The average mean temperatures in a great central city in this section as recorded for forty-seven years by the U. S. Weather Bureau follow:

47 Junes	[illegible]
47 Julys	[illegible]
47 Augusts	[illegible]
47 Septembers	69 deg[illegible]

Those who have been here before always bring overcoats for night driving. And they know that they sleep under blankets almost every night in summer.

But it's the complete change that does you good. You play outdoors every day whether you remain two weeks or two months. And you do the things you want to do—things that mean complete mental relaxation and physical rest.

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Motor over 4,000 miles of paved boulevards. Camp in a virgin forest. Sail. Sun yourself on the beach or battle with the rolling surf. Then after a day spent out of doors, return to gay hotels and restaurants or small, unique cafés for an evening in "another land."

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The primeval wilderness of the Ventura Mountains borders fertile orange groves.

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Here are strange sights, rare beauties that you have never seen. See them this summer. Take this trip that you have always wanted.

The special summer round trip railroad rates make it more than ever easy to come this summer. Ask any railroad ticket agent or send the coupon to us for additional information. And you'll find accommodations that suit your purse—great hotels or modest, comfortable boarding places as you choose.

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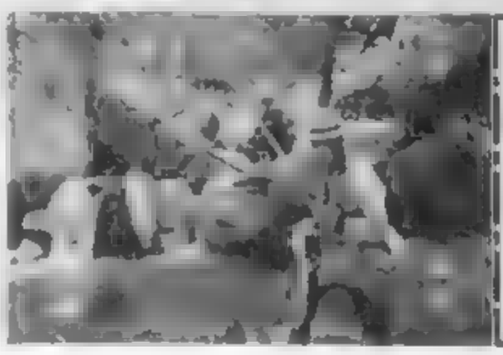

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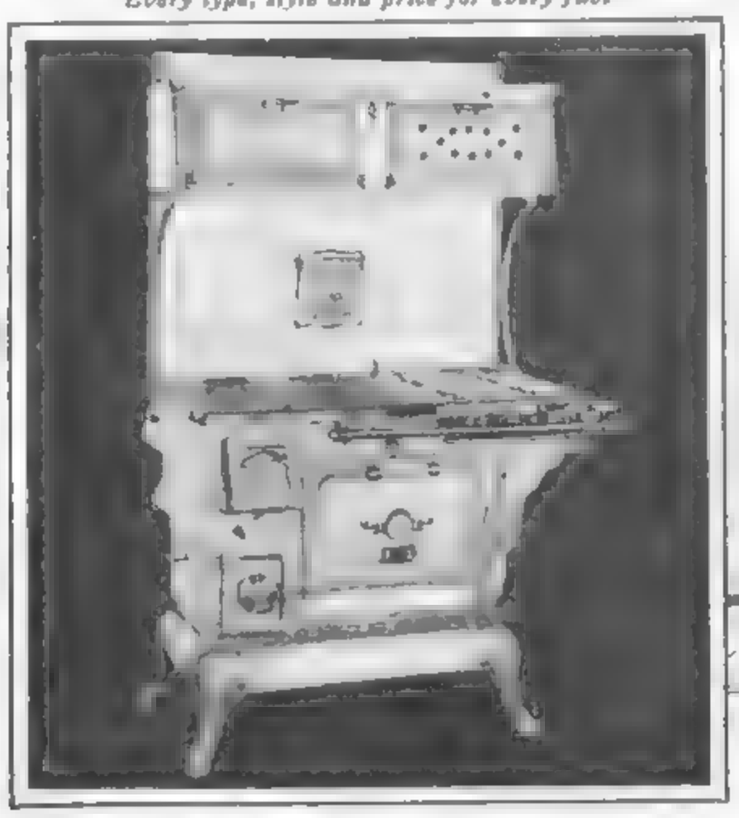

A Name That Is Your Assurance

The trademark "Alcazar" on any range is your assurance of quality

Pictured here is the peerless Alcazar Duplex—the pioneer three-fuel range and the greatest achievement in stove designing. Burns coal or wood and gas—singly or together, and changes instantly from fuel to fuel

Identified with this model is the finest line of kerosene gas cook stoves gas, coal and wood ranges that the experience of a lifetime in the business can produce

Beauty is generously expressed in all models. Every one dependable for delicious cooking and wholesome baking.

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Smart Knit Jackets and Vests for Men & Boys

PECKHAM-FOREMAN, *Inc.* 1909-1915 Park Ave. New York

weight in coined rupees, and at length cost the British raj some weightier sum in blood and gold before the little war was quelled. Five thousand cost would bring some 17,000 profit, they used to reckon in the business.

Who now remembers that Russian Red Sunday when the house of the military governor of Reval was bombed sky-high and Cossacks rode the streets like devils from hell? That was an incident connected with a dirty and rust-stained cargo boat that cleared from the Tyne to Baltic ports with a curious cargo, part of which was what was known as "Breslau oranges" and part was Browning pistols, a weapon invented in Utah, whose manufacture had just begun at Liège in Belgium, and which was till then little known to the world at large. These arms soon became the assassin's favorite throughout the world, and the Breslau oranges, which were an elementary form of picric-acid hand grenade, had been bought not ostensibly for the nihilists but for the Jewish Self-Defense League, an organization subscribed to by many of the most important members of the Jewish community in London. Armed, the oppressed Jews of Russia would defend the honor of their women. This was the purpose of the movement. It nearly blew up civilization at the time.

The weather was hard and the splash of the waves froze on bowsprit and cutwater. The old tramp lay to while grotesque Finns in fishing craft came to take off their perilous cargo. No one knew much about Breslau oranges, but a broached case of them looked abominably dangerous. The timid engineer, a youngster in his teens gaining an experience of sea life, stood at the rickety old steam winch and the craft rolled and rocked with the heavy Baltic ground swell. An error of judgment might have sent a case of oranges crashing against the side. The little fanatic who traveled as purser, and was in charge, was the only man who could talk to the fisher folk in their uncouth tongue, and he was gray with fear and seasickness. Case after case was lowered overboard.

The hard Geordie skipper kept sullen on the bridge, with an eye to the sea. At any moment a coastal cruiser or a patrol boat might bear down. Those were anxious hours till the last of the illicit cargo had been transshipped and the little man went shivering down the ladder and so on into the dark, mysterious czarist Russia.

With relief we all heard the engine-room bells signal the resumption of the voyage to off-load a general cargo at Reval and return with hides and timber. Failure at the business is a dangerous thing. A merciful shell amidships or no trial and a long trip to Siberia was what we risked, and we knew the risks we ran.

Arms for Europe and Asia

That adventure was nearly twenty years ago, but I wonder if the world has heard the last dim echo of those Breslau oranges yet.

Latterly the Baltic has been a great arena for gun-running ventures, for red Russia needed arms even more than money during the worst phases of the campaign towards world revolution. In Europe money was hard to win, governments unstable, cautious and at heart afraid; and the profiteering business man, grown sleek and impudent on easily won blood money during the war, had lost all sense of decency and responsibility. Bolshevik gold was as good as any other gold to him. Finland, Latvia and Lithuania, uneasy little nations, restless on the edge of calamity, are armed to their limits. On the Asian side the Caucasian states and the mushroom republics of Georgia, Azerbaijan, Samarkand, and even far Mongolia, were in the throes of revolution, and red Russia's need for more arms—for arms are the yeast of disaster—was great. Here and there unreliable little bodies of white Russians were in the field. These were backed by the Allied powers, and were in most cases able to draw on the existing war supplies accumulated in Europe by the old Russian Government. Such is the nature of the Russian character that no one could really tell who was white and who was red

The Soviet Government, unable to buy in the open market and to a certain extent blockaded by its fringe of white independent or hostile states, was obliged to obtain its supplies by stealth. It appointed agents on a business basis and found folk ready to deal

In 1921 the Russian demand was for the standard Russian service rifle known as the Three Line. Supplies of these existed in England and in America, where war stocks had been accumulated and were still held by various disposal commissions. It is a regrettable fact that the British-held stock was sold to a well-known British arms dealer who bought it on behalf of a group of Russians of undoubted white connection for resale to the Greeks. This particular lot amounted to some 49,000 stands of arms and approximately 30,000,000 cartridges, about 600 rounds to every rifle. The rifles had to be assembled in England, for they had been dismantled into stocks, barrels and bolts, stored at separate places. The whole were put together near Woolwich, packed in cases and stowed on board a steamer, and she put to sea for Greece, only to change her course for Petrograd in the Baltic.

This change of course was resented by the crew, who had no use for Bolsheviks or Russia, and the vessel, in a state of mutiny, put into a Swedish port, where the matter was taken in hand by the authorities. Investigation followed and the innocence of the arms dealer was proved and no proceeding taken against him. The responsible agent was, in fact, one who enjoys the privilege of American citizenship. He was not prosecuted, although closely examined and placed under surveillance by the police authorities. The result of this venture was the rigid tightening up of arms control in Great Britain and the imposition of new regulations which make evasion difficult if not impossible. Warned by this occurrence, the authorities at Washington placed a rigid embargo on the sale of Russian stocks in the U. S. A.

Profits for Politicians

Irish political enterprise was enjoying one of its periods of activity at this time and arms were in great demand for use against the British. Large shipments never reached the rebels because the surveillance was too close; but much more vigorous measures would have been necessary to prevent the perpetual secret traffic in the smuggling and sale of odd half dozens of secondhand revolvers by members of ships' crews on craft trading with Ireland.

With the conclusion of the treaty between Great Britain and the south of Ireland, and the cessation of hostilities against the British, a state of semiwar broke out in the north. To enable the new and unstable Free State Government to put down disorder in the south, the British Government was obliged to supply the new Free State Army with a certain amount of war material. Ulster, roused by this possible menace to her integrity, revived the old Ulster volunteer force and applied to England with success for a grant of arms and money. The new force, however, was a police organization rather than a military one, and the arms supplied by the Home Government were inadequate to meet the demand. Ulster thereupon bought large supplies of revolvers and serviceable rifles to supplement the stores.

By 1922 the Irish situation, so far as arms were concerned, presented some complex problems. The north had bought openly and formally through regular channels. The south, on the other hand, was divided into Republicans, Free Staters, and Red Laborites, and all three parties were buying arms in secret. The Free Staters comprised a military group who did not ignore the financial possibilities of these transactions as a source of personal profit, and there were also the politicians' group and other bright worthies who saw a chance of making a profit. There was no particular enthusiasm over what became of the arms so long as they were bought, and the result was a scandalous chronicle of shipments sailing from Hamburg or Antwerp being immediately disclosed to the authorities by the purchasers of the arms themselves in order that they might be promptly captured and no harm done to either side.

The betrayal of the arms traffic, no less than the assassination of leading warriors on both sides, did much to ease the situation; but it is a fairly open secret that a good deal more trouble is brewing, and if a new movement is initiated now that British control has lapsed everywhere in the north, Ireland will be a magnificent market from the point of view of "the business."

The strangest folk of all are those on the outside edge of the business—the commission agents and runners, the mean little introducers of would-be clients who talk

(Continued on Page 141)

Do you feel *"alive"* after the day's work?

CAN you take eight hours of "gaff" from business, then be ready for an evening's frolic with the kids, a game of cards, a show, or a dance, and enjoy it? Is your vitality all gone before you reach the "dessert course" of the day? Better look to your feet.

That delicately-formed weight-bearing structure of your foot arch is important—and it is going to have a lot to say about your day's activities unless you treat it right. In ordinary shoes it is allowed to sag and become strained. That is why you fag out early in the afternoon and have your nerves on edge.

Give it the proper support by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe—the shoe with a real "chassis"—and your feet will go clear through the hardest, busiest day and hanker for more. They will be active, vigorous, comfortable, because the concealed, built-in arch bridge prevents all strain, while the other features of this shoe prevent pinching of the nerves and blood vessels.

Happy feet, yet the smartest style. Arch Preserver Shoes are made in the finest leathers, and for all occasions. And the Arch Preserver construction helps them hold their shape permanently.

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Send for this booklet

Your feet can help you to a bigger, better success! Or, they can hinder you! Send for this booklet, "The Footpath to Success," and read about how to make your feet help. Straight-from-the-shoulder facts about feet—your feet! Write today

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Zonite
the World War Antiseptic
most remarkable chemical discovery of the century

Out of the horrors of history's most devastating war came one really great achievement. The Carrel-Dakin solution reduced deaths from infection among the wounded from seventy per cent to less than one per cent. This new antiseptic actually *wiped out* infection. It was the good angel of the war, but scientists hoped to make it also the servant of peace. For years the great antiseptic defied their efforts to stabilize it. Requiring, as it did, to be made up in new supply daily, the solution was available only to well-equipped hospitals.

NOW, at last, success has crowned these efforts. In the form called Zonite, the great World War antiseptic is yours. For the first time in history, every home can know the security of a powerful infection-halting and disease-preventing antiseptic that is non-poisonous. Zonite, though it is harmless in the hands of a child, possesses forty times the germicidal strength of any solution of carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury that can be safely applied to the human body. Zonite in the family medicine chest ushers in a new era of contagion-prevention and real, deep-seated antiseptic cleanliness.

WHAT IT DOES

***For Preventing Contagious Diseases*—**Until the discovery of this form of antiseptic, it was impossible to introduce freely into the mouth and nose any antiseptic solution of equal strength, to destroy disease germs effectively. It is in the prevention of germ diseases, therefore, that Zonite finds one of its greatest fields of usefulness. During epidemics of colds, grippe, scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, whooping cough, sore throat and other respiratory diseases, when every sneeze and draft scatters millions of germs, Zonite should be used frequently as a throat spray and nasal douche.

***As a Nasal Spray*—**Zonite quickly cleans up the nasal passages and soothes and relieves congested membranes and catarrhal conditions. Note—Atomizer fittings in which Zonite is used must be of hard rubber.

Rash, Skin Eruptions yield readily to the application of Zonite. A few trials will demonstrate whether or not the antiseptic will be of service. Chronic skin troubles and skin troubles induced by system disorders should receive the attention of a physician.

***For the Scalp*—** The application of Zonite to the scalp in a dilution of one part Zonite to five parts water before shampooing is an excellent precaution not only to kill the germs but also to cleanse and loosen the scales and incrustations that have been caused by the adherence of dust particles which carry millions of germs.

***Sore Throat*—**Nearly all the ailments of the throat are due to bacterial infection. Prompt relief, therefore, cannot be obtained without the use of an effective germicide. Zonite is effective even in severe cases, but your physician should of course be consulted.

***Bad Breath (halitosis)*—**Breath odors are usually caused by a bacteriological condition of the mouth. Zonite has real germicidal power, yet it can be used freely in the mouth. Its effect is more thorough and more lasting than many mouth washes heretofore used for this purpose.

***For Cuts and Wounds*—**Zonite should be promptly applied to a fresh cut or wound to destroy the germs which cause blood poisoning and other similar forms of infection. In addition to acting as a disinfectant, it will shorten the process of healing and greatly reduce the usual pain and inflammation.

***As a Mouth Wash*—**A solution of one teaspoonful Zonite added to one-quarter glass of water used night and morning as a mouth wash will destroy breath odors and act as an excellent preventive against gum diseases and other infections of the mouth and teeth. Dental authorities have stated that the daily use of Zonite in this manner, together with regular dental inspection, reduces the likelihood of contracting these diseases to a minimum.

***For Burns, Scalds and Blisters*—** Zonite is especially valuable in the treatment of burns, scalds and blisters. It prevents infection, aids in removing charred or dead tissue, helps to reduce inflammation, and accelerates healing. It also lessens scars and disfigurations that are apt to follow wounds of this character.

***Non-Poisonous*—**Zonite, while deadly to germs, is harmless to man and beast; and no fatal accident can ever come through its presence in the household. It is absolutely non-poisonous. It is a clear, colorless liquid that leaves no lasting odor. It is the last word of science on the subject of antiseptics. Send for the Zonite "Handbook on Antiseptics", which describes fully the protection which the antiseptic brings to the home.

• • •

Standard laboratory tests show Zonite is germicidally fifty times as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen. Yet despite its strength, Zonite is non-caustic, non-irritating and non-poisonous. In the home, Zonite is absolutely safe. Zonite Products Company, Division D, 342 Madison Ave., New York City.

(Continued from Page 138

glibly of millions, and are poorly dressed and down at heel. They come to our offices full of mystery, blandly oblivious to the fact that the very nature of their inquiry is in itself an indication of its eventual destination. A demand for .303 rifles or .455 revolvers means indubitably British possessions—possibly Ireland, maybe in Africa or toward Afghanistan. Inquiries for seven millimeter Mausers for "America" mean Mexico in nine cases out of ten. Demands for small-caliber Mannlichers are no less certainly for Greece, while 7.9 millimeter Mausers indicate the Baltic, Russia, which can get no more Three Lines—unless the American arms companies dispose of their stocks, if President Coolidge reverses the late President's dictum—or possibly China and the Far East.

Stocks fluctuate, but usually the required arms are available. A Dutch trader showed me his warehouse stacked high with the familiar arms chests.

"Three months or more ago," said he, "I was empty and all these were sold and afloat; but it did not go right, and in the end I bought them back for half what they paid me." He looked momentarily dejected at the sight of so much dead stock on his hands, but continued, "But they will go again surely. My friends wait—that is all."

There are no published statistics concerning the business, but last year about 800,000 rifles changed hands and deals affecting some 300,000 were detected and stopped. Other projects, which included the rearmament of Jugo-Slavia and a moderately large expedition to the Rifs, collapsed owing to political reasons. In the first case too much greediness spoiled the Serbian deal; in the second case the defeat of the Spanish army rearmed the Rifs at no expense.

With international agreement, the big deals could always be prevented; but the mean little transactions, where a handful of arms needed to equip a small band of political assassins are wanted, can never really be effectually prevented. No chain of responsibility yet forged to defeat the illegal arms traffic can preclude the possibility of "theft at the docks." Dock thieves cost every country in the world incredible sums annually, and concerted action between common criminals and political criminals is bound to produce a loophole through which arms may escape.

Leakage Toward the East

Gun-running methods are naturally fairly flexible; yet when the large masses of goods involved are considered, it is easily understood why in nine cases out of ten the freight is carried by canal boats wherever possible. Arms chests are big and expensive, and one can estimate at least fifty cents extra per rifle and 500 rounds as the minimum cost of bulk packing on a big transaction. Railroad transport is dangerous and expensive, and an element of risk occurs with each handling or transshipment of the goods. As a result, the business naturally prefers to use the quiet waterways and interlinked canal systems of the English Channel, Holland, Belgium and Germany. By water you can get across to the Rhine at Regensburg, far away from occupied territory, and from there it is not far to the great Danubian canal-and-river route which runs to the Black Sea

The customs surveillance of river traffic is often corrupt and casual; it is either no one's affair or a few dollars make it no one's affair. Enough mixed war material to fill four 5000-ton ships has been towed this year by placid canal boats from Holland to the Wesel system, across Germany to the Austrian river system and so down the highway of Middle Europe through Jugo-Slavia, Hungary, and into the strange lawlessness of the Black Sea, whence it can move unhampered to red Russia, Turkey or the closed lands of Central Asia. No one knows where it has gone. It takes time, of course; two and a half months or more, perhaps, from sea to sea. And then the strange cargoes vanish beyond the range of inquisitive consuls, beyond trade reports, into the sheer unknown.

The world at large is uneasily conscious that in due course—and not an immeasurable span of years away—the next challenge will come out of the East. It will not be a localized affair, a long-range campaign between one Eastern and one Western nation, but a definite enunciation of the doctrine that the supremacy of the white race is no longer indisputable and may perchance be overthrown by a direct appeal to arms. These arms are going East.

It is probably true that if we pooled the whole arms stocks of all the gun runners in the world we should not get enough material to run a couple of fully equipped army corps for a week of modern full-dress fighting. The war departments of the powers know this pretty well, and the world as a whole has now a misty apprehension of what modern warfare involves in material and wastage.

Intelligence departments have been reduced in economy campaigns. The brains that were at their disposal during the war years have gone back to civilian life, and in most cases the services cannot hope to control the gun running, owing to the ticklish international legal points involved.

As a result there is a tendency—an inspired tendency—for the authorities to close their eyes to these transactions; or if the scandal cries to high heaven, they proclaim that a few million rifles make little difference in a modern war.

The Fate of the Captured

Quite true, one box of matches is not a conflagration, but just one match dropped in a dry forest may well start one. They underestimate the desire to provoke conflict that exists in many quarters.

A greasy little alien in London had a modest business of sweated girl labor in the feather and plumage trade. An act forbidding the use of bird plumage was passed and he found that the wild-life-protection enthusiasts had robbed him of his main livelihood. This made him angry with the whole British Empire, and he is now an earnest ally of the Bolsheviks and a supporter of all shady enterprises, such as the smuggling of small packets of prohibited arms to the negroes of the West Coast, and even the purchasing of smuggled dope for resale to the outcast and night-life element round the docks.

Some day he might have a chance to arm some group of political extremists and cause some small rising, say, in India, which would need a firm hand to put down. His interest in the business is partly money, but even more, malignant hatred. And though fortunately he is known and watched, there is always a danger that he might start something. In every country men like this are to be found, and political hatred is an incalculable and dangerous force.

Gun running and the profits to be derived therefrom seem to exercise rather a fascination over those shady radical politicians who foment native agitations of various kinds. When the Near Eastern question was perplexing the British Foreign Office and Kemal Pasha's troops in Anatolia gazed longingly on Stamboul, which was held by Allied bayonets, a merry little enterprise—a projected enterprise of gun running with all sorts of quite well-known people's names attached to it—was amusing the official departments which deal with these things. As things turned out, Kemal's friends in England did not burn their fingers, but a boatful of sympathetic French support was incontinently captured in the Mediterranean.

The fate of captured gun runners is never very certain. If the hostile government is very barbarous or very discreet, gun runners never get captured but are simply lost at sea. The ships concerned are usually only working on charter and are well insured.

If less drastic measures are employed and the ship is captured, after a few days or weeks of delay the stores are either confiscated by the captors or more often simply sunk overboard at some convenient spot. The crew may await trial or be allowed to return with the boat.

In cases of legal perplexity—say, a case where the capture took place outside territorial waters and under high-handed conditions—the cargoes have been known to be stored and warehouse charges piled on so recklessly that all question of ownership was willingly waived when the stuff was seized for debt, and everybody quite pleased to see it broken up for old iron. In this way awkward questions of international authority are avoided, and once a cargo is detained for inquiries to be made it is a thousand to one against it ever reaching the original destination or the outside world hearing much about its fate.

The profits, however, are set high enough to discount a good deal of risk. On an

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The Sullivan Machinery Company, Chicago, saves that annually by using Ditto for order-and-invoice work. Thousands of other Ditto users are daily saving hundreds of hours and thousands of dollars by this modern method of eliminating rewriting.

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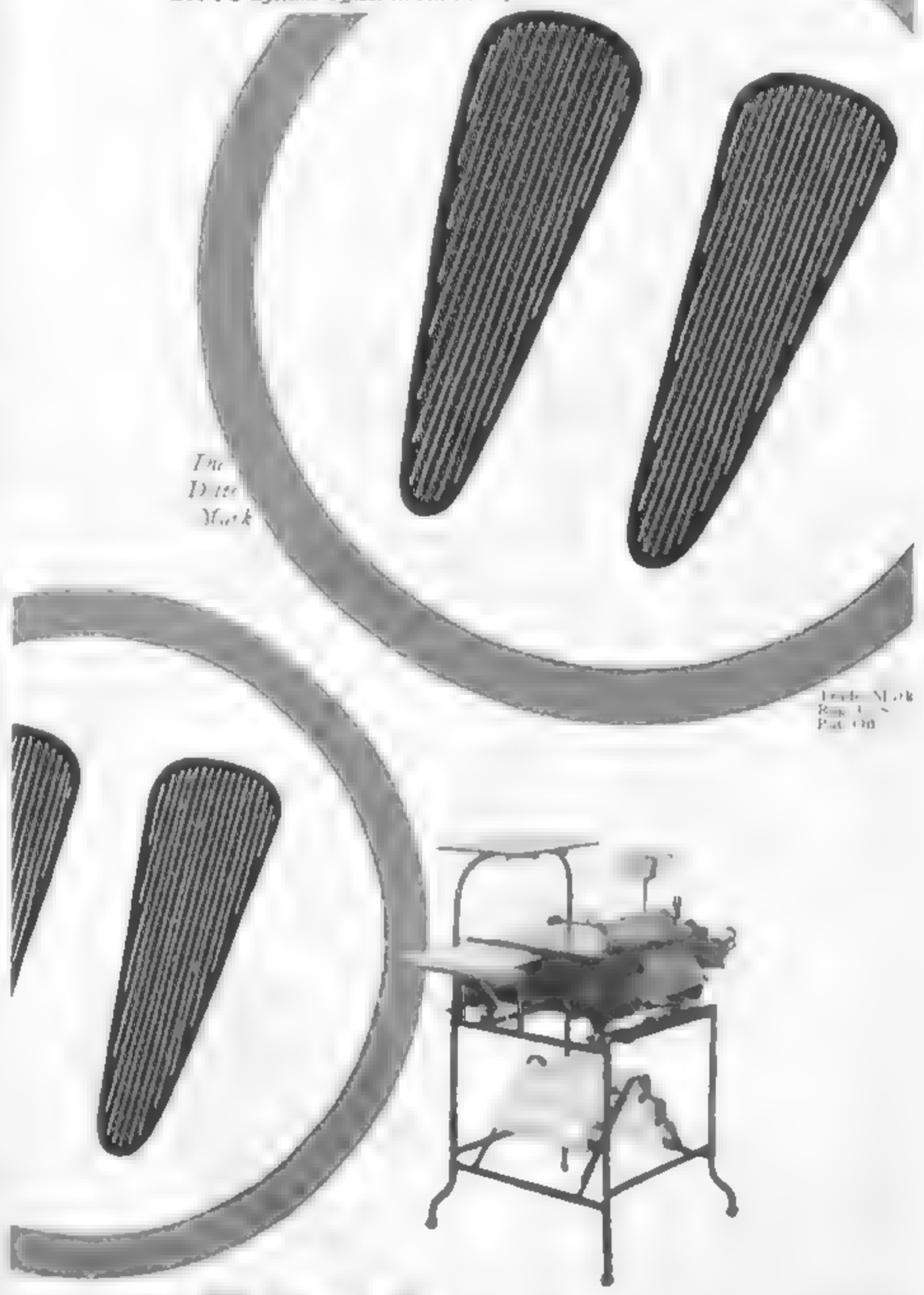

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"Sloppy going, George. The car won't look very good when we drive to the theatre this evening, will it?"

"Yes'm. It'll be as shiny as it was this morning."

"But you won't have time to wash it!"

"No'm—I never wash it. It's *Simonized*. So I can make it shine like new just by rubbing it up with cheesecloth. Only takes five or ten minutes."

"But won't the mud scratch the finish, when you rub it?"

"No'm—the Simoniz protects the finish. It's the only thing I ever use—nothing else like it."

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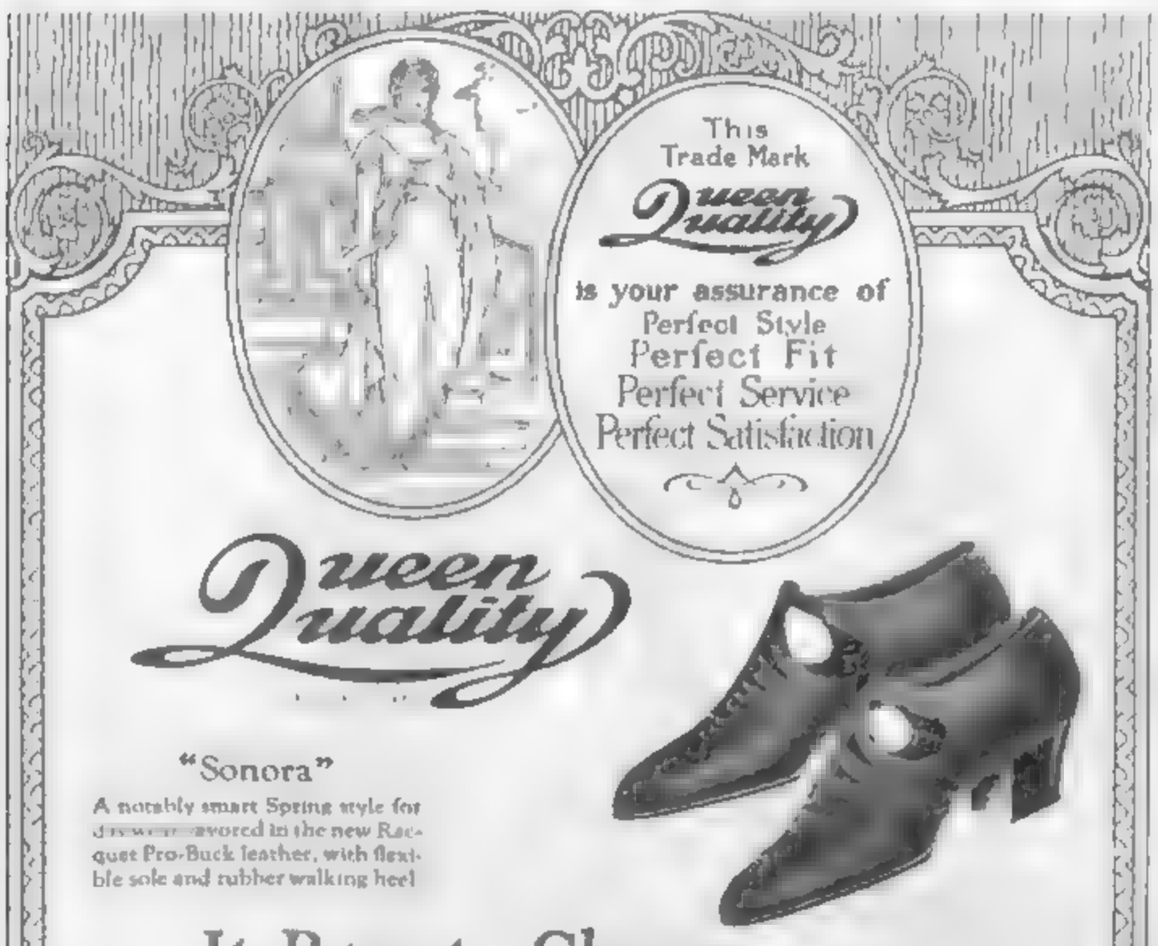

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America's best-known footwear, for all occasions, for every requirement of women, misses, and children. Everywhere good stores are featuring QUEEN QUALITY styles—invitingly new, completely satisfying—at prices from $5.50 to $10.00.

Your dealer's address, with a beautifully illustrated folder of advance Spring styles, FREE, on request.

THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY, *Makers*

89 BICKFORD STREET, BOSTON (20), MASSACHUSETTS

average transaction of, say, 50,000 units—that is, rifle, belt, bayonet, bandolier and 500 rounds of ammunition—these may be bought at ten dollars and sold at twenty-seven to thirty dollars—say $1,000,000 gross profit. Even if transport, commissions, graft and what not eat up a third of this, a clean $650,000 can be cleared on a good fat deal.

The distribution of this plunder is sometimes peculiar, and very often the purchasing individuals get as much profit out of the transaction as the actual gun runner, or more. Even when arms or war stores are bought by a genuine government, the amount of graft claimed by officials is often stupendous. On the average it can be said that the governments of some countries usually have to pay about three times the real price for aëroplane parts, aërial bombs and dropping gear in order that their various missions and diplomatic representatives may make a handsome profit.

The officers and crews of the cargo boats which carry these dubiously discreet loads usually receive a bonus equivalent to half a month's extra pay as caution money, and in some cases an additional half month's bonus on safe return to port. To bribe them too highly is a mistake, for nothing attracts more attention than a sailor with money to burn.

Gun running today has odd side lines, for weapons have changed. Aeroplane parts—and in particular war gear for aëroplanes—are no less contraband than machine guns, and equally salable.

As for gas, the raw materials go openly as chemicals; and as for the apparatus—cylinders, pipe, batteries, anti-gas gear and the like—when the war finished there were hundreds of tons of gear available, and none of it of any earthly use for any other purpose. Today you cannot pick up a hundredweight!

As for rifles, artillery and machine guns, stocks still exist, but not enough to meet the demand for this commodity in "ruined Europe."

The French are protesting against the revival of production in the German factories, the Russian arsenals are beginning to function quietly on their own, and even the protesting French cannot point to stagnation at St.-Etienne or the Creusot and Schneider-Canet works.

Well, there is one thing that is a fairly safe moral certainty, and that is that if an uncontrolled traffic in new or secondhand arms is permitted by the nations of the world, they will sooner or later want to use them in warfare—a diversion which is not really going to do anybody any good; always excepting the gun trader of course.

THE EFFECT OF PROHIBITION UPON REALTY VALUES

(Continued from Page 15)

not only recovering lost ground but taking decided strides beyond former peak prices.

Now this is what the realty broker who had studied the history of the effect of state prohibition knew. So it was not so much the fear of depreciation in price which disturbed him as the gigantic problem of disposition.

Not only was the saloon the object of attack but practically every hotel proprietor throughout the country, representing a tremendous investment, was in a quandary how to meet changed conditions, and very much worried whether he could meet, not only his expenses but his rent as well.

In addition, the brewery owners were confronted with a far greater problem, because they held special buildings, erected for special and particular purposes, and were upon the horns of another dilemma; only theirs was far more perplexing. Distilleries were the breweries' twin brothers; in fact they were Siamese twins.

This is particularly a story of how the corpse was buried, for the job has been done with startling success. Thousands of saloons have gone out of business; other thousands of restaurants have either adjusted their affairs to the new conditions or given way to other branches of trade endeavor. Thousands of breweries, distilleries and wholesale liquor warehouses are now, in the main—not. Additional thousands of hotels that faced the problem of how to give up their bars without the use of red ink on their books solved the difficulty.

And thereby hangs our tale. These problems have met a happy ending.

New Tenants at High Rentals

Let us begin with the corner saloon; it was the most widespread real-estate problem. It was very different from the hotel, because the saloon was a comparatively small investment in proportion to the latter. Now a strange thing happened in and around New York City. Many saloons had occupied most prominent corners. Some of them presented opportunities for representation—I mean opportunities for national advertising purposes—far beyond the worth of the space for mere merchandising purposes. The chain stores waited in line for them. They outbid one another, and in almost all cases the prominent locations brought more money than the saloons ever paid for them. The chain grocery stores took up many of the others in less prominent spots. Many saloons had leases made before the neighborhoods had changed for the better, and they subleased the properties at a substantial profit. In this way the situation was dealt with in a complete and profitable manner.

There is a peculiar condition which surrounds a certain kind of building—one where the space is used for a limited length of time per day. The largest saloon, occupying considerable space, at its busiest times would really have use for but a small portion of its space. This is also a condition with a billiard hall. It is necessarily so with a theater. Now the chain stores sensed the saloon situation. Many of them could do business in a very small space. They required no tables, chairs or lounging space; in fact the founder of the largest chain tobacco stores told me that the keystone of his business was founded on the inability of the store to permit a customer to remain longer than the consummation of a purchase. So the larger space was cut up by the chain store into small stores, utilized for business purposes requiring small and frequent purchases, and in this manner better utilization became immediate.

The Hotel Men's Plight

The saloon was practically a one-man business. One could run an endless number of stores from a main center, but not saloons; in fact in most states it was unlawful to do so. One prominent grocer in New York City wants but a dollar per day profit from each of his stores. A large candy manufacturer advertises the slogan A Penny a Pound Profit. Now the saloon man had to live from the profits of his one establishment. The chain store, if its location is successful, can part with a portion of its profit as additional rent so that, all in all, the transition from saloon to the various branches of merchandising has resulted not only in an increase of value but in a much higher grade of investment, and also in at least a better outlook for the future in point of permanent returns. Likewise the restaurateur is better able to pay rent, even though he does but a legitimate business. People eat more and more frequently. They pay better prices. They have the money they formerly spent in saloons to aid them in doing so.

The hotel, however, presented a vastly different and far more stubborn problem, because its furnishings were in many cases very elaborate and expensive. The saloon fixtures could be hauled off in a truck and that's that, but if a hotel with two hundred rooms or over found itself unable to pay the rent because its bar had been put out of business, the owner couldn't dump at least two hundred thousand dollars' worth of stuff on trucks and rent the place to a chain grocer. Many different solutions had to be found before the hotel was out of trouble or out of business without damage to its realty value.

At first some of the managers experimented with cider at two dollars a bottle, but they didn't get very far with that. Then, with great apprehension, nearly all of them raised the prices of rooms and food. That was sound and almost immediately

(Continued on Page 145)

Luscious Breakfasts—*with More Vim*

—Note the Better Days that Follow

HERE, men, is the secret of millions of better days—days of clearer thinking, smoother action, greater accomplishment and more success.

The formula is *better breakfasts* — all-important meals because they *start* each day.

Begin these breakfasts with delicious prunes, a rare dish when prepared as we suggest them elsewhere on this page. Tender, luscious, plump and juicy—the true California flavor!

Here are nearly 1300 calories of energizing nutriment per pound—digestible in one-tenth the time that some foods require, so you feel the quick effects.

Among all vegetables and fruits, prunes are also one of the best eight iron foods, and iron makes for strength.

And prunes supply two vitamines that everybody needs.

More than 60,000 doctors—an investigation shows—make prunes their regular breakfast fruit because they know these benefits. They know the value of the fruit-salts and the pulp of prunes.

Make prunes your habit-fruit at breakfast, for their deliciousness and for the body-tone they give you.

Try it for ten days and see. Prunes are both good and good *for* you. Note the greater zest at breakfast, and the better days that follow.

Prunes are economical—one of the least expensive of all foods.

The finest hotels and best restaurants everywhere serve prunes, so you can get them anywhere.

From Sun-Sweetened Juicy Plums

Ask those who buy the food to order Sunsweet Prunes. They are late-crop, fresh, new prunes, made from tender, plump sun-sweetened plums, brought to juicy ripeness on the tree.

These juicy plums in drying become delicious, tender prunes. You don't know how good prunes can be until you've tried this kind.

Sold in fresh, clean 2-lb. cartons; or in bulk, from sanitary 25-lb. boxes at all stores.

Mail coupon for handy packet containing 45 selected recipes. Clip the coupon so you won't forget.

Best Way To Cook Breakfast Prunes

First, soak them over night or for several hours at least. Second, cook slowly until tender in the water in which they were soaked. Third, use plenty of water so the fruit will be "loose." Fourth, do not cook them too long as they will become too soft. Flavor with cinnamon, sliced lemon, or orange juice. Sugar to taste.

The Handy 2-lb. Carton.

SUNSWEET Prunes

Selected from Ripe, Juicy Plums

CALIFORNIA PRUNE & APRICOT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
11,000 Grower-Members
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[illegible] Market St., San Jose, Calif.
Please send me your handy packet of 45 Sunsweet Recipes.

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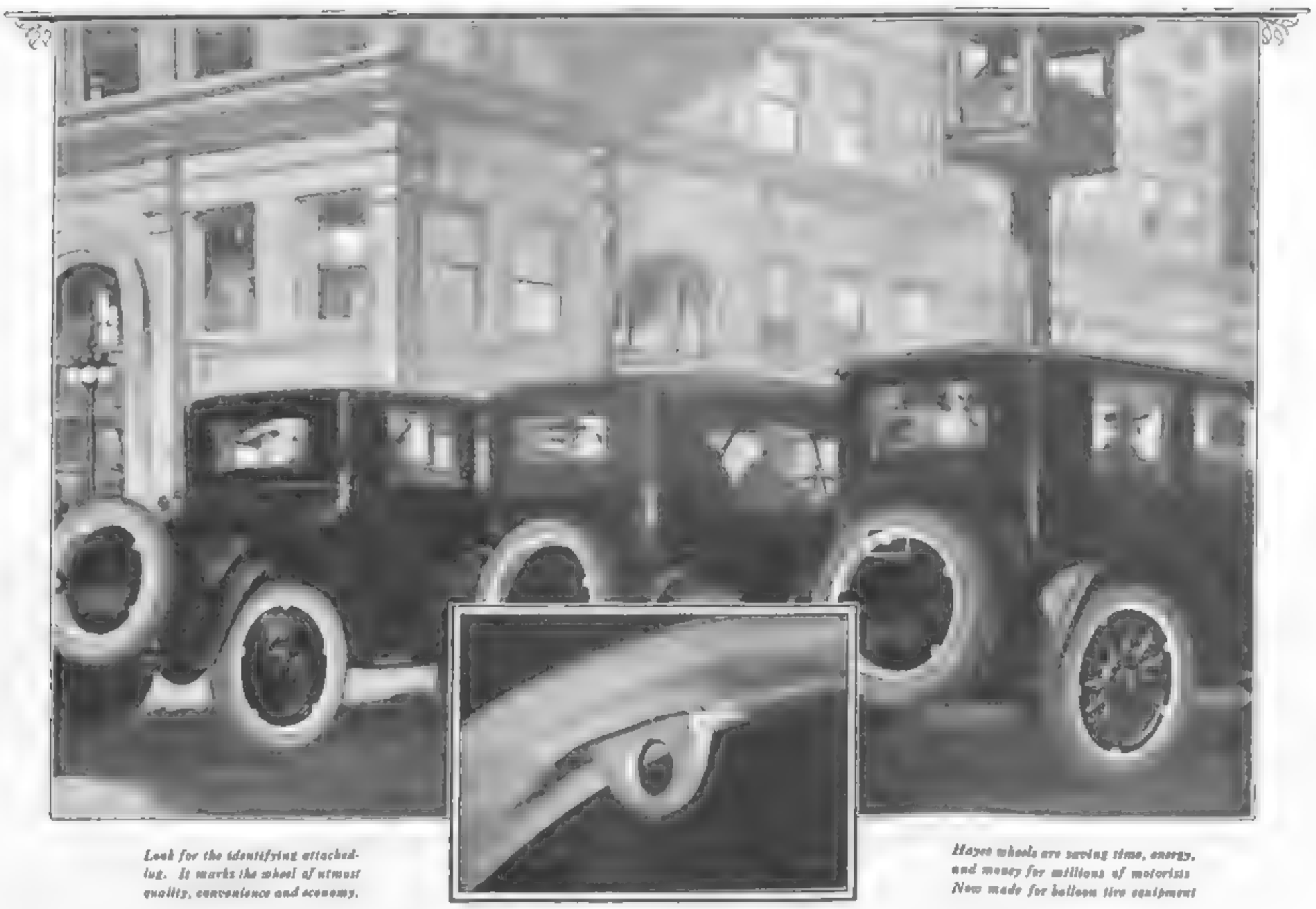

Look for the identifying attached-lug. It marks the wheel of utmost quality, convenience and economy.

Hayes wheels are saving time, energy, and money for millions of motorists Now made for balloon tire equipment

Practically *One* Car In Every *Two* Has Hayes Wheels

Along boulevard or by-road—wherever duty dictates or crowds congregate—there go millions of motor cars. There, too, go Hayes wheels *standard equipment on approximately 50% of all motor cars in America.*

The moment you look at the spare rim of a car—see the lugs fastened to it—you know that car has the most approved type of wheel—the Hayes.

To women or men to whom moments are precious, that once disturbing thought, the inevitable tire change, has ceased to have the same significance. With Hayes wheels, changing tires is accomplished in half the usual time. There are no loose lugs to lose. Held securely in perfect alignment the rim stays right and tight. It cannot come out of line, and cannot cause uneven and wasteful wear on tires and bearings.

Every lug bolt bears its portion of the driving thrust instead of the customary practice of concentrated strain at a single point in the wheel's circumference.

Why not have all of these advantages on your car? Look for the lug on your next car. See that the wheels are Hayes. We can now furnish balloon tire equipment.

HAYES WHEEL COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, Jackson, Michigan

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HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

(Continued from Page 142)

lifted a great number out of their difficulty. Their principal competition was with restaurants of the better sort, which had also been selling liquor, but those restaurants were either raising the price of food or going out of business also. But the most important revenue-producing change in hotels began with renting the space formerly occupied by the bar to a merchant. This the realty expert knew was the first step. Then he discovered that there was ample space for a lot of other stores. By making a few changes he could offer merchants show windows facing both the street and the lobby. Then again, first-floor restaurants were removed to the mezzanine or second floor. This helped to solve the problem for a lot of them.

But not every hotel was so situated or constructed as to make this solution possible. The proportion of bar receipts to other income would vary, of course, very widely with different establishments. Scores of hotels could not survive, even after landlords had made adjustments in the tenants' rent. In this article we are not considering the fate of the hotel, but the real estate. Therefore the hotel man who went out of business because of prohibition may read with astonishment a statement that the problem was solved by turning the establishment into an office building, which brought larger returns than the hotel. This statement can be accounted for by easy arithmetic: A room averages twelve by sixteen feet, or, roughly, two hundred square feet. A high rent for wholesale hotel space would be two dollars per night per room, predicated upon three hundred nights per year, or six hundred dollars per room annually. Now it was quite easy to obtain three dollars per square foot for office space; so the owner recovered first or ground floor space, also considerable second-floor space and considerable of the basement space, which had been given to Mister Hotel Man as a by-product incident to his utilization of the rooms. That happened in numerous instances in the larger cities; and for the purposes of this article, it is the happy ending.

The majority of hotel keepers who survived were most agreeably surprised to see how the public rose to the situation. Though the period of adjustment was very trying to all of them, the new air of restfulness which pervaded the establishment after the bar had been closed was most agreeable to everyone from manager to bootblack.

Converted Breweries

Next let us consider the brewery. A lot of people, including directors of brewing companies, had been worrying for several years before prohibition, and about all they had for their pains was a headache. It was known that some of them might survive in a fashion, by manufacturing "near" products, but it was doubtful whether "near" products would have a sufficient sale to permit of their being exclusively manufactured by the larger breweries. There they stood, enormous things—nearly every one covering as much as a city block of space. No revenue-producing business one could think of but would find them entirely too large. If a towering mass of brick could resemble a white elephant the brewery did. The real-estate man looked at them and heaved a sigh. Their owners looked at them and groaned. Numerous proprietors of little manufacturing businesses wandered through them and decided that their enterprises might as well lease the Grand Cañon.

But other events were hurrying along a solution which the real-estate man was not slow to discover. Demand for old buildings of almost any kind or shape, of four brick walls, with a dependable roof, became so insistent by reason of the tremendous rise in materials and labor, that the brewery buildings could no longer be overlooked. In short, these two problems—like the gingham dog and the calico cat—ate each other up. The prices of bricks, steel, cement and, above all, labor—were mounting skyward. Here were vast structures in excellent repair, soundly built. The reproduction cost of these buildings would be enormous. Covered space was in demand. How about using them for warehouses? And quite a number went that way.

The machinery in them could be adapted to numerous uses besides the making of beer; most of this machinery was modern and economical of operating cost. Within a short time quite a number of breweries had been converted into some other kind of factory. The real-estate man, however, held the key to the situation for many of the oldest breweries, for often these establishments had originally sought cheap land some distance out. In the intervening years the city had grown and finally surrounded them. At the time national prohibition came, if there had been no other use for the buildings of breweries so situated, the bricks in them and the land could have been sold at a high profit in many instances. Many sales were made on this basis, whether the buildings were actually torn down or not. One of the largest and most prominent churches in New York City has been erected upon the site of an old brewery.

The procedure of successfully disposing of the distillery corpse was in a general way similar to that of the breweries, but do not overlook the fact that this problem was not nearly so acute. Whisky is still being legally manufactured, which brings us to some of the unsuspected by-products of prohibition.

As before stated, a great deal of whisky is not only being manufactured but legally sold on physicians' prescriptions through drug stores. It is sold in a manner which reminds me of a story told years ago in the old Weber and Fields Music Hall. Little Joe Weber, in one of the plays, speaking of his experience in Europe, said, "One bought fruit over there and paid for jewelry." While the cheerful possessor of one of these little slips waits for the clerk to fill the bottle he is rubbing elbows with a crowd of men who rushed in for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Back of these men is a small boy examining a radio outfit, and at the other counter stands a woman purchasing rouge. Or is it cigarettes? Maybe it is a fountain pen. Anyway the drug store, in addition to its prescription-whisky business, is now a soft-drink stand, restaurant and miniature department store. Instead of having to seek low rents, as the old apothecary shop usually did, this new establishment is a bidder for the most expensive spaces in the world.

Rum's Competitors

Of course you have thought of the motion-picture show and what happened to its receipts as soon as the saloon went out of business. As a matter of fact, the motion-picture theater had been giving the saloon a merry chase for some years previously. It is a well-known fact that one good motion-picture house could banish at least half if not more than that percentage of the saloons in its neighborhood.

That business is a simple merchandising problem. Entertainment is a staple commodity just as certainly as potatoes are food. Both are necessities of life. Booze and motion pictures came under the head of entertainment for most of those who purchased them. For not more than fifty cents one can purchase about two hours of entertainment in a motion-picture theater. Foreign and domestic travel, with music, is offered along with the company of kings, clowns, millionaires, heroes, vampires, cowboys and Charlie Chaplin. You can laugh, cry, be thrilled and informed without effort. The bartender couldn't offer so much for the money.

So motion-picture shows were beating the saloon in a bare-fisted fight, and they simply plunged to prosperity when their adversary was outlawed.

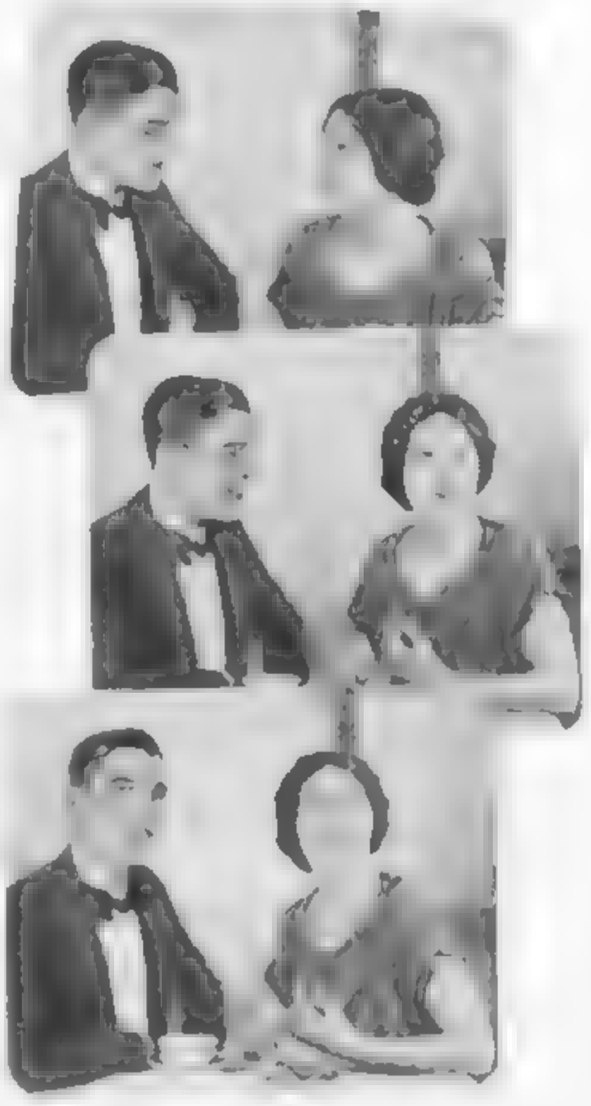
Nearly everyone saw that for himself, but perhaps you didn't know that before prohibition billiard parlors had an appalling mortality rate but are now solid investments, in the main. The original billiard and pool parlor usually nestled close to a bar under the mistaken notion that it would draw trade from the brass rail. Quite the opposite always happened. Tom, Dick and Harry stopped after the first game to have a drink, and neglected to return.

Meanwhile the rent for all that floor space under the billiard table was going merrily on; also the light bill. The absent-mindedness of Tom, Dick and Harry put nearly as many billiard parlors out of business in the course of a year as other optimistic managers started.

When the brass rail went down, the uneasy manager of all those expansive as well as expensive tables thought he saw his finish. But he has a larger place now and pays a higher rent. Tom, Dick and Harry continue at their game all evening. They play better and get more fun out of it since

Your Teeth *are not safe unless your mouth glands work properly*

This tooth paste does more than clean—*it stimulates the mouth glands to protect your teeth*



Sound white teeth are important to your appearance and they directly affect your health. Pebeco leaves your whole mouth tingling with cleanliness and health—stimulating the natural cleansing process to keep your teeth sound and white.

INSTEAD of being washed all day by the cleansing fluids of the mouth—today our teeth are constantly immersed in an acid bath.

The mouth glands which nature intended to counteract these acids do not work properly. Our present soft diet does not give them the exercise which hard, tough foods did.

By gently stimulating the salivary glands, you can make the natural processes of the mouth counteract these acids and the teeth will be kept clean and safe all of the time.

Your mouth healthy, your teeth safe

Pebeco has a stimulating effect on the salivary glands. It makes them work in a normal, healthy fashion.

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from these glands begin to flow more freely. They wash all through the mouth, neutralizing the acids as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your whole mouth in a healthy, live condition—your gums, your palate, the entire oral cavity.

Thousands are giving up the vain attempt to keep back the mouth acids by brushing them away. They are turning to Pebeco. They find *if they keep their mouths healthy with Pebeco, they keep their teeth clean.*

Pebeco is made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists.

Send Coupon for Generous Tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Dept. E-4
(c.) Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

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Free Offer

"THE ROLL OF HONOR"

U. S. Rolls are longer. They provide the most player piano enjoyment.

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2934-38 W. Lake St., Chicago 122 Fifth Avenue, New York

U S THE BEST PLAYER MUSIC ROLLS

Buy a Player-Be Your Own Pianist!

The MAGIC *of the* LAMP

Jefferson Lamps open a realm of enchantment and discovery to those who love lamps for their beauty of design and execution, as well as to those who find in their portability the means of accomplishing distinctive and practical decorative and lighting effects.

Your dealer will be pleased to show you Jefferson Lamps appropriate for every occasion—for every nook and cranny in your home—for all the sun-lit and lamp-lit hours of life.

To help you visualize Jefferson Lamps in your home, write us for a copy of our catalog folder illustrated in actual colors.

THE JEFFERSON COMPANY *Follansbee West Virginia*

being released from the high-voltage attraction of that neighboring rat

The increase in the demand for soft drinks since prohibition has been tremendous; so much so that a prominent orange-juice chain-store proposition has become a very important factor in the demand for ultracentral space—a condition which all users of such space must reckon with, in a highly competitive sense

Though nearly everyone guessed correctly that prohibition would have a marked effect upon soft-drink sales, but few thought it would multiply and multiply golf courses. If they thought of golf in connection with prohibition at all it was probably to worry about the future of their country club after bar revenue was cut off.

But prohibition sent thousands of men scurrying out to the links who had never quite found time before.

The increase in golf courses has been tremendous, with absolutely no sign of diminution. This game requires so great an area for a limited number of persons that it seems impossible to predict limits to the demand for such space near metropolitan districts.

A golf course should have at least about one hundred and ten acres. Translate this into city blocks and line them up. One hundred and ten acres so arranged would stretch from Fourteenth Street to Harlem if laid down in New York City. It cannot very well be used by more than three hundred persons. The hours of play have lengthened since prohibition. Attendance is better. Men are more keenly interested in the game. They concentrate on mastering its technic, and the result shows in club receipts.

The new golf course is not only a considerable real-estate deal in itself but it brings about a condition which makes that neighborhood desirable. Nearly anyone would like to live near one hundred and ten acres of well-kept ground. So the real-estate man finds that formerly neglected acres are salable.

Sports Benefited

Locations for golf courses were naturally and necessarily selected in localities where land was cheapest, considering accessibility; so many sections, although possessing great merit, have increased tremendously in value through the advent of the golf course, hastened in its inception through the medium of the abolition of liquor.

All outdoor sports have been benefited by prohibition. The remarkable growth of interest in tennis is in some measure due to the absence of a strong counter attraction. In fact, tennis promises to run baseball a strong race for premier honors.

Baseball, however, is probably a more outstanding example than golf. From California to Florida plans are being made for larger grand stands and larger baseball parks. What has happened to baseball has nothing to do with Babe Ruth or pennants. It is the same thing that is happening to tennis, golf, prize fighting, boating, swimming and amusement parks. Never before in this country was there such enthusiasm for outdoor sports. What effect this will have on future generations of Americans is a subject for someone else. In dwelling upon it I might overlook the fact that if ten thousand persons attend baseball games where previously only two thousand fans gathered, every little commercial establishment around the park has a proportionately larger value. Watch them grow from sheds to real buildings. You don't have to go back very far to recall when they were represented by the hot-dog man's basket as he stood on the curb. But you have already seen what happened to his basket. It's a small building now. Give its owner time to realize what these changes mean. One may be sure that the modern baseball park will cause changes in the neighborhood proportionate to its own evolution.

Many elements enter into the ever-increasing demand for better and more housing. Let no one say it is absurd that prohibition had a dominant part. John Workingman has more money today than he has ever had in the history of the country and probably in the history of the world, and the elimination of John Barleycorn for John Workingman probably means an additional room at least to his living quarters. My opinion of the housing situation is that prohibition has created, through its success as a money saver, a tremendous impetus in the mind of the latent home seeker, the desirability of investing his savings in some place where he knows he can find shelter, without the drag of the payment of rent, as quickly as possible, and he has become luxurious in his demands; not luxurious to the point of wastefulness, but he wants more elbowroom. He now has the money to pay for it and he is getting it.

Unexpected By-Products

The tremendous demand for housing is universally known. There were never so many home seekers as at the present time, nor so many home purchasers. Where this condition exists prosperity always reigns. The branches of the building trade have so many ramifications that when it is prosperous, generally so is the whole country. The saving banks through the public's savings must invest their funds so as to pay interest to the depositor, and much of this money seeks real-estate channels and helps the house builder to expand his operations.

Seashore resorts —— But one could go on in an almost endless strain, showing the decided benefits which have accrued to real estate directly and indirectly through the medium of the abolition of the saloon primarily.

Now a strange thing has happened regarding realty investment. Money is coming into it from sources hitherto unknown. Someone—many someones—is making money from some source unknown to the realty dealer, and this money is going into real estate. It has been a tremendous impetus to the stability of the high prices prevailing at the present time. Just what trade or profession this capital comes from the realty dealer knows not, but you and I may probably make a very successful guess. Is it possible that the new mysterious money coming into realty is money made unlawfully? If so, it is not the only indirect aid to realty values derived in defiance of the law.

In New York, race tracks, with betting rampant, exercise a decidedly beneficial effect upon the theater, restaurant, and so on. In New York State, like bootlegging, betting flourishes illegally. Dance halls under the guise of so-called clubs pay much higher rents, because a club is not compelled to close at the legal hour.

From the time the Volstead Act went into effect it has been a prime factor in the real-estate business. The corpse of Demon Rum has been handled almost as successfully as that of the porker—but no pig ever had so many unexpected by-products as prohibition. It will be interesting to see how many more are yet to turn up.

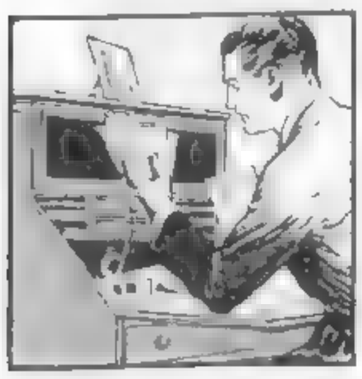
Years ago the first Armour said one used everything about the pig but his squeal; the realty expert did more than that with the realty used for liquor purposes—he utilized the squeal.

EASY TO CLEAN

The mere stroke of a damp cloth keeps it always clean. Dust or dirt cannot cling to Vitrolite's surface, nor grease or moisture penetrate it.

CANNOT STAIN

Toilet preparations, medicines or other household chemicals cannot stain Vitrolite. Spots wipe away with a cloth. Won't change color.



NO UPKEEP COST

Decorators', painters', plasterers', cleaners' and other upkeep bills are permanently avoided when Vitrolite is installed. Even the color decorations withstand time's test.

WALLS AND CEILINGS WHITE VITROLITE • TRIMMING COLOR—DECORATED BLACK VITROLITE

UNCHANGING

As time deteriorates other building materials, Vitrolite remains unchanged. Cannot craze (acquire surface cracks), scar, scratch or dull.

OLD OR NEW BUILDING

As the patented cement in which it is set clings firmly to any material, Vitrolite may be used for remodelling as well as in new buildings.

IT'S GUARANTEED

Installed by factory-trained workmen of factory-controlled branches who guarantee satisfaction. The plastic cement absorbs shocks, allows for shrinkage and expansion.

VITROLITE
EVERLASTING SLAB MATERIAL

The sparkling cleanliness of the costliest bathroom fixtures is matched—indeed *excelled*—by walls and ceilings of Vitrolite.

Permanently! For there is no deterioration of Vitrolite, no upkeep cost, no staining; nothing to harbor dirt, germ or vermin. And yet Vitrolite costs no more than good tile—and every installation is made and absolutely guaranteed by a factory-governed branch near you. Snowy white—or decorated if you please, with contrasting colors in the Vitrolite trim. Every inch immaculate—non-porous and so hard and smooth the mere stroke of a damp cloth keeps it always clean. Sterilizing agents cannot harm it.

See Vitrolite as thousands of others have installed it—not only in bathrooms—in many places. That you may, we have prepared a number of interesting booklets—that this coupon will bring you.

THE VITROLITE COMPANY, CHICAGO, Atlanta, Baltimore, Brooklyn, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia Pittsburgh Portland, Roanoke, San Francisco, Seattle, Springfield, Mass., St. Louis, St. Paul, Tulsa, Montreal, Toronto, Havana, London, Manila, Osaka, Mexico City, Shanghai.

Note: Positions for building material salesmen in practically all Vitrolite Branches. Address Vitrolite Co., 133 W. Washington St., Chicago

THE VITROLITE COMPANY
133 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me full information on Vitrolite, the everlasting slab material, particularly as related to places and uses I have checked. I want to know just what it is, how it is used and in what notable cases it is now being used

Name

Address

Kind of Business

Firm Name

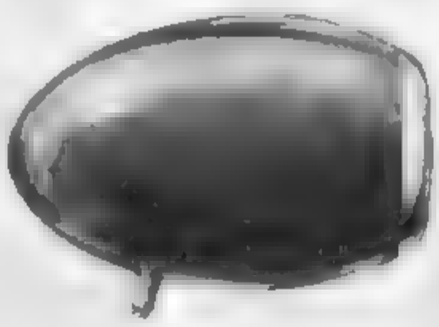
USES		PLACES	
Wainscoting, Ceilings in:		Apartment Bldgs.	Hospitals
		Barber Shops	Hotels
	Partitions for:	Clubs & Ass'n Bldgs.	Lunch Rooms
		Coffee Shops	Markets
Halls	Showers, Toilets	Confectioneries	
Kitchens			
Laboratories	Counter Tops	Doctors Offices	
Lunch Rooms	Furniture Tops	Drug Stores	
Operating Rooms	Table Tops	Factories	
Pantries	Store Fronts	Homes	
Private Offices	Sink Drains, Backs		

— Cars that pass in the night

From dark to dawn millions of motor cars are traveling the highways of the world. And whether over mountain pass or country road, city street or desert trail, the driver of each car is depending upon headlights to illuminate the way and act as a warning to approaching motorists.

Headlights whose glare blinds the approaching motorist, or when dimmed do not give adequate light to insure safe driving, are a menace to the night-driving public. The present-day toll of human life and damaged motor cars is significant of the constant hazard offered by insufficient lighting and blinding glare.

The driver of a car equipped with E & J Type 20 Headlights is not only assured of a perfectly lighted road ahead, but is also relieved from the necessity of dimming. Instead of a blinding glare, approaching motorists see only an amber glow. An ingenious arrangement of elliptical reflector, amber color filter and double convex lens produces a clear white light that clings to the road for a distance of 500 feet. Above the level of the headlights are the amber-toned rays with no dazzle or glare to blind the oncoming driver.



The E & J Type 20 Headlight

Egg-shaped in form, finished in black enamel, with nickel lens ring and four inch double convex lens, the E & J Type 20 Headlight possesses a striking individuality expressive of quality and unusual performance

Built by manufacturers who for twenty years have specialized in automotive headlight equipment, the E & J Type 20 Headlight, because of its scientific construction and performance, is truly *the safest light in motordom* for cars that pass in the night.

EDMUNDS & JONES CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
"The Safest Light in Motordom"

(Manufactured under Bone Patent, August 30, 1921, other Patents Pending)

BEST OF REFERENCES

Continued from Page 14

In his junior year the stroke had pulled the crew to victory. He was the outstanding oarsman of the season. But in the following year he seemed to slip back. Every day in the practice spins he developed the habit of catching crabs; that is, when he feathered his oar to start the new stroke the back edge of the blade caught under water. Frequently before he could pull the oar from the water the momentum of the onrushing shell caused the handle of the oar to strike him under his extended arms and sweep him completely out of the boat. In a trial spin this was disastrous enough, but in a championship race it would be fatal to the crew's chances.

For weeks during these practice spins the coach followed his crew in his launch, megaphone in hand, directing every move and muscle of the crew. Nearly 100 per cent of his instructions and words of warning, shouted through the megaphone, were directed at the stroke. He exhausted his vocabulary and his temper, but daily the results were the same. The stroke continued to catch crabs and all but wreck the shell and the morale of the crew.

The stroke who had led his crew to victory and had stood high in his scholastic work lost sleep and weight. He was on the verge of a complete physical and mental breakdown. Like the lash to a thoroughbred, the very sight of the megaphone stung him to the quick.

One week before the big race of the season the coach determined to make a shift in his crew; to remove his old stroke from the boat and take chances on a green man. He came to this decision one morning at Sunday chapel services. He resolved to go direct to the stroke's room at the close of the services and break the news to him as gently as he could.

Something in the sermon—perhaps it was a random reference to beams and motes—started him to thinking again. At the close of chapel, instead of directing his steps to the stroke's room, he dashed straight for the boathouse. He went to the practice shell and then to the stroke's seat. He examined the sliding seat, checked and rechecked his measurements and looked over the outrigging to the minutest detail. Apparently there was not a flaw in the mechanical equipment. He turned away toward the campus. He had not gone more than a few yards when he halted, retraced his steps and looked again at the stroke's place in the shell.

There it was, staring him in the face—a bent oarlock, bent no more than a small fraction of an inch, not enough for any but the keenest professional eye to detect. Within the space of one minute he straightened it with a monkey wrench.

Apparently a Misfit

The next day the crew breezed through for a record trial spin and one week later capped the season with another championship.

Such, often, is the value of our judgments and appraisals of men. Perhaps when more of us have learned when to use a megaphone and when to use a monkey wrench fewer employes will be discharged with the stigma of incompetence upon them.

An impressive example of this failure to lay the fault at the right door was exhibited not so long ago when the directors of an industrial organization called to its head a man whom they considered peculiarly fitted to carry on and increase the organization in order to take care of a rapidly expanding business. The man selected was one who had earned an acknowledged success in another field. That field, however, had been a highly specialized one of which few possessed technical knowledge and in which still fewer had a background of practical experience.

Some months after the official assumed his new duties I ran across one of the former district sales managers of the corporation who had recently accepted a position in the same territory with a competitor.

I put the question: "What is wrong with him? Hardly a week passes but I hear of one or more of his men leaving him. He had a reputation all the way to the coast when he took the job. I know several hard-headed business men who even bought stock in the company and advised their friends to hop aboard on the strength of his selection as directing head."

"What's wrong with him?" he replied with a wry smile. "Well, between you and me and the trade, he knows too much about machinery and too little about human nature. Business has never ventilated his brain. But don't let anyone kid you into believing that those chaps who are leaving on the first and fifteenth of every month are his men. They are the men who made the company what it was. The resignations started two months after he took the job.

"And those men that he selected to fill their places!" He shook his head reminiscently. "I never knew the country could produce such mental shut-ins. I had a dose of them for three months, and they tell me his latest acquisitions are even worse. The unfortunate thing for the company is that they are men who have worked with him or for him before he took this job. They have been associated with him so long most of them have lost their power of constructive thought and independent action. The old crowd at the main offices used to speak of them as the yes-yes chorus. The first bass was a college professor. He was put in charge of credits, but if he knew a bond coupon from a rain check I'm wrong again. He was pretty well known, though, as an authority. In fact, I recall reading some of his textbooks when I was in college. Get me right. It wasn't that he didn't know a lot, but he had so darn much to forget. He had no more license to hold down a credit manager's position than I have to fill his chair in economics or whatever the subject was he taught."

Charting the Downward Course

"The new sales manager was another expert. I think the official bulletin announcing his appointment classed him as an authority on distribution problems.

"First it was experts, then it was charts and more charts, progress charts, sales charts. I used to get dizzy looking at them. Some of them were good, but I didn't see one that told me very much I didn't know a month before it was issued. It got to the point where they couldn't recognize a fact unless it showed up in a colored segment or on a curve.

"Then came the forms," he went on. "Another day another form. No, I take it back; they came before the charts. If I needed an electric bulb or a pane of glass in an emergency for our show windows I was supposed to requisition it through headquarters four hundred miles away. Everything was centralized, from policy to postage stamps. I dropped in on him once to pay my respects during a trip East. His desk looked like the complaint bureau at the post office after the Christmas holidays; simply cluttered with a mass of requisitions, memoranduma, correspondence and forms. He couldn't appreciate the fact that men who are worth a rap move faster than any form yet devised.

"It got to the point when I left where I could hardly give a customer a yes or no to any question. You remember those lines:

"The cow is in the hammock,
The cat is in the lake,
The children in the garbage pail;
What difference does it make?

"That's the way we all felt two months after he took the job. No wonder there was a flood of resignations and dismissals. Down went the curve on the sales charts at the main office; competitors corralled the business. For once the charts told the truth, but they didn't tell the reason for the grand toboggan. Perhaps if I had stuck it out I would have been among those who were fired, for the cold facts would eventually have been there in black and red that I had flivvered in this territory.

"Of course, most of us who were known in the trade landed positions elsewhere with few questions asked; but some of the crowd further down the line were not so fortunate. That is especially true of many of those who were in the office and who had not made outside contacts such as every salesman does. Naturally employers in other lines of business were unfamiliar with the facts and found it hard to obtain them; for when they wrote to the company about an applicant, back would come either a statement of the cause for dismissal or a noncommittal report that the man or woman had worked for the company for

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

FLORSHEIM SHOES are the result of the most experienced thought in fine shoe building, skilled workmanship and best materials—a product of unusual excellence.

Most Styles—Ten Dollars
The Savoy—M-138

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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers • CHICAGO

MONARCH

for 70 years ~
QUALITY

Salesmen Wanted We have immediate need for more salesmen in New York and Atlantic Coast States. Men with retail grocery experience apply at once to our New York Office, 80 Third Avenue, Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, New York

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
Established 1833
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THESE are the Celebrated Dunlap Hats for the spring of 1924, designed by style experts who are constantly combing the fashion centers of England, the Continent, and America. Priced as the standard of hat value—$7 for the hats; $3 for the cap.

CELEBRATED
DUNLAP HATS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

431 and 581 Fifth Avenue, 16 Maiden Lane, New York
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Do You Want to Be A Salesman?

DO you want to be a salesman—the kind of fellow who travels in Pullmans, stops at the best hotels, represents a "real" house and figures his yearly earnings in thousands? With few exceptions, good salesmen are the highest paid men in business today. Reputable business houses can't get enough of them—of really capable trained men. That's why so many salesmen virtually name their own salaries.

Name Your Own Income!

WE want to train you as a salesman, beginning on commission—*in your spare time!* We will authorize you to obtain renewals and sell new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. The work is easy, pleasant and dignified, and you can devote as much or as little of your time as you find convenient. In representing us, you will not only acquire the knack of successful salesmanship—we furnish a helpful course in salesmanship—but you will be paid most generously for results. Let us tell you how many of our commissioned workers make $100.00 a month from the very start and how we advance them to salaried field positions.

Just Mail This Coupon

The Curtis Publishing Company
707 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I should like to know, but without obligation, how your part-time salesmen make up to $100.00 a month. If your plan looks good, I'm "game" to try it.

Name

Street

City *State*

such and such a period and that on such and such a date had resigned. The inference employers drew from all of these letters was that the employe had either been discharged or had resigned under fire.

"I saw a summary of their annual statement the other day. For old time's sake I wish the outfit luck, for the trade-mark, when I see it, still gives me a thrill. But one year more will see them either in the bankruptcy courts or undergoing a drastic reorganization. When either of those events happens there will be a flood of high-priced executives and experts looking for a place to head in. They will all probably have glowing letters of indorsement from the head of the concern telling how good they are, but you know how the executives of other companies in our line will look at them. Contrary to custom, they will be accepted at their face value, and that value, like a lot of present-day European money, is close to the zero mark. As a matter of fact, most of his executive assistants will land positions quicker if they keep his indorsements in their pockets.

"Only the other day one of the crowd who had resigned, evidently having seen the writing on the wall, applied at our New York offices for a position similar to the one he had left. He flashed his letter of reference from his former chief, setting forth what a world beater he was. He seemed to take it for granted that with that indorsement he could secure a position anywhere. He even thought it entitled him to command a better salary than he had been getting. He hit the ceiling when the president of our company asked him if he could furnish any additional references. Before he knew the time of day the old man had scribbled 'Not sufficient indorsement' on the back of his letter of reference and remarked good naturedly 'Sorry, son, but try that bank across the street; perhaps they will cash it for you.'

"No," he concluded, "as an executive, as a handler of men, your man simply can't qualify. Everyone hoped he would make good and boosted for him, but from all reports I hear there is about as much morale and *esprit de corps* in the company as you'll find in a Chinese laundry. He can't think in terms of men, that's all."

After all our plans for industrial harmony have been digested or filed away for academic reference, are not most of our business problems and complexes due largely to the fact that we do not think and act in terms of human nature? That, too often, like our golf stroke, our mind does not follow through?

Do we not too constantly look for and require in our subordinates, and those whose character we are attempting to plot, qualities which we ourselves do not pack in our own touring kit?

Loyalty Works Both Ways

There is a certain industrial executive whose constant plaint is that loyalty on the part of the present-day employe to his company is a thing of the past. He is sure that this condition is widespread because in his own organization his men are not loyal to him, and yet loyalty of men to a man is not a thing of the past and never will be. Men, whether they stand at the workbench, dig ditches, fight battles, sell goods or sit in swivel chairs, are still loyal to men, so far as men can be loyal to men. Seldom are or have they been loyal to a company or to an institution.

If the factory superintendent or sales executive complains with justice that his men are not loyal, it is not because they are employes, or because they are listed on the pay roll as mechanics or salesmen, but because there is some human element lacking in the relationship between that man and his men.

When I hear an executive launch this charge of disloyalty of subordinates, either singly or as a group, I am reminded always of an incident I once observed in a police court.

One of the cases on the docket was that of a young man, the son of a prominent city official, who had been haled before the court by a traffic officer for ignoring traffic regulations.

When the traffic officer had finished the statement of his case the young man opened and very effectively closed the case for the defense by informing the police lieutenant who presided, and the assembled crowd, that he would get the traffic officer who had arrested him; that he would have the officer discharged from the force.

I shall never forget the answer the lieutenant hurled at him.

Leaning far over the desk and in a bellowing rage which must have awakened the drunks in the rear cells, he shouted, "Say, kid, nobody ever gets any man of mine. If you're going to do any gettin', start the gettin' process on me."

Instinctively my eyes turned to the blanched figure before the bar and then to the traffic officer still on the witness stand. His shoulders were thrown back as though on review, the jaw set, and in his eyes shone that grim devotion and unswerving loyalty that drive men to the brink and beyond when they work or fight for a man.

It is useless to demand or expect from subordinates a measure of loyalty larger than we give. The shop foreman, superintendent, sales manager or the Old Man up in the front office who expects more than that measure of loyalty is wrong again on human nature. Let him buy a dog.

"We may not always show it, but what we are really after when we enter the help-wanted field are men to do the specific work we have to offer them," is the way a large employer in the automotive industry expressed himself to me recently. "We have no more hopes of landing only the best than we have intentions of loading up exclusively with the discards. It is the decent average that we try to attract."

Married or Single?

"About the only ironclad specification that we have is that a man be a citizen of this country or show proof positive that he intends to become one as soon as the law allows. If he cannot measure up to that requirement the gates are shut and the wind is with him. When we are satisfied on that score the one big question we try to find the answer to is, Can he do the work in spite of a score or more of handicaps, real or imaginary?

"We are not primarily interested in his weight, his height, his family connections, his religion, if he has any, or in the long run why he left his last job. Can he do this job and is there an even chance that he will stick with us are the only riddles we spend much time in solving.

"I recall there was a time when we made quite a drive for married men. We had reasoned that they would be more settled and therefore a more desirable type than single men. We were interested, of course, in holding down our labor turnover. But it did not turn out that way. We found that as many married men left us from month to month as single men. Often it was not because the men themselves were discontented; in fact, a good number of them said they preferred to stay with us, but their wives wanted them to take jobs elsewhere either in the city or in other sections of the country. The wives had as many and much the same reasons for wanting their husbands to quit as did those married men who quit of their own volition. Some did not like the climate or the housing conditions. Others wanted to move where there were better schools or more congenial surroundings for their children. Or they did not relish the five o'clock breakfasts they had to get for their husbands in those instances where they lived a considerable distance from the plant. They had all kinds of reasons; some were good, while others were simply excuses; but in the long run, when I came to analyze them, they were just about the same reasons that you and I advance when we decide to try our luck elsewhere.

"It taught us that so far as industry is concerned a man is settled because he is settled, and that it matters little whether he is married or single. Heaven knows it is hard enough these days to make one man contented, so why attempt to underwrite contentment for a family?

"Another article of faith that walked the plank of experience was an arbitrary age limit which we had set for new employes. I do not know where the idea originated, but for a year or more we lumbered along in the belief that forty-five years of age must be our maximum. It was our maximum until one day a man whom I had just turned down for the position of plant superintendent because he was a year or two beyond that limit fired this question at me: 'Just what happens to a man on his forty-sixth birthday that makes a human second out of him?'

"I couldn't answer him, nor could Solomon himself

(Continued on Page 153

Stop Wasting Tea

USE TAO TEA BALLS

Tao Tea Balls take the *guess* and *waste* out of tea-making. One Tao Tea Ball makes 4 to 5 cups (according to strength desired) of a better, always uniform and more delicious tea. Tao Tea is blended from specially selected tiny bud leaves from the tips of the tea plants of the finest gardens of Ceylon, India and Java. Three generations of tea experts labored to produce for you this supreme tea. They call it *FLOWERY* Orange Pekoe.

Yet because of our new and better way of packing—the Tao Tea Ball way—it is more economical than ordinary good tea. The Tao Tea Ball is the modern, *safe* way of packing tea. Accurately measured and packed by special machines in handy gauze bags, this supreme blend is sure to get to your table exactly as our experts have blended it for you—and at a cost of less than half a cent a cup.

Quality — Economy — Convenience

Tao Tea *is the finest tea you ever tasted.* It is quality supreme—Tao means "supreme." Endorsed by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, Serial No. 3070. This handy and economical way of packing eliminates all guess-work and waste from tea-making. Tao Tea never becomes bitter, no matter how long it brews. No messy tea leaves to clean up—so convenient, so economical, so good.

TAO TEA COMPANY, Inc.
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ASK YOUR DEALER TODAY FOR TAO TEA BALLS

CADDY—50-BALL TIN
Handsomely lacquered in black and gold Enough for the average family for almost two months

10-BALL TIN
Handsomely lacquered in black and gold Enough for the average family for ten days

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Handsomely lacquered in black and gold Enough for the average family for almost three weeks

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Address
Please print your name plainly

Here's a 2-cent stamp to cover mailing Send me two Tao Tea Balls—delicious flowery orange pekoe blend—in the modern, economical Tao Tea Ball packing. My grocer is

Name

Address

"Somebody's hurt!"

Mid-afternoon. . A busy street. . A sudden cry. The rush of near-by figures. . "Somebody's hurt!"

Tragedy. . Broken health. . A broken home—for someone—may lurk in that familiar phrase. . Yet how casually we say it. . How soon the fleeting lesson is forgotten!

ÆTNA-IZE

"SOMEBODY'S HURT!" Have you ever paused to consider that some day this cry may be raised above *you*? Recent statistics show that in a year one person in every fourteen is killed or injured in an accident.

What if *you* were to meet with prolonged or permanent disability to-morrow? How would your family be fed, clothed and sheltered if your earning ability suddenly were cut off? . . . . How long would your savings keep your family in its present comfort if your income were severed and there were additional heavy expenses for surgical attention, nurses, hospital care, specialists' fees, etc.?

Your best protection against the constant menace of accident and illness is an Accident and Health Policy with the Ætna Life Insurance Company. This contract will provide you with a guaranteed weekly income should you meet with disabling injury or illness. And, further, it will create a substantial cash estate, payable immediately to whomever you name, in the event of accidental death.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies are the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world. Virtually every known kind of insurance is issued by Ætna. To be fully Ætna-ized is to own complete protection for all your interests—protection that brings you the instant service of the Ætna agent on the spot, backed by the complete strength of Ætna, no matter where misfortune overtakes you.

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BURGLARY . . . PLATE GLASS . . . WATER DAMAGE . . . FIRE . . . MARINE . . . TRANSPORTATION FIDELITY BONDS . . . SURETY BONDS

(Continued from Page 150)

"Now that is the way it is with a lot of the notions we humor, talk and write about until finally we think we have unearthed a great discovery about human nature."

"Yes, I prefer them married and as near six feet as you can stretch them," is the way the district sales manager of an investment bond house frames his specifications for salesmen. Inside his frame there is a composite type of all the "after" specimens of the world's patent medicines. Six-footers are what he wants; men, as he puts it, who can work through the brass and mahogany entanglements of a large investor's office and come back with the business.

He has his six-footers and some of them are salesmen, but in the office across the street from him there is a competitor. He, too, has his six-footers, some of whom are salesmen. Both organizations have about the same number of salesmen and underwrite and sell the same class of securities. But the volume of business at the end of the year invariably favors the competitor. And the reasons are simple. Number One searches for flaws and dents and usually finds them. His employment specifications read like those for a traveling companion Number Two searches for salesmen and the results show that he usually finds them. He expects flaws and imperfections, finds them, weighs them, keeps his eyes open and then leaves the rest to Providence.

"I have a friend," he remarked the other day, "who has spent years cultivating, experimenting with and marketing fine fruit for a selected market. Each year he sends me a crate of his choicest cantaloupes They are his most prized product. Now some of them are as luscious as they look, some are good, others fair and a few are just plain punk. Of course, I have never told my friend; but in the long run I have as good luck at the corner fruit stand when I let the Italian pick them out for me at three for a quarter. That is the way I feel about picking salesmen, or men in fact for any of the positions that crop up from time to time in our organization. If experts who have given a lifetime to raising a concrete commodity cannot tell the best from the worst by looking at them, what chance have I of knowing how good a man is or is likely to be until I have given him a trial? Judging men at sight or one year after sight may be a diverting occupation, but the only sure way to pick a good cantaloupe is to sample it."

Somewhere there is a boy whom I like to remember as I last saw him. It was three years ago that a friend sent him to me.

"Do your best for him; I've known him and his family since he was old enough to blink," said my friend. "He's a real kid and you can go the limit in recommending him."

He was a good describer, for when Peter entered an hour later I was sold on sight Like most boys who are hunting a job for the first time, he was "fourteen past" His counterpart you have seen on magazine covers, barefooted at country crossroads and bolting through schoolhouse doors at the stroke of twelve. Just a smiling kid who was waiting, half fearful, for the next spent wave which would bear him out into the sea of business. He was not particular about the wages. He would be content, he said, if he could start as an office boy in a large plant

A Taking Office Boy

The next day he got what he wanted in an industry whose employment manager was glad to lay hands on what he thought had become an extinct species—a promising boy who had never worked on a cost-plus job

From time to time I learned that Peter was doing well; the gates were wide open for more of his kind.

It was six months later that a business-like individual hurried into my office Laying a slip of paper on my desk he asked, "What do you know about that boy?"

I glanced at the slip

"Peter? Why, I know everything about him. He's a dead ringer for my ——"

"Know everything about him, do you?" he interrupted good-naturedly. "I guess one thing you don't know about him is that at 9:15 this morning he frisked forty-three hundred dollars in cash off the paymaster's desk up at the shipyard and hasn't been seen since. They just phoned headquarters and the chief detailed me to look up his references, if he has any. The only line we have now on the kid is that he's movie struck. Our men are covering the entrances to every show in town where they're screening gun play or a man on horseback. They're also at the railroad stations covering trains for the West. He's gone bugs on the Wild West stuff. Seems he told the paymaster when he checked in this morning that he had seen six shows Thanksgiving Day. Then seeing all that cash on top of it was too much for him. But what can you tell me about him—anything?"

"Nothing but his home address and a couple of references," I confessed

He jotted them down perfunctorily.

"Nothing like good references, eh? Well, I've got to beat it. But I hate this gunning for kids; it strikes too close to home. Maybe one of these days the movies will show real work being done on a Western ranch."

"Then what?" I queried.

"Oh, nothing much," he observed with a shrug of the shoulders, "only there'll be a million or more kids in the country who will decide to settle down where they are and make the best of things."

What Peter had, Bryce lacked.

The Futile Truth

If ever a man lacked references and needed them Bryce did. Never did the future seem more opaque to a man or that dismal static, "They don't come back," cut in with greater frequency than at that fag end of an autumn day when he came to me. He was about thirty, tall, angular and bespectacled. Camellike he eased himself into a chair.

"Well, here I am. What can you do for me?" he began. "I've combed this town for three days and everywhere I get the same question fired at me—what references can I give? Sometimes it's varied a little to where I worked last. For about the first time in five years I've told everybody the truth. I told them what I tell you, that I'm just out after my third term for bootlegging. And the tough thing about it is that this time everyone believes me; they don't even ask for an affidavit. But when I tell them that this trip I'm going to make the grade—well, they may believe me, but they're afraid to take a chance. If I'd known as much about my future as some of them think they know about it I'd still have that thirty-two thousand that I had in a strong box a year ago.

"I get the same dose everywhere I go," he continued, "either straight or sugar coated. It's coming to me, maybe. I've got no license to kick. But what's a fellow going to do? All I want is the right to say that I worked yesterday."

"Where did you work last?" I asked. He glared for a moment.

"Why rub it in? I've told you straight; I haven't done a real day's work for four years."

"All right. What was the last real job you had?" He thought a moment.

"Blank Typewriter Company in Chicago. How long? Oh, about two years I guess it was. I was selling for them, but it's been so long ago no one could look me up there. Where before that? Blank Supply Company in New York, office specialties and equipment; three years with them. But what's the use of going that far back? That's ancient history. How does that song go—'It's not what you used to be, it's what you are today'? It's the score that shows

"But, say, why do you ask?" he inquired suddenly. "Do you know of a job where I could fit in?"

"Yes, but you'll have to do most of the fitting," I told him "There's one here with

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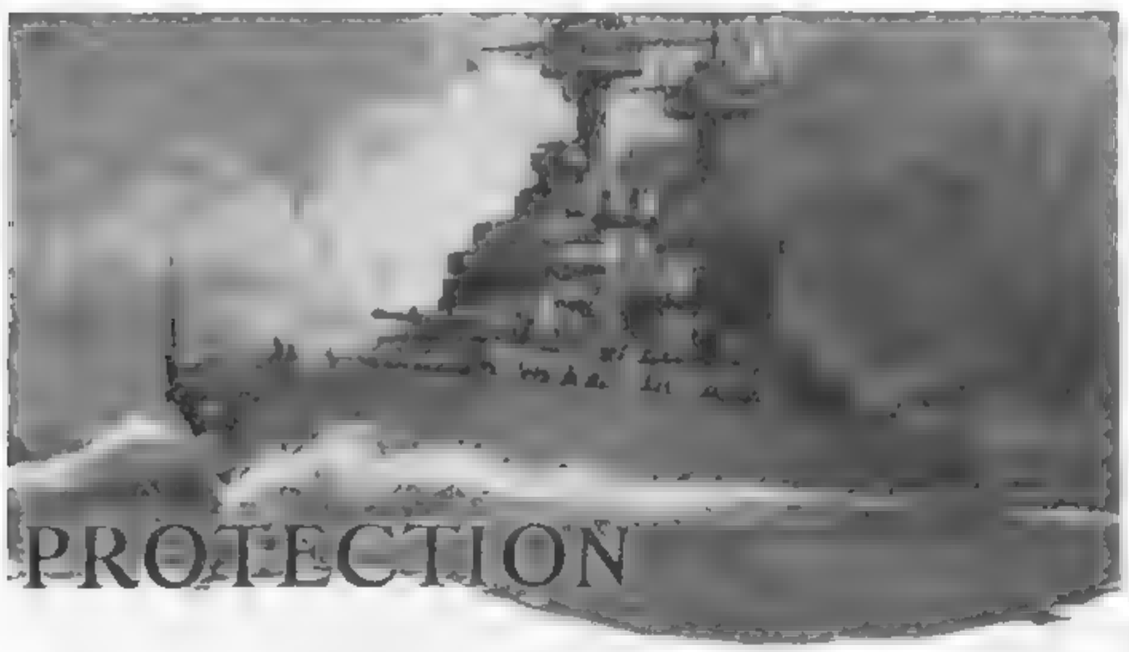

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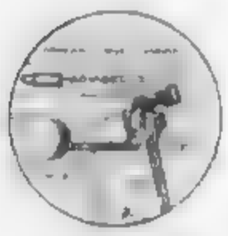

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a large construction company for a commissary and barrack clerk on an operation up the state. They want a man in a hurry who can leave tonight, if possible."

"Whale of a chance I have for it," he reflected, his eyes riveted to the carpet. "If I don't tell them the whole truth they'll drill through, anyway, until they find it and then it will be the same old line they all give me." He was silent for a moment. Then—"Well, I've been taking chances for five years. I'm set for another. What's the first move?"

"Put down on this paper what I tell you. Ready? Two years with the Blank Typewriter, Chicago; got that? Yes, I know, but forget those five years."

"All right, that's easy," he chimed in; "they're a blank anyway. Two years with them—yep."

"And three with the Blank Supply, New York."

"And three with the Blank Supply, New York," he repeated mechanically. "Now what?"

"Now I'm going to phone the man who does the hiring for the outfit that you are on your way over to take the job."

He forced a grin.

"And when he shoots the question where I worked last I'm to tell him this without batting an eye. Two years with the Blank Typewriter—and say that will be the truth, won't it?"

"It sure will," I assured him. "Here's my house-phone number. Call me up the moment you leave his office. If he digs too deep and you don't land, perhaps we can get him to change his mind."

Bryce mopped his brow and started for the door. Suddenly he turned, retreat stamped in every line of his face and bearing.

His eyes roved as though looking for some avenue of escape. Then in a flash he sprang toward me. His eyes shone and an arraigning finger trembled and almost touched me.

"That Frenchman! That Frenchman!" His words came in a torrent. "What was it he said at the Marne? You know who I mean: that fellow who came over here after the war. Foch, that's the man! I've got it: 'My left is in retreat; my right is crushed. I shall attack with my center!' Let's go!"

And he was gone.

I walked to the window and looking down saw him a moment later cutting his way through the traffic. I caught but one glimpse of his face; his lips were moving. A first-term speech reader could have registered his monologue: "Two years with ——"

At six sharp that night the telephone rang at my home. It was Bryce.

"That you? Just came from his office. Been trying to get you for ten minutes. I landed. He asked me just one question. What do you suppose it was? Wanted to know if I was married. When I told him no he said, 'Fine business; then you can leave tonight.' Can you beat it?"

Another year has rolled by since Bryce thanked me and I wished him good luck. This morning the man who employed him dropped in.

"Do you remember that fellow Bryce you sent me about a year ago?" he said. "I want a man to take his place. He's leaving the first of the month to go into business for himself. Best man we ever had on that job; a regular go-getter. Can I get a man by the first?"

"I think so, if you are not too particular. Bryce, of course, was an exception. Men with references like his don't float in every day."

"No, I suppose they don't," he mused. "Still, you know my sentiments. There's a good deal of guff about this proposition of hiring men. Wasn't it Josh Billings who said, 'It ain't people's ignorance that does the harm; it's their knowing so darn much that ain't so'?"

And didn't Josh say his usual mouthful?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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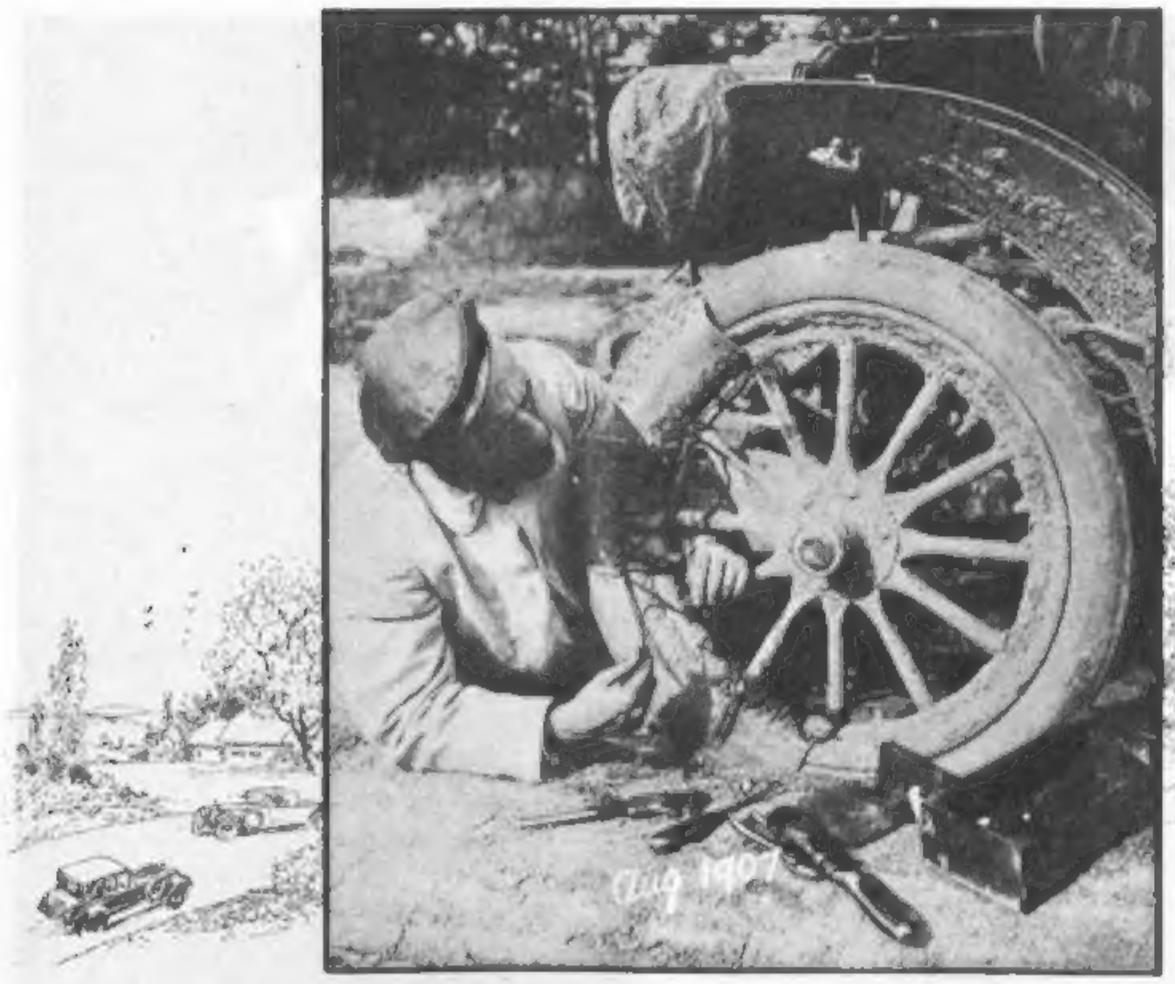

Spending a *few minutes* on the road with a tire in 1907. (Reproduced by permission of the Rubber Association of America, Inc.)

A record for the tire valves, too

"OF course, we had tire trouble on that memorable journey from Brooklyn to Buffalo in 1907. That was only to be expected." Thus James H. Hare, noted writer, war correspondent and photographer, characterizes the troubles of the motorist seventeen years ago.

But with that trip he compares another recently made and says, *"Last year we made the trip to Buffalo and return with the same air in the tires that we started with."*

Thousands of miles with the same air

Today, after running long distances, tires are still practically new. Motorists now enjoy extended trips without tire trouble. Tire manufacturers report that their tires successfully complete severe test runs with the same air put in them at the start of the run.

Such records are also achievements for the tire valves.

Keeping air a prisoner in tires is one of the most difficult things in the world. For air is elusive, restless, hard to confine. If the tire valves fail to do their part in confining air, the tires will run with too little air. Then not even the skill of the manufacturer and the quality of the materials he uses can make his tires yield their maximum service.

Schrader Valves used from first

Tire makers have used Schrader Tire Valves for retaining air in their tires since the manufacture of the first pneumatic tire. Today Schrader Valves are traveling everywhere throughout the civilized world, helping to prolong the life of tires and give riding comfort.

On this page all the parts of the Schrader Tire Valves are shown and described. No Schrader Valve is complete without every one of these parts. Use of the *complete* valve insures constant, unfailing performance in retaining air and guarding the life of your tires.

Over 100,000 dealers sell these parts

All dealers in automobile accessories know how important each Schrader Valve part is for protecting your tire valves and your tires. More than a hundred thousand of them in this country and also others in Canada, England, France and other parts of the world carry Schrader Tire Valve parts for your benefit.

No matter how easy it is to get Schrader Tire Valve parts, it is always safer to carry extras in your tool kit. Also a Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge will help you to maintain correct air pressure and thus lengthen the life of your tires. Get your gauge and valve parts at any motor accessory shop, garage, or hardware store.

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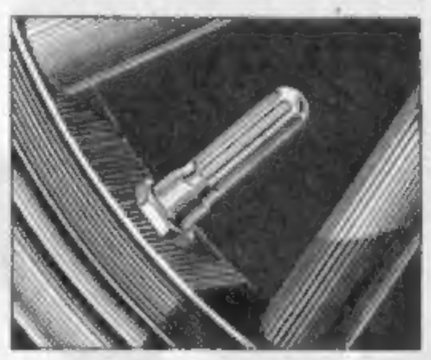
Our new air booklet tells how to care for tire valves. It will help you get the maximum service from your tires. If your dealer cannot give you one of these booklets, send us his name and address and we will mail you a copy direct.



Complete SCHRADER TIRE VALVE with Dust Cap as it appears on tires in actual service.

This is the QUICK-ACTING SCHRADER DUST CAP that goes over the valve and protects the Valve Cap and the valve stem threads. Can be quickly attached or detached with *four turns of the hand.*

Dust Cap

The SCHRADER VALVE CAP is specially constructed with a dome-shaped, swivel rubber washer reinforced by a metal plate. *When screwed on by hand,* no dirt can enter the valve through this cap and no air can escape.

Valve Cap

The SCHRADER VALVE INSIDE is placed in the mouth of the valve. It permits quick entrance of air, and also prevents escape of that air once it is in the tube.

The valve stem into which the Valve Inside goes is centered in the valve hole by—

Valve Inside

The SCHRADER RIM NUT BUSHING, which also holds on the Dust Cap. It should always be tightened against the wheel with a small wrench or pliers.

Rim Nut Bushing

This is the SCHRADER TIRE VALVE with all its parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut, which should always be screwed tightly against the Bridge Washer at the base of the valve with a Schrader Star Wrench. Many "slow leaks" are due to loose Hexagon Nuts.

Complete Schrader Valve

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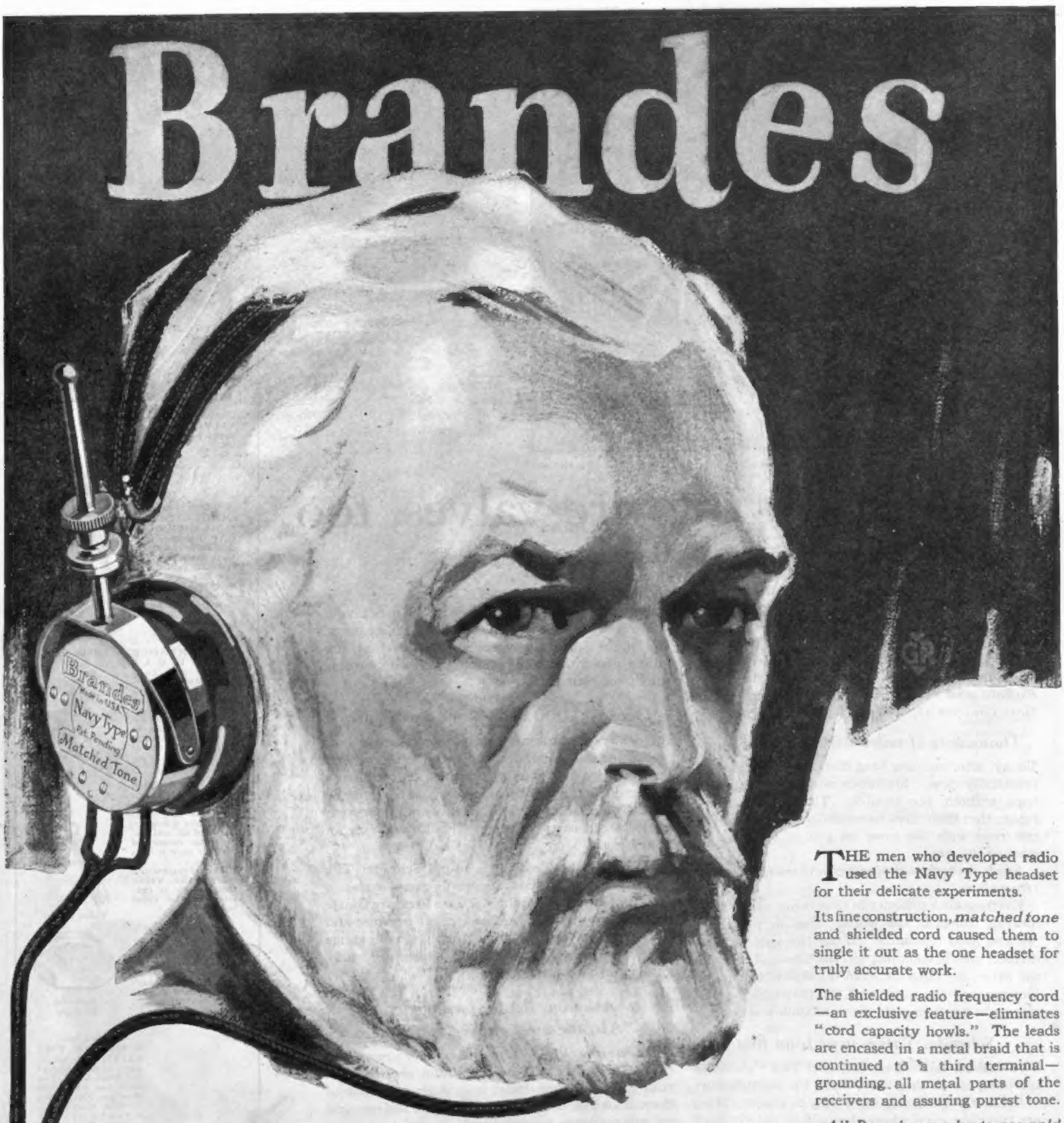

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Radio Headsets

Shielded cord opened to show construction

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HOW TO MAKE IT

Remove crust from a loaf of sandwich bread obtainable at your baker's. Slice bread lengthwise. Butter slices on both sides except top and bottom slices. Make fillings as follows:

Red Filling—Four slices ham finely chopped. Three slices bacon, cooked crisp and cut fine. One chopped pimento.

Yellow Filling—Yolks three hard cooked eggs seasoned with salt, pepper and one-half teaspoonful vinegar.

White Filling—One-half package cream cheese softened with one-half grated cucumber.

Green Filling—Four small sweet pickles and six sprigs of water cress or parsley finely chopped.

SPREAD slices of buttered bread with the fillings in the order given. Soften three packages cream cheese with sweet cream and spread on the outside of loaf, as you would in a cake, garnish with pecans, maraschino cherries or colored gum drops cut in small bits. Wrap in damp cloth and keep in cold place several hours before slicing.

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